



A Prior

THE POETICAL WORKS OF
MATTHEW PRIOR

A NEW EDITION REVISED WITH
MEMOIR BY

REGINALD BRIMLEY JOHNSON

*Nunc arma defunctumque Bello
Barbiton hic paries habebit.*

From the frontispiece to the Folio Edition.



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ERRATA.

- . page vii, *for* "Some kind angle, gently flying"
read "Some kind angel, gently flying."
 - Page xiii, *for* "The Rev. Thomas Mitford" *read*
"The Rev. John Mitford."
 - Page xxiii, *for* "William IV.'s position" *read*
"William III.'s position."
 - . page 315, *for* "And the Victor led" *read* "And
the Victor fled."
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PREFACE.

PRIOR'S works have always been called "Poems on several occasions," though the title was originally given to them by Curll. He wrote verses from his boyhood, contributed to collections like Dryden's *Miscellanies*, and published separate poems, satirical or complimentary, as they were suggested by current political or literary incidents.

But he was in no hurry to collect his scattered productions. His first volume was brought out in order to disclaim responsibility for an unauthorised edition published in 1709 by that most daring and industrious of literary scavengers, Edmund Curll, "an amphibious creature, chief merchant to the muses," as Ned Ward called him. His shop was next door to Will's famous Coffee House and he is satirised by Pope and others. His habit of bringing out fictitious collections of letters and his other objectionable practices went far to justify Dr. Arbuthnot's characterisation of him as "one of the new terrors of the dead." Some of the

peculiarities of Curll's edition are discussed in Appendix B. It was very incorrectly printed, and Prior therefore entrusted his manuscripts to Jacob Tonson, who was much looked up to by the young Whig wits, for whom he founded the Kitcat Club. He published most of the good literature of those days, and is described by Pope in his old days as "the perfect image and likeness of Bayle's Dictionary: so full of matter, secret history and wit, and spirit at almost fourscore." His correspondence with his authors shows that he was a keen man of business, as well as a good friend and a genial companion. It was possibly some reminiscence of his close-fistedness that gave the edge to Dryden's description of his personal appearance, written beneath Kneller's portrait.

With leering look, bull faced and freckled fair,
With frowsy pores poisoning the ambient air,
With two left leggs and Judas coloured hair.

With the imprint of this curious personage, Prior published in 1709 "*an indifferent collection of poems, for fear of being thought the author of a worse.*" This edition contained the dedication to the Earl of Dorset and has often been reprinted.

In 1716 another unauthorised edition was published, with the title, *A Second Collection of Poems on Several Occasions, by Matthew Prior.* This was disowned in the "London Gazette," March 20-24, 1716.

The final and authoritative edition that

Prior published during his own lifetime was the folio of 1718. He refers to the number of men employed in copying and revising for this edition, which was carefully and sumptuously prepared, and obviously supplies the correct text. It was far from complete, however, and conjecture is powerless to decide why certain poems were omitted, since we know that Prior kept everything by him, even his school exercises.

The rest of his papers fell into reverent hands after his death and, being duly copied by the faithful Adrian Drift, were published in 1740 as the *Miscellaneous Works of his late Excellency Matthew Prior*, in 2 vols. Vol. I. contains *The History of his own time* compiled from his original manuscripts, but so thoroughly revised by one J. Bancks as to retain none of Prior's own work. It is of interest from its containing some correspondence between himself and his political associates, his *Journal in the Court of France*, Aug. 31, 1713—Oct 23, 1714, apparently written by his secretary, in which are set down such incidents as that his Excellency made a certain visit in "his own coach and six horses," and granted passports to certain persons, and the account of his examination before a Committee of the Privy Council in 1715, drawn up by himself, with his unfinished *Answer to the Secret Committee*. Vol. II. consists of a number of poems unpublished or unacknowledged during his lifetime, with some pieces by other hands.

Some scattered poems and songs still remained uncollected, and several so-called complete editions of Prior were brought out during the latter half of the last century, of which that published by Evans in 1779 has always been justly considered the best, though it is not free from misprints or omissions, *e.g.*, it does not contain, curiously enough, many pieces published by Drift. Prior's Poems were included in *Cooke's Miniature Poets*, *Anderson's Complete Edition of the Poets of Great Britain*, 1793, *Chalmers' Works of the English Poets from Chaucer to Cowper*, (in which Dr. Johnson's *Lives* were reprinted), 1810, and the *Aldine Poets*, 1838; and they were edited by Gilfillan in 1858.

Anderson's edition was a reprint of Evans', with the addition of eight poems which were first attributed to Prior in Nichols' *Select Collection of Poems*, 1780. Subsequent editions have been exact reprints of Andersons.

2. The Poems in these volumes as far as vol. II. p. 286, have all been reprinted from the folio edition of 1718, or from the collections of Evans and Drift (to the former of whom all footnotes are due), except *A Paraphrase from the French*, I. 183, and the *Variations*, I. 46, which are two of the eight poems mentioned above. The remaining six consist of—*When the cat is away the mice will play*, *The widow and her cat*, and *On the marriage of George Prince of Denmark and the Lady Anne*, (the authenticity of which is discussed in the footnotes), with the *Apology to a*

lady who told me I could not love her, because I had loved others, *Against modesty in love*, and *On a young lady's going to town in the spring*, which I have omitted, although Mitford included them, as earlier editors had done, on the authority of Nichols. Nichols stated that "from the manner in which these pieces are printed in the *Oxford and Cambridge Miscellany Poems*, there can be little doubt that they are Prior's." I find that this collection contains two pieces by Prior with his signature, some poems by other hands, and many with no signature—among them the above three. They come immediately after one of Prior's poems, but, as the other signed by him is in another part of the book, this affords no argument.

The sources of all the other poems included here are explained in footnotes and appendices.

3. This edition is a revision of the Pickering *Aldine* of 1833, edited by the Rev. Thomas Mitford, to whose learning and researches I am largely indebted. Since his day Mr. Austin Dobson has become the recognised authority on Prior,¹ and I must here express my special gratitude for the great kindness with which he has given me personal advice in the work, and has unhesitatingly put at my disposal the unpublished results of his labours in a field so peculiarly his own.

¹ *Selected Poems of Matthew Prior, with an Introduction and Notes, by Austin Dobson, 1889* (Parchment Library).

Mr. Dobson's publication of extracts from the *Memorandums concerning the late celebrated poet and statesman Mr. Matthew Prior*. Copies from the manuscript of Sir James Montagu Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer, has established certain details of Prior's history beyond dispute, and I have invariably adopted the statements of Sir James Montague where they differ from those of other biographers. He was an intimate friend of Prior's from his boyhood and is therefore a witness of the highest authority.

I have also to thank Professor John E. F. Mayor for his kindness in providing me with a manuscript supplement to his list of references to Prior in *Notes and Queries*, 2nd S. V. 355 and Messrs. Saxe-Wyndham, of Thornton Heath and Morrison, of Tilsbury, Wilts, for allowing me to quote from letters in their possession, of which they very kindly sent me copies.¹ For information given in some of the footnotes I am indebted to Messrs. W. C. Hazlitt, W. P. Courtney, and C. E. Doble. My special thanks are also due to Mr. F. J. Sebley, of Cambridge, for the loan of early editions of Prior from his admirable library.

4. There remains an unpublished book of Prior's, part verse, part prose, which was read and admired by many of his contemporaries.

¹ These quotations are indicated in the footnotes as MS. Saxe-Wyndham, MS. Morrison respectively.

This has generally been spoken of as the *Dialogues of the Dead*, and originally formed part of the Duchess of Portland's curious collection. She was unwilling to publish it, because, says Beattie, "she could not bear to see her old friend criticised and censured by such people as the critical reviewers, etc." It passed at one time into the hands of one Pont, a Recorder of Cambridge, and is now at Longleat among the valuable Prior papers belonging to the Marquis of Bath, to which I have unfortunately been unable to obtain access. These treasures are all catalogued in the 7th Report of the Historical Manuscripts Commission, p. 194, which gives the contents of the *Dialogues of the Dead*—a 4to volume in red morocco—as follows:—

1. Heads for a treatise upon Learning.
2. Essay upon Opinion.
3. Dialogue between Charles II. the Emperor and Clenard the Grammarian.
4. Dialogue between Mr. John Locke and the Seigneur de Montaigne.
5. Dialogue between the Vicar of Bray and Sir Thomas More.
6. Dialogue between Oliver Cromwell and his Porter.

Pope, who was so often accused of not praising Prior, describes Nos. 3-6 as "four dialogues in prose, between persons of character very strongly opposed to one another, which I thought very good." Dr Beattie praises especially No. 4, "an admirable piece of ridicule on the subject of Locke's philosophy, which

seemed to him when he read it to be in wit and humour not inferior to the *Alma* itself," while Nichols refers to the ingenuity of No. 5.

R. B. J.

1892.

NOTE.

It should perhaps be mentioned that some doubts have been thrown upon the authenticity of the *Miscellaneous Works of his late Excellency Matthew Prior*, in 2 vols. described on page xi, the most definite expression of which came to my notice after these volumes had gone to press. In the Eleventh Report of the Historical Manuscript Commission, Appendix, Part V., p. 239, we find:—"1739, Nov. 6. Lincoln's Inn.—Heneage Legge to the Earl of Dartmouth.—He found the book mentioned by his Lordship to be as he suspected only a trick of the booksellers, & specious title to make trash sell. What little pretends to be new is not authentic, and not worth 12*d.* instead of 12*s.* It is true Adrian Drift was executor to Mr. Prior, but has himself been dead many years, and all his papers are in the hands of Lord Oxford who is extremely angry at such an imposition upon the world, tho' the publishers have had the impudence to dedicate the book to him. Shall not think of buying them unless his lordship gives further orders."

I incline to think, however, that this is a hasty condemnation, and that we may believe the statement of the editor that he had obtained Prior's papers from the person to whom Drift gave them, after copies had been sent to Lord Oxford. The latter would probably have exposed the fraud if he had found that the volumes differed materially from the papers in his possession.



LIFE OF MATTHEW PRIOR.

MATTHEW PRIOR was born on July 26, 1664. His birthplace is uncertain, though evidence seems to favour the truth of local tradition that he was a native of Wimborne Minster in East Dorset.¹ The absence of his name from the parish registers may be accounted for by the fact that his parents were Dissenters:—

So at pure barn of loud Non-con,
Where with my Granam I have gone.

Epistle to Fleetwood Shepherd.

In the register of St. John's College he is styled "Filius Georgii Prior *generosi*," though

¹ In the college registers, he described himself at one period as Dorcestriensis but later as Middlesexiensis. The President entered him as of Middlesex, but added "natus infra Winburne," which is evidently inaccurate. Fellowships in those days were often attached to particular counties, and Prior's ambiguous source may have served him well.

it is probable that his father was a joiner, and that he went to the village free school founded by Margaret, Countess of Richmond and Derby. Possibly, as Dr. Johnson suggests, the diplomatist was a little ashamed of his birth and purposely left these details in obscurity. The matter is not of great importance and may be studied by the curious in Hutchin's "*History and Antiquities of Dorset*," ii. pp. 73, 578-9; in the "*Gentleman's Magazine*," 1791, p. 802; in "*Longman's Magazine*," Oct. 1884; or in Mr. Dobson's summary of these articles.

In the account of himself that Prior is supposed to have prepared for Jacob's *Lives of the English Poets*, his father is described as a citizen of London, and we must therefore conclude that the family moved to town—to Stephen's Alley, Westminster, apparently—when he was a boy. He went to Westminster School under Dr. Busby until his father's death, when he was transferred to the care of his uncle, Samuel Prior, a respectable vintner, the proprietor of the Rhenish Wine House in Channel (now Cannon) Row, Westminster, and also, either then or later, of the Rummer Tavern at Charing Cross.¹ It was at the

¹ Prior refers familiarly to both houses in his poems. The Rummer, two doors from Locket's, between Whitehall and Charing Cross, was removed to the water side of Charing Cross in 1710 and burnt down Nov. 1750. Jack Sheppard committed his first crime here by stealing two spoons. It is introduced into Hogarth's picture of "Night." —*Cunningham*.

Rhenish Wine House that Prior was set to help his uncle in the bar for which he retained a fondness throughout life, though he may afterwards have stood more frequently before than behind it.

His rise in life began through his genuine fondness for the classics, which he read for his own amusement in the intervals of business. Taverns were then the resort of the patrons of genius, and the Earl of Dorset, "*bon poëte lui-même et un peu ivrogne*," as Voltaire says, was inquiring at Samuel Prior's house for another habitué, Fleetwood Shepherd, when he came upon the lad Matthew, Horace in hand. The intelligent nobleman was interested and asked him to translate, and the request was often repeated for the entertainment of customers. Thus Defoe wrote that Prior—

As to villains it has often chanc'd,
Was for his wit and wickedness advanc'd.

Dorset's friendship subsequently assumed a practical shape and he offered to help the boy to a few more years' schooling at Westminster. His generosity was accepted and Prior became in due course a King's scholar of that institution. He would naturally have proceeded from thence to Christ Church, Oxford, with the good wishes of his patron, but circumstances arose which made him risk Dorset's displeasure by accepting one of the Duchess of Somerset's scholarships at St. John's College, Cambridge.

The fact was that he was unwilling to be

separated from two of his school-intimates. These were the Montagues, the grandsons of the first Earl of Manchester. They lived at "a great house then called Manchester House opposite the Rhenish Wine House," and the three boys contracted a friendship which lasted through life. One of the Montagues had already gone to Cambridge, attracted thither by his friend Stepney, the other was to follow shortly, and Prior determined not to be left out in the cold.

Charles Montague, the elder brother, afterwards became the Earl of Halifax, the celebrated Whig financier who founded the National Debt and the Bank of England. He also, as Swift has it,

claim'd the station
To be Mæcenæ of the nation,

though the same authority maintains that "his encouragements were only good words and dinners; I never heard him say one good thing or seem to taste what was said by others." But this was of course a Tory opinion. James, the younger brother, wrote the memoir of Prior described in the Preface.

Prior was finally elected a fellow of St. John's College, and was doubtless not undistinguished among his Cambridge contemporaries, though the pleasant legend that he designed the laying out of the trees in St. John's Wilderness in the form of a cathedral is contradicted by the college records. We

know nothing of his life there but that he wrote two college exercises, to one of which, the *Ode to the Deity*, belongs Humphrey's more or less probable anecdote that it was imposed on him for missing morning chapel, with the quaint comment, "he acquitted himself so well on this occasion, that the world would hardly have been angry with him had he been guilty of more transgressions of the same nature and atoned for them by so polite and amiable a penance." If this story is true, the poem, in which his biographers severally detect the promise of his *Solomon* and the influence of Horace, served two useful ends ; for it was also sent to the Earl of Exeter as the annual poetical tribute of the College to one of its benefactors.

When at Cambridge he also wrote *The Country and the City Mouse*, with Charles Montague. (See Appendix A.) This burlesque is said with great improbability, although on good authority, to have reduced Dryden to tears. It is by no means the only or perhaps the best satire that was written on *The Hind and Panther*, and lives to-day rather by the fame of its authors than by its intrinsic merit.

In the first instance, however, it helped to make the very fame on which it lives. If we are to accept Sir James Montague's evidence in the matter, we must believe that this impertinent satire on the Poet Laureate by two youthful members of the University, resulted in the worldly establishment of both of them.

Montague was directly preferred in consequence of its reputation, and Prior was thereby reconciled to his first patron, the Earl of Dorset. Satire is perhaps equally prevalent in Cambridge to-day, though not equally remunerative.

We have seen that Prior's *Ode on the Deity* was sent to the Earl of Exeter. The Master of St. John's referred to the poem later in recommending Prior to the Earl, who received him at Burleigh House in about 1689 as tutor to his sons. Several of his poems are dated from there.

His connection with the Earl of Exeter did not last long, however, and, while at Burleigh, he applied for promotion to the Earl of Dorset, through their mutual friend, Fleetwood Shepherd, who himself dabbled in literature, and had been introduced into polite society as steward to Nell Gwynne.¹

Sir James Montague complains of the length of time Prior was kept waiting for a post in itself insignificant, but a more impartial observer can only marvel at his extraordinary

¹ A copy of this gentleman's epitaph written by himself was discovered in the Earl of Dorset's prayer-book by an industrious contributor to the "Gentleman's Magazine." "O, vos qui de salute vestra securi estis, Orate pro anima miserrimi peccatoris Fleetwood Shepherd. Eliamnum viventis et ubicumque est peccantis, qui fide exigua et tamen spe impudentissima Optat et expectat, quem non meruit Felicem resurrectionem Anno religionis et libertatis restitutæ tertio Rerum potentibus Fortissimo Wilhelmo et formosissima Maria."

luck. He speedily (in about 1690) obtained an appointment in the English Embassy at the Hague, the meeting place of the Allies, whose deliberations had but recently acquired a new significance from the strength of William ~~III~~'s position as King of England. Prior was secretary to Lord Dursley, but that nobleman's gout gave the young man many opportunities of personal communication with his sovereign. His readiness and address caused William to give him the half-serious nickname of "Secrétaire du Roy," and the appointment of Gentleman to the King's Bedchamber.

He is said to have paid his addresses at this period to Mrs. Elizabeth Singer, afterwards the celebrated Mrs. Rowe. He contributed light pieces to Dryden's *Miscellanies* and wrote a good deal of eulogistic bombast in honour of his sovereign. At the Hague he produced also the witty *English Ballad on the Taking of Namur*,¹ and the charming song of the *Englischen Heer Secretaris*, about which the characters in Leigh Hunt's novel, *Sir Ralph Esher*, gossip with so much interest.²

Prior seems to have pursued his work in Holland for some years, and there had the

¹ Cf. a parody, in French verse, of Boileau's *Ode* by Pierre Motteaux. R. Bentley, 1692.

² It is worth noting perhaps that Leigh Hunt also quotes Prior in one of his popular essays, that on *Coaches*, where he chooses the very passage from *Downhall* which is praised by Mr. Dobson in his Introduction, though the elder critic takes a larger slice from the brisk ballad.

opportunity of acquiring an exceptional insight into the arts of diplomacy.

His next appointment was that of Secretary to the Embassy, meeting at Ryswick, which produced the treaty signed on Sep. 10th, 1697. He was made Secretary of State in Ireland at the end of the same year, but in 1698 was again sent abroad as Secretary to an Embassy of unusual grandeur at Paris, under Lord Portland, who had been employed by William, during the preceding year, to make terms with Boufflers while the Plenipotentiaries were wasting their time at Ryswick.

Many details, however, were still undetermined, and Prior remained at Paris under Portland's successor, the Earl of Jersey, that "handsome man of ordinary understanding, who was yet trusted in affairs of such importance," and for a short time after the arrival of the Earl of Manchester. Burnet's contemptuous allusion to the secretary in his *History* as "one Prior" called forth Dodsley's epigram (*Trifles*, p. 241).

One Prior! and is this, this all the fame
The Poet from th' historian can claim?
No! Prior's verse posterity shall quote
When 'tis forgot *one Burnet* ever wrote.

It is interesting to find him in April 1700 endeavouring to buy some Greek types in Paris for the University of Cambridge and to procure a Horace, printed at Cambridge, for the French King's Library, in order to set on

foot "a fair correspondence" between his Alma Mater and the "learned at Paris." This capacity for attending to such literary affairs in the intervals of public business was doubtless estimable, but hardly justifies the eulogy of J. Bancks (the editor of Prior's *History of his own time*), who says that he "spoke of the University as if it had been his constant residence, and one would take him for the Master of a College, who had no other concerns but those of learning."

Prior is always full of gossip and a letter¹ to "Mr. Secretary Blathwayt" shows the child-like pleasure he derived from parade and the importance he attached to it, which made him so anxious about keeping up his own state in later years. "There are great preparations making, and everyone is ruining himself upon this occasion. The Dutch ambassad^{rs} entry was the subject of our entertainment yesterday. It would have appeared much finer if my Lord Portland's had not immediately preceded it. Their 2 first coaches were of those great machines of 11 foot high, extremely rich on the outside, and lined with plain velvet, with great gold fringes. Their led horses were very fine, there were 14 of them. They had 14 pages, 40 footmen. Their liveries were rich, both the same fond, but different in the lace. Mons. d'Odyck's coach of state had 8 large grey horses, his second coach had 8 pyed,

¹ MS. Morrison.

both setts very fine. Two of Mr. Heemskerke's were magnificent, other 2 too plain for private gentlemen to appear in now in Paris, where nothing is liked but gilding and gaudiness. The Marshall de Trouville introduced the Ambassadors. His own coach led the march, as is customary, and his liveries and led horses were noble. I refer you to the next Dutch Gazette for a more particular account of this show."

In a letter¹ to Lord Halifax he gives a graphic description of James II. as he was in those days—"I faced old James and all his court the other day at St. Cloud. *Vive Guillaume*. You never saw such a strange figure as the old bully is, lean, worn, and rivelled,² not unlike Neale the projector. The Queen looks melancholy, but otherwise well enough: their equipages are all very ragged and contemptible."

In the earlier part of 1701, before Louis had irritated the national pride by his acknowledgement of the Pretender, many things had combined to make the Partition treaties unpopular in England, and Parliament promptly directed its energies towards the impeachment of the Whig lords, Portland, Orford, Somers, and Halifax, who had been in power during

¹ Printed in Strickland's *Lives of the Queens of England*, 1852, vol. vi., p. 379.

² Contracted into wrinkles and corrugations."—*Johnson's Dict.*

the negotiations. Prior had been for a short time Commissioner of Trade and Plantations,¹ and was now member for East Grinstead, a constituency which he had chosen in spite of the desire of his friends to bring him forward for the University of Cambridge. He voted for the impeachment, and has not unnaturally been accused of treachery for so doing, though an ingenious flatterer adduced his vote as "a rare instance of a generous mind, who scorned to persist in a vindication of any proceedings that his riper judgment convinced him were unjustifiable."

Sir James Montague excuses him by a piece of ingenious casuistry which fits in much better with Prior's political conscience, *i.e.*, with his calculation of what course of action would look best in the eyes of his future patrons. The argument may be briefly stated as follows:—

Prior had personally conducted the negotiations between the French and English monarchs, who were too cautious to commit their instructions to writing. Subsequent events made William anxious to shift his responsibility to the shoulders of his ministers, who were naturally supposed to have advised him in the action. Although Prior knew

¹ Swift said he hated this work because it spoilt his wit. "Prior says he dreams of nothing but cockets and dockets and drawbacks and other jargon, words of the Custom House."

better than anyone else that they had not been consulted, he may well have seen that it was safer for himself and for the king, and therefore perhaps better for the nation at large, that its chosen head should not bear the blame of an arrangement which had now become unpopular. He had practically to accuse the monarch or the ministers, and, of two evils, chose what seemed to him the less.

On the accession of Queen Anne, the influence of the Tories was in the ascendant, and Prior joined their ranks. Perhaps his vote against the Whig lords paved the way, for it is certain that he escaped any serious abuse for his change of colours. He became alienated from some of his old friends, but gained the intimacy of Harley and Bolingbroke, and, it is clear, lost none of his diplomatic prestige. Of the two great Tory ministers, Prior was most attracted to St. John by the same easy and careless brilliance that so persistently repelled Swift.

For the time being, however, Marlborough was active in the field and left little scope for negotiation. Prior was courting the muses and wrote¹ to Sir Thomas Hammer, "if you can bear with the worst poetry in the world, because the author is more than any man your servant, my present will be very acceptable. I write you no news, for that is only proper for the 'Postboy' and the 'Gazette,' and remarks upon news I leave to the Observer and the

¹ MS. Morrison.

Review. Prose, you see, sir, is below me ; I have left method for rage, and common sense for enthusiasm. As soon as I can recover from this distemper, and can think my mare a better beast than Pegasus, you will be troubled by me." He was, in fact, devoting himself to the celebration of victories in verse and the other avocations of a court poet, for which he is roughly handled in Defoe's *Reformation of Manners*.

- " His prince's favours follow'd him in vain,
 They chang'd the circumstance but not the man.
 While out of pocket and his spirits low,
 He'd beg, write panegyricks, cringe and bow ;
 But when good pensions had his labour crown'd,
 • His panegyrics into satyrs turn'd,
 And with a true mechanic spirit curs'd,
 Abus'd his royal benefactor first.
 O what assiduous pains does P[rior] take,
 To let great D[orset] see he cou'd mistake !
 Dissembling nature false description gave,
 Shew'd him the poet, and concealed the knave."

Neither eulogy nor satire, however, was sufficient to support the poet, and we find him¹ begging Godolphin for the trifling sum of £500 to settle his debts and "hoping in God her majesty will be pleased once more to employ him either abroad or in her service here."

He published his first collections of poems in 1709, and in 1710 was one of the early writers

¹ MS. Saxe-Wyndham.

of the *Examiner*, in which the new Tory ministry were supported with brilliant abuse of their adversaries. The paper was originally conducted, under the direct influence of Harley and St. John, by Prior, Swift, Oldsworth, Dr. Freind, and Mrs. Manley, but rapidly fell entirely into the hands of Swift, whose satiric pen played such an important part in the political influences of those days. Prior was at the time considered responsible for many of the *Dean's* numbers, but those actually written by him are not particularly important. His *Fable from Phædrus* (vol. ii. p. 201), and the *Sphinx* (vol. ii. p. 247), first came out in the *Examiner*, and the 6th No. (Sep. 7, 1710), which contained a criticism upon a poem of Dr. Garth's to the Earl of Godolphin, was also his. It was apparently in opposition to this number that Addison started the Whig *Examiner* on Sep. 14, 1710, with the design of censuring "the writings of others and giving to all persons a re-hearing who have suffered under any unjust sentence of the 'Examiner.'" The first number is devoted to the defence of Dr. Garth against Prior's satire.

The ministry, however, soon found other and more lucrative employment for him. Their policy was to be friendly with France, and diplomatists were in request.

Prior went to Paris in 1711 to continue the secret negotiations which had been opened with the Court at Versailles by an obscure priest, "the holy Gaultier," whom he soon

brought back to England. To this man Prior wrote later¹ "L'empereur est fou, et moi, je suis toujours à vous," and the following passage throws light on his character, "Pardon, my dear fellow-traveller, d'avoir le moins soupçonné que le prêtre l'eut emporté dans votre esprit sur le gentilhomme." With them came the astute Ménager, afterwards one of the French plenipotentiaries at Utrecht. The government had intended these arrivals to be kept as secret as Prior's departure had been, but suspicions were aroused as he landed at Deal, and he was arrested by the custom-house officers. Orders from the government secured his immediate release, but the curiosity of the country had been excited and would not be allayed. Yet it was impossible that the negotiations should be avowed. To solve the difficulty, Swift wrote his *New Journey to Paris*, which professed to be translated from the French, and which, "without communicating a syllable of real intelligence, had the effect of at once amusing the idle, confusing the suspicious, and sounding the temper of the nation on the subject of negotiation."²

Its progress is detailed in the *Journal to Stella*. August 31. "I have just thought of a project to bite the town. I have told you, that it is now known that Mr. Prior has been lately in France. I will make a printer of my

¹ MS. Morrison.

² See Sir Walter Scott's *Swift*.

own sit by me one day ; and I will dictate to him a formal relation of Prior's journey, with several particulars all pure invention, and I doubt not but it will take." By September 11 the skit is ready, making a twopenny pamphlet—"It is a formal grave lie from beginning to the end." On the 12th, 1,000 copies have been sold and another 500 printed. Prior is genuinely angry at the first reading, but probably sees through the joke at an early day, and only affects a continued indignation.

The pamphlet produced the effect desired, and the government was able to set to work upon the preliminaries to the treaty of Utrecht, which were largely arranged at Prior's house in London, until his return to Paris in 1712 with Bolingbroke. The latter soon came back to England, leaving Prior behind as her Majesty's Plenipotentiary. Except for brief journeys to England for the conveyance of private dispatches, he remained there till 1715. This was the time of Prior's greatest distinction, in spite of the objections of Queen Anne and the haughty Strafford to his low birth. Anne had said quite seriously that she "always thought it very wrong to send people abroad of mean extraction," but she yielded to Oxford's representations of Prior's usefulness.

We learn, moreover, from the *Mémoires du Marquis de Torcy*, the French minister, that "Prior, persécuté par les wighs, étoit attaché au parti supérieur alors, et particulièrement au grand trésorier : il étoit renommé en Angle-

terre par ses poésies ; mais sa principale qualité, dans les conjonctions présentes, étoit de soustraire véritablement la paix." The same authority declares that "Les plenipotentiaires du Roi comptoient s'ouvrir principalement à Prior. . . . Le secret des intentions de la Reine sur l'article d'Espagne, la première des conditions fondamentales du traité de paix ; étoit réservé au seul Prior." It is unfortunate that the Frenchman's modesty permitted him to say so little about those details of the negotiations which he personally arranged with Prior. Bolingbroke's correspondence throws a good deal of light on these, and contains the following testimony by Torcy to Prior's tenacity of will as a diplomatist. "Vous avez renvoyé, my lord, sous l'extérieur de Matthieu, le véritable fils de Mons Buys ;¹ il ne lui manque que de remplir la verre de son père. Il est d'ailleurs aussi Hollandois, et je crois beaucoup plus opiniâtre. Il a fallu céder et se conformer presque à tout ce qu'il a voulu ; encore n'étoit-il pas content : j'espère cependant que vous le serez . . . enfin je crois que vous serez plus content de son excellence que je ne le suis."

Prior's work now became very important. He was considered an authority, as we have

¹ Then the Dutch ambassador at Paris, of whom much is said in Torcy's *Mémoires*. The above passages indicate the nature of the man who did so much to retard the peace.

seen, in matters regarding Spain, and also in affairs of commerce and in communications with "the young gentleman," as he calls the Pretender. He had to sound the French temper, and actually settle with "little Torcy" matters which were to be more formally arranged at Utrecht. "For God's sake, dear Matt," writes Bolingbroke, "hide the nakedness of thy country, and give the best turn thy fertile brain will furnish thee with, to the blunders of thy countrymen, who are not much better politicians than the French are poets."

The fact was that the English ministers were much more anxious for peace than they dared appear to be at home. They were really ready to give King Louis easy terms, but could not risk offending the English national pride. Prior had to reconcile these objects as best he could, and, in spite of all the difficulties he met with, succeeded in retaining the affection of Bolingbroke, the friendship of the Marquis de Torcy, and the esteem of the Earl of Shrewsbury, who was for a time the English ambassador at Paris.

His popularity was no doubt largely due to his geniality and complaisance in society. Torcy says that "he was in request for his good company," and he was no doubt a favourite with the lady friends of Madame de Torcy. His social activities were often used on behalf of *le cher Henri*, the familiar name by which Bolingbroke was remembered in that circle.

In one of the latter's letters, "Matthew" is

earnestly entreated to say "half a score pretty things to Madame de Torcy and Madame de Noailles, and father them upon him." He is equal to the task.—"I am now upon the greatest piece of negotiation that I ever had in my life, the distribution of your cargo, (*i.e.*, presents to the ladies). . . I begin the great work this afternoon, and shall give you a full account of my action by the next . . . I have and will continue to lye most strenuously for you."

Bolingbroke's correspondence abounds in instances of Prior's whimsical descriptions of his troubles. He is rather ill and, after the manner of those days, expects to die. "Your friend Matt has, for fifty hours past, had *trousse-galante dans toutes les formes*, and I was of opinion that I was going *ad Palimedes ad Ulyssem, et Heroas*. I have changed that opinion these twelve hours past, and I hope to live with Lord Treasurer and Lord Bolingbroke, who are e'en as good company."

He envies Torcy his capable secretary and tells "Henri" of "the honest stupidity of my English Jonathan¹ in France and the complaisance of two French dogs and one Walloon in new liveries that call everybody Marquis and furnish me with a levée of spies, projectors, and beggars; and bring Jacobites to me before I wake in the morning, and put tall Irishmen to bed to me."

¹ See the last line of *Alma* and a footnote below on Prior's Will.

Bolingbroke apologises for delay in answering letters and receives the graceful forgiveness: "Whenever I hear from you, I find a good and instructive correspondent, and when I do not hear from you I comfort myself in having a real and constant friend." It was apparently upon such trifling as this that the remarkable charge which was afterwards brought against Prior and Bolingbroke—that they were "most unseasonably witty in the interludes of important business"—was founded.

By far the greater part of his time in Paris was occupied by the difficulties and excitements of delicate negotiations, with a fair share of social flattery and amusement to leaven the labour. It was followed by two brief periods of very different fortune.

In 1713 the peace with France was finally settled, and Prior's "*æterna amicitia*" with Bolingbroke was sealed by success. But peace has to be celebrated—"entries, coaches, horses, liveries follow very soon," and the plenipotentiary becomes anxious about his personal dignity. He wants a coach for the occasion. His work is at an end, moreover, and he trembles for the future. "It may look like a bagatelle what is to become of a philosopher like me," he writes indignantly, "but it is not such, what is to become of a person who had the honour to be chosen and sent hither, as intrusted in the midst of a war, with what the Queen designed should make peace. Returning with the Lord Bolingbroke,

one of the greatest men in England, and one of the finest heads in Europe (as they say here, if true or not, *n'importe*), having been left by him in the greatest character (that of her Majesty's plenipotentiary), exercising that power conjointly with the Duke of Shrewsbury and solely after his departure. Having here received more distinguished honour than any minister, except an ambassador ever did; and some which were never given to any, but who had that character; having had all the success that could be expected, having (God be thanked) spared no pains, at a time when the peace at home is voted safe and honourable, at a time when the Earl of Oxford is Lord Treasurer, and Lord Bolingbroke first Secretary of State; this unfortunate person, I say, neglected, forgot, unnamed to anything that may speak the Queen satisfied with his services, or his friends concerned as to his misfortune. Mons. de Torcy put me quite out of countenance the other day by a pity that wounded me deeper than ever did the cruelty of the late Lord Godolphin. He said he would write to Robin and Harry¹ about me. God forbid, my Lord, that I should need any foreign intercession or owe anything to any Frenchman living, besides decency of behaviour, and the returns of common civility . . . In all cases I am ready, but in the meantime—*dic aliquid de tribus*

¹ Oxford and Bolingbroke.

capillis . . . In short, my Lord, you have put me above myself, and if I am to return to myself, I shall return to something very discontented and uneasy." (There were then rumours of places for Prior with which he could not be satisfied.) The picture which he draws of himself at the beginning of the preceding passage, is one of the completest accounts we possess of his consequence and position. There seems no reason to consider it exaggerated.

Meanwhile Bolingbroke asks his opinion about a medal to be struck in commemoration of the peace "where Britain gives an olive-branch to Time, and this motto inscribed *Longum diffundet in ævum*, or of this, Britain is seated on a throne, arms, trophies, etc., at her feet, the motto *Compositio venerantur armis*."¹ Prior replies,² "I dislike your medal with the motto . . . I will have one of my own design: the Queen's bust surrounded with laurel, and with this motto, *Annæ Aug. Felici, Pacificæ*, Peace in a triumphal car, and the words *Pax missa per orbem*. This is ancient, this is simple, this is sense. Rosier shall execute it in a manner not seen in England since Simonds' time."

Coaches, places, and medals apart, the Peace

¹ A footnote to Bolingbroke's Correspondence says this motto was adopted, but the design of the medal changed.

² This answer is printed in Bowles' *Pope*, vol. i. p. 152.

was an immense triumph for Bolingbroke, and Prior probably expressed the feeling of his party in saying, "I congratulate you most sincerely upon the birth of your beautiful daughter the Peace, after all the pangs you have so long time suffered from the ignorance of some of our English men-midwives."

But the congratulations were scarcely out of men's lips when the Queen began to show signs of declining health, and the Tory camp was filled with dismay. It must be admitted that at this juncture Prior showed an anxiety about his own fate that was scarcely edifying. He was indecently eager to be recalled at once, that he might receive an appointment at home before the Queen's death. His circumstances were certainly trying, for he had then no defined position and no money to maintain his dignity as the Queen's representative. The vacillating policy of the English government was also provoking the sneers of the French, and was ingeniously portrayed by Prior himself in the midst of his distress. He writes as usual to Bolingbroke: "I cannot forbear adding one word to you to thank you for sending me Barton the Wise; who is the best interpreter in the world, of confusion and disorder; for he does not speak one sentence out, stops short, knows nothing, and concludes, almost before he has begun, with 'Lord have mercy upon England.'"

He had written earlier, "After all, *que faire* is the end of my philosophy, *facere officium taliter*

qualiter is my motto," but by August, 1714, he could not quite escape a touch of bitterness. "Am I to go to Fontainbleau? am I to come home? am I to be looked upon? am I to hang myself? from the present prospect of things, *the latter begins to look most eligible.*"

His anxieties were only too well founded, for the *coup d'état* of the Hanoverian ministers during the Queen's last days sealed the fate of the Tories. Bolingbroke and Ormond joined the Pretender and the Duke of Shrewsbury was made Lord Treasurer. George I. ascended the throne as the head of the Whig faction, and impeachments against the framers of the treaty of Utrecht followed as a matter of course. Oxford was the only man who remained to answer the charge, however, and treason could not be proved against him.

In 1715, Prior returned to England and was at once examined before the Council and taken into custody. He has left a fragmentary account of the examination, which does not seem to have been conducted with dignity or impartiality. He was, however, no doubt determined to give as little information as possible, and refused to discuss any actions of which he was accused that were not specified in official documents. Sir Robert Walpole brought an impeachment against him, and he was imprisoned for two years, during which time he wrote his *Alma* and the song printed in Appendix B.

During the latter part of 1714 he had

*

prudently endeavoured to renew his friendship with the Montagues, Lord Halifax having always been a man of influence in Whig councils. They could not get him acquitted altogether, but behaved with great generosity to him as regarded money matters, and probably helped to relieve his confinement, which was at no time very severe.

In reviewing such details of Prior's diplomatic career as are extant, we find the same careless cynicism and absence of morality in his personal attitude, which are evident in his poems. He adopted his profession because he had chances of promotion in it, and he was doubtless accustomed to carry out the directions of his masters without inquiring into the integrity of their motives, or seeking to acquire any general view of the history he was helping to make. He wrote once to Bolingbroke of his "mind constrained to put itself into ten thousand postures, as the caprice of every man that comes from your enchanted island requires." And he added, "if ever you must go to Bucklebury and I to St. John's, let us make it, my lord, as late as ever we can."

The epitaph he wrote upon himself was singularly true:—

"Not to business a drudge or to faction a slave,
He strove to make interest and freedom agree."

In other words, he wished to enjoy life and not to trouble himself about the fortunes of his political allies, except in so far as they affected his

own. His intimacy with Bolingbroke, together with his protestations in letters to Halifax of his own innocence of Jacobite designs, suggest that he would not have hesitated to welcome the Pretender in the event of his success. Doublefacedness was indeed the obvious weapon of the diplomatists of those days, and Prior was perhaps no worse than his colleagues, if he was no better.

Macaulay tells an anecdote of him which is characteristic and exactly illustrates his attitude towards public life. It was on the occasion of the quarrel between Portland and Albemarle. A few men of fortune only remained faithful to Portland, and one of these reproached Prior with his fickleness. "Excuse me," said the poet, "if I follow your example and my Lord's. My Lord is a model to us all; and you have imitated him to good purpose. He retires with half a million. You have large grants, a lucrative employment in Holland, a fine house. I have nothing of the kind. *A court is like those fashionable churches into which we have looked at Paris.* Those who have received the benediction are instantly away to the Opera House or the Wood of Boulogne. Those who have not received the benediction are pressing and elbowing each other to get near the altar. You and my Lord have got your blessing, and are quite right to take yourselves off with it. I have not been blest, and *must fight my way up as well as I can.*" One only wonders that he did not turn that fine

double-edged satire against Church and State into an epigram. He did after all succeed in fighting his way up and was a trusted and useful servant to his employers. His was the philosophy of the courtier—"I have known Courts a long time, if the sun rises, the mists are very soon dispersed,"—and acting on it, he became a favourite alike with William and Louis, the latter having in 1712 presented him with his portrait set in diamonds. In his private letters, indeed, he does not always speak respectfully of royalty. He thus describes the society at Fontainebleau. "Where or however life is disposed we go on here *sicut olim*,—the king hunting, shooting or walking every day and at night eating with a great appetite and an easy mind."

Although Prior was excepted from the Act of Grace of 1717, he was shortly afterwards discharged. He came out of prison with neither money nor prospects. It had not been his nature to save, and it would perhaps have been scarcely possible while he was in direct association with the Court. He had now no means of support but his fellowship, which he had prudently retained during his prosperity, on the ground that "the salary would always ensure him a bit of mutton and a clean shirt."

His friends, however, were not willing that he should be so poorly provided for and conceived the project of "printing his *Solomon* and other poetical works by subscription."—"The

Grace, but he assured Dr. Jenkins (the Master of St. John's College), that they need have no fears on that account, since he was "admitted at Court, and not in any way under a cloud." He hinted that his very sufferings in the cause of his country—so he describes them—should recommend him to the University.

He formally offered himself as a candidate on September 20th, 1720, but after a visit to his constituency, found that he could not get on with "the old bucks of the place," as he disrespectfully calls them. He told Lord Chesterfield that "their sentiments were meaner than any he could close with," but it is quite possible that his own demands were unreasonable, and it is hardly necessary, perhaps, to attach much importance to his testimony that they were "a body of men who were a little afraid lest their interest sustained in Parliament might spoil their preferments at Court."

He probably did not leave Downhall after this, except for visits to his friends, until shortly before his death, caused by a lingering fever, in September, 1721. This took place at Lord Oxford's seat at Wimpole, where he had been a frequent visitor. Two lines¹ which he wrote on the walls of the library, whose window curtains were made from some fine damask presented to him by Lord Harley, are still to be seen there.

In Nichols' *Collection of Poems*, 1780, there

¹ Printed in Vol. II.

is also the anecdote that "at Wimpole hung a fine picture of Harley in his Speaker's robes, with the roll of the bill in hand for bringing in the present family; which, if I mistake not, was done by his early vote." In allusion to Harley's being afterwards sent to the Tower, Prior wrote with a pencil on the white scroll, "*Bill paid such a day.*"

Voltaire gives a brief and cynical account of Prior's life in England after his diplomatic work was finished—"Prior n'eut de ressource qu'une edition de ses œuvres par un souscription de son parti; après quoi il mourut en philosophe, comme meurt ou croit mourir tout honnête Anglais."

After naming Lord Harley and Adrian Drift as his executors, the first clause of Prior's will directs "that I be buried privately in Westminster Abbey, and that after my debts and funeral charges are paid, a monument be erected to my memory, whereon may be expressed the Public Employments I have borne. The inscription I desire may be made by D^m Freind,¹ and the busto expressed in marble to Coriveaux,² placed on the monument: *for t^{ns.}*
nd

¹ Of whom Pope wrote:

Freind, for your epitaphs I griev'd

Where still so much is said;

One half will never be believed

The other never read.

² In Cunningham's *London* the sculptor's name is spelt Coysevox, and the bust is said to have been a present from Louis XIV.

last piece of human vanity, I will, that the sum of five hundred pounds be set aside."

His wishes in this matter were carried out faithfully, and the elaborate eulogy of Dr. Freind may be studied in the Poets' Corner, or at the end of this Memoir.

The other item of interest in his will—"drawn up," as Humphreys says, "in a strain very different from the formal jargon of law-terms;" through which runs "an air of politeness and humanity, peculiar to Mr. Prior," is as follows:—

"To the College of St. John the Evangelist in Cambridge, I leave such and so many of my books as shall be judged to amount to the value of £200: these books with my own poems in the greatest paper," (they were published in three sizes) "to be kept in the library, together with the books which I have already given. I likewise leave my own picture, painted by La Belle,¹ and that of my friend and patron Edward Earl of Jersey, by Gault."

The volumes in St. John's library are mostly new and all well bound, and Prior's crest may be found in each. Mézeray's *History of France* is there, but it does not contain the verses (p. 140) which he wrote in one copy at work. The collection is really valuable

¹ In which the industrious Drossiana describes him as being "in a very fine brocaded suit of clothes" and having very much *l'air noble*."

however, from the large number of works on Continental history, which were then probably standard books and which might provide the student of that period with a splendid field for research. Among these is a volume of forty-three French pamphlets collected, bound together and indexed by Prior himself. They are dated from 1612-1666 and called *Recueil de Diverses Pièces*. There is a similar volume, which he had acquired from some earlier collector, called *Pièces touchant Mazarin*, and containing 103 French pamphlets, all dated 1649.

Besides a few bequests to patrons, friends, and servants, Prior left £1,000 each to Mrs. Cox, and Adrian Drift,¹ with the residue of

¹ A letter of Arbuthnot's to Mr. Watkins has been often reprinted, in which he says that "Prior has left his estate between his servant Jonathan Drift and Bessy Cox." This is probably a slip of the pen, but it has caused subsequent biographers to suppose that "Jonathan" (as spoken of by Prior in letters and poems) was the familiar nickname of his executor Adrian Drift. The following letter (Bolingbroke's Correspondence, II. 86), from Prior to Bolingbroke, dated Paris, Oct. 17, 1712, seems to me to prove that Jonathan and Drift were two persons. "I have more to write than I can possibly perform, and dare not employ one hand in France; and can get neither Drift or any other clerk from England . . . add to this the honest stupidity of my English Jonathan in France, etc." The closing lines of the *Alma* also suggest that Drift had charge of Prior's "papers" and Jonathan of his "bottles," so that I imagine the latter to have been his valet—possibly the "John Oeman or Newman" specially remembered among his servants in Prior's will.

his fortune to be equally divided between them.

Such were the outward events of Prior's life. Of his private affairs we know little, and are tempted to wish some of that little unrevealed. Among the wits of the day he evidently held his own, and was as ready to give his society as they were to seek it. Neat sayings and puns of his were remembered in circles which had the right to be critical in such matters, and we meet with familiar references to him in Swift's *Journal to Stella*, the biographies and letters of Arbuthnot, Atterbury, Pope, etc., and especially of Bolingbroke. He belonged to Bolingbroke's brotherhood of sixteen for "the established improvement of friendship and the encouragement of letters." Before his political transformation he had also known something of Addison, Garth, Steele and the men of light and leading among the eighteenth century Whigs. In a word, as the pompous Dr. Friend hath it, "It is a matter of doubt, whether in his writings, he was the more elegant poet; or in his conversation, the more facetious companion."

There remain a few characteristic anecdotes of him, which are more or less familiar and may be repeated here. Everyone knows that, when he was being shown Le Brun's picture of the victories of Louis XIV. at Versailles, and was asked whether the King of England's palace had any such decorations, he was bold and prompt enough to reply, "The monuments

of my master's actions are to be seen everywhere but in his own house." We have also the impromptu French verses, printed in vol. ii. p. 303, and the story of his cutting rebuke to a Frenchman who was sitting by him at an opera and *accompanying the principal singer with his voice*. Prior began abusing the performer, and when his neighbour expostulated with him for censuring a person of acknowledged merit, replied that he knew all that, "*mais il chante si haut, que je ne sçaurois vous entendre.*"

Macaulay tells the story of his satisfying the correct Lord Portland as to the soundness of his faith. "That nobleman fancied, not altogether without reason, that the wits and poets who congregated at Will's, were a most profane and licentious set." Prior quoted the New Testament and the Articles till Portland could restrain his astonishment no longer. "I knew that you were a poet," he said, "and I took it for granted that you did not believe in God." Then Prior determined at once to mystify and to silence his orthodox chief. "My Lord, you do us poets the greatest injustice : of all people we are the farthest from atheism. For the atheists do not even worship the true God, whom the rest of mankind acknowledge ; and we are always invoking and hymning false gods whom every one else has renounced."

We gain our pleasantest impression of Prior, however, from his intimacies with his

patrons, the Dorsets and Oxfords. His poems to the ladies and children of these families touch a chord of sympathy for which we must look in vain throughout the rest of his poetry. *The Female Phaeton*, that "most adorable of nursery idylls that ever was or ever will be,"¹ the verses *To a Child of Quality*, and the *Letter to Peggy* enable one to believe the testimony of "the noble, lovely, little Peggy" herself, afterwards Duchess of Portland, that "he made himself beloved by every living thing in the house—master, child, and servant, human creature or animal." That is no small praise and may be weighed against other traits not so admirable.

We have seen that he was popular in Parisian society and a trusted friend of Bolingbroke's, but it may be noticed also that he did not altogether forget his humbler friends. He always speaks with affection of his secretary Drift, and his will testifies to the lastingness and practicality of the sentiment. And in a letter to Lord Halifax, in which he begs a favour for Drift, a word is inserted for "our old fellow-collegiate and my *fidus Achates* Mr. Richard Shelton," the "Dick" of *Alma* and other poems, to which Prior's will "remit all bonds, notes, or obligations, by which he stands anyway indebted to me"—a tell-tale clause.

There is, unfortunately, a dark side to the picture, for with his evident fitness for polite society Prior had an inherent touch of coarse-

ness which he never attempted to refine or to conceal. Early associations had accustomed him to a kind of society which never lost its hold on his taste. Biographers have been at some pains to identify his Chloe with a certain Mrs. Elizabeth Coxe (substantially remembered in his will), who kept a small alehouse in Long Acre, and is described by his contemporaries in terms as unequivocal as they are unchivalrous. The other nymphs of his poems led an equally earthy and discreditable existence, that seems to have disgusted even the lax society of Prior's circle, from which women were practically excluded. It may be, as Mr. Dobson charitably suggests, that Prior's tavern associates were rough humourists, but the fibre of his own morality is only too evident in his poetry. His biographer in the *Annual Register*, 1766, p. 70, describes "Chloe" thus: "The same woman who could charm the waiter in a tavern still maintained her hold over the ambassador at France. The Chloe of Prior, it seems, was a woman in this station of life; but he never forsook her in the height of his reputation. One would imagine that this woman, who was a butcher's [?] wife, must either have been very handsome or have had something about her superior to people of her rank, but it seems the case was otherwise, and no better reason can be given for Mr. Prior's attachment to her, but that she was his taste."¹

¹ Concerning Mrs. Coxe, see further, Appendix B.

We know little of his personal appearance save from a few portraits and from Swift's remark to Stella that "he walked in the Park to make himself fat and had usually a cough which he called a cold." Lord Bolingbroke writes to the Marquis de Torcy of "sa phisionomie, qui n'est pas des plus heureuses" and of "ce visage de bois." Davis, in Macky's *Characters of the Court of Great Britain*, describes him as a "thin, hollow-looking man, very facetious in conversation."

Prior's poetry represents both sides of his character, the official and the social. It exhibits also a conventional piety, of which more hereafter. He calls the *Poems on Several Occasions* "the product of his leisure hours, who had business enough upon his hands, and was only a poet by accident," and explains at some length in his unpublished *Heads of a treatise upon learning*¹ that he "had two accidents in youth, which hindered him from being quite possessed with the Muse." These were the greater value set on prose composition at St. John's College, and his early entry into political business at the Hague. "There I had enough to do in studying my French and Dutch, and altering my Terentian and original style into that of Articles and Convention. So that poetry, which by the bent of my mind might have become the business of my life,

¹ In an extract printed in Malone's *Life of Dryden*, p. 545.

was, by the happiness of my education, only the amusement of it." He again congratulates himself upon the practical nature of his life's work in that patriotic declaration, so often quoted, to which he gives utterance in the self-conscious periods of his dedication—"I had rather be thought a good Englishman than the best poet or the greatest scholar that ever wrote."

All this is no doubt partly affectation, but not entirely so. For it is a fact that though, as he says, "I felt this impulse very soon, and shall continue to feel it as long as I can think;" though "I remember nothing farther in life than that I made verses;" he did not, as has been shown in the Preface, publish much in early life, and was very slow to collect under his name the miscellanies which he had brought out on various occasions. This was in part because he was so careful an artist. But he had no intention of restraining his natural inclinations altogether, and had doubtless ambitions in the matter, as well as a certain good opinion of his own achievements.

His poetical works generally exhibit a cynical indifference to the serious aspects of life that is not essentially inconsistent with his religious and didactic poems. The latter are characteristic rather of the age than of the man, and are entirely formal in their faith. They seem to have been inspired by the impression that it was desirable, in order to avoid hell-fire, for a man occasionally to discourse

upon the majesty and benevolence of his Creator. Prior probably regarded his *Considerations on part of the eighty-eighth Psalm* and similar poems as a kind of certificate of that Christianity which he found it more expedient and fashionable to profess than to practise.

His *Solomon* is an intellectual feat which is well executed indeed, but terribly wearisome in effect. It stands among his admirable trifles as a monumental satire on men's ambitions. Prior wished it to be regarded as the corner-stone of his work, the chief expression of his genius; but there is probably no man who would stand up to-day with Cowper¹ and Wesley against Dr. Johnson in its defence.

There was a time when Prior was so proud of this poem that whoever paid him a visit was sure of a dose from *Solomon* and some glasses of sack, so that "Sack and Solomon" became a proverbial expression among his friends. But later he recognized the popular verdict, saying himself in the *Conversation* :—

Indeed poor Solomon in rhyme
Was much too grave to be sublime.

Voltaire expressed a similar opinion on this subject:—"Notre plenipotentiaire finit par paraphraser en quinze cents vers ces mots attribués à *Solomon* que *tout est vanité*. On en pourrait fait quinze mille sur ce sujet;

¹ Cowper frequently praised Prior, and translated the ode *The merchant to secure his treasure* into Latin

mais malheur à qui dit tout ce qu'il peut dire." Nevertheless a passage from these fifteen hundred verses appears in the Dict. Phil. under *âme*. * It is taken from Book I. l. 231, and is thus translated :—

Oser-vous assigner, pédans insupportables,
Une cause diverse à des effets semblables ?
Avez-vous mesuré cette mince cloison
Qui semble séparer l'instinct de la raison ?
Nous êtes mal pourvus et de l'un et de l'autre.
Aveugles insensés, quelle audace est la vôtre ?
L'orgueil est votre instinct. Conduirez-vous nos pas
Dans ces chemins glissans que vous ne voyez pas ?

Mr. Dobson also makes a "serious quotation" from Book II. ll. 110-125.

When Prior asked Pope how he liked his *Solomon*, he answered, "Your *Alma* is a masterpiece," and the reply was suggestive. The same poet said, according to Ruffhead, "that the *Alma* of Prior was the only work that, abating its excessive scepticism, he could wish to have been the author of." We do not, however, value this poem for its philosophy, if Prior ever seriously intended it to contain any, but for its witty inconsequence and for the happy epigrams and unexpected similes with which it is crowded. He himself calls it a "loose and hasty scribble," Goldsmith was worried because he could not understand it, and Voltaire¹ summarises it in a paragraph. "C'est de *Prior*, qu'est l'Histoire de l'âme ;

¹ Dict. Phil. *Prior*.

cette histoire est la plus naturelle qu'on ait faite jusqu'à présent de cet être si bien senti et si mal connu. L'âme est d'abord aux extrémités du corps, dans les pieds et dans les mains des enfans; et de là elle se place insensiblement au milieu du corps dans l'âge de puberté; ensuite elle monte au cœur, et là elle produit les sentiments de l'amour et de l'héroïsme: elle s'élève jusqu'à la tête dans un âge plus mûr, elle y raisonne comme elle peut, et dans la vieillesse on ne sait plus ce qu'elle devient; c'est la sève d'un vieil arbre qui s'évapore et qui ne se répare plus. Peut-être cet ouvrage est-il trop long; toute plaisanterie doit être courte, et même le sérieux devrait bien être court aussi." And now Mr. Churton Collins points out in his *Illustrations of Tennyson* that the first twenty lines of Lady Psyche's lecture in the second part of the *Princess* are apparently a reminiscence of the learned lady's discourse in canto II. ll. 369-378.

Prior's third long poem is unfortunately without any redeeming features. *Henry and Emma* is a dismal modernization and vulgarization of the *Nut-Brown Maid*, and it is astonishing to find that Lady Mary Wortley Montague learnt it by heart at the age of fourteen, and that Cowper complained loudly of Dr. Johnson's criticism of it.

We have already hinted at his activity in writing political and complimentary effusions, which may be regarded only as the polite ex-

pression of that gratitude which is a lively sense of favours to come. He explains frankly in the *Heads of a Treatise upon Learning* before mentioned, why he less often allowed himself the pleasures of burlesque, as in the *Ballad on Namur*. "From the prospect of some little fortune to be made, and friendship to be cultivated with the great men, I did not launch much into satire; which, however agreeable for the present to the writers or encouragers of it, does in time do neither of them good; considering the uncertainty of fortune and the various changes of the Ministry, and that every man as he resents, may punish in his turn of greatness,—and that in England a man is less safe as to politics than he is in a bark upon the coast, in regard to the change of the wind and the danger of shipwreck."

Prior's *Alma* shows that he was a greater master than Swift or Pope of the Hudibrastic or octosyllabic verse, of which he makes use in his much-praised *Tales*.

The latter are the first English poems of their kind,¹ and are skilfully composed with due regard to clearness, adornment, and brevity, and none to decency. There is a passage in an anonymous and in these days altogether unquoteable tale called the *Tit-Bit*, which was published in 1738, and shows what

¹ "This same invention seems of late years to have been forgotten as a Poetical Excellence," wrote Keats in 1817.

some of Prior's contemporaries liked best his poems and the reasons of their choice.

“ A waggish jest, if cleanly told,
As many witty moderns hold,
May be the most effectual way
A well-drawn moral to convey ;
Prior's *Purganti* and his *Hans*
Confirm the maxim I advance :
And humorous *Swift* and *Gay*, we find,
And many more of *Prior's* mind.
The reason which they never told,
And which the Muse shall here unfold,
In one short line is easy said ;
A smutty tale is oft'nest read.
Who took up Prior but would marvel
To find no leaf turned down at *Carvel* ! ”

The passage may serve as some sort of apology for Prior's licences.

The Ballad of Downhall, *An English Padlock*, *A Conversation*, and the *Epistles to Fleetwood Shepherd*, are equally chatty and more refined but they are not generally classed with the *Tales*, since they have no definite story running through them.

The Horatian verses in Robbes' *Geography* and those in Mézéray's *History* have acquired an accidental value from Sir Walter Scott's attachment to them, as related in Lockhart's *Life*, chap. lxxx.; while those poems which some industrious persons have discovered to be imitations need not be considered inferior on that account. In those days it was inexpedient for a writer to acknowledge the sources

of his inspiration, and Prior kept silence like the rest. At the end of an edition of *Poems on Several Occasions*, printed for T. Johnson in 1720, will be found three French songs by one *Bonnesons*, from which *Love Disarmed*, *Cupid and Ganymede*, and *Cupid Mistaken*, are said to be derived; while a contributor to the "Gentleman's Magazine" traces *Cupid Mistaken*, *Venus Mistaken*, and *Chloe Weeping*, to the Latin of one Angerianus, and suggests that Prior was laughing at his readers in calling the Greek adage—

θάλασσα, καὶ ἡὺρ, καὶ γῆνι, καὶ τρία

(expanded into a poem, vol. i. p. 127) a *Dutch Proverb*. He was capable of turning other men's work to his own uses and had a right to do so; though he once made a pitiful error in his own special branch of art by trying to *improve* the Spenserian stanza.

His best work will be found in his gay and picturesque trifles, the *vers de société*, in the composition of which his mantle has fallen on his editor, Mr. Dobson. Prior was admirable in an epigram, an enigma, or a song. With respect to these, Cowper's lines on Pope might be applied to him,—

"As harmony itself exact,

In verse well-disciplined, complete, compact."

He possessed also the "musical finesse," the "nice ear," and the "delicate touch" which Mrs. Unwin's friend attributed to that pungent

satirist. For Prior, life had no deeper meaning, and as we turn over his shorter poems, their light-heartedness, their finish, and their *laissez faire* philosophy manifest to us that here indeed,—

“The man we talk with is Matt Prior.”

REGINALD BRIMLEY JOHNSON.

THE ALDINE EDITION
OF THE BRITISH
POETS



THE POEMS OF MATTHEW PRIOR
IN TWO VOLUMES
VOL I



*Inscription on Prior's Monument in Westminster
Abbey, by Dr. Freind.*

Sui temporis Historiam meditante
Paulatim obrepens Febris
Operi simul et vitæ filum abrupit.
Sep. 18. An. Dom. 1721. ætat. 57.
H. S. E.
Vir eximius



TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE LIONEL, EARL OF
DORSET AND MIDDLESEX.*

IT looks like no great compliment to your Lordship, that I prefix your name to this epistle; when, in the preface, I declare the book is published almost against my inclination.

But, in all cases, my Lord, you have an hereditary right to whatever may be called mine. Many of the following pieces were written by the command of your excellent father; and most of the rest, under his protection and patronage.

The particular felicity of your birth, my Lord; the natural endowments of your mind, (which, without suspicion of flattery,) I may tell you, are very great; the good education with which these parts have been improved; and your coming into the world, and seeing men very early; make us expect from your Lordship all the good, which our hopes can form in favour of a young nobleman.

* Afterwards created Duke of Dorset.

Tu Marcellus eris,—Our eyes and our hearts are turned on you. You must be a judge and master of polite learning; a friend and patron to men of letters and merit; a faithful and able counsellor to your prince; a true patriot to your country; an ornament and honour to the titles you possess; and in one word, a worthy son to the great Earl of Dorset.*

It is as impossible to mention that name, without desiring to commend the person, as it is to give him the commendations which his virtues

* Born 24th January, 1637, died 29th January, 1706. Mr. Walpole observes that "he was the finest gentleman in the voluptuous court of Charles the Second, and in the gloomy one of King William: he had as much wit as his first master, or his contemporaries, Buckingham and Rochester, without the royal want of feeling, the Duke's want of principles, or the Earl's want of thought. The latter said with astonishment, 'That he did not know how it was, but Lord Dorset might do any thing, and yet was never to blame.'—It was not that he was free from the failings of humanity, but he had the tenderness of it too, which made every body excuse whom every body loved, for even the asperity of his verses seems to have been forgiven to 'The best good man, with the worst natur'd Muse.'—This line is not more familiar than Lord Dorset's own poems, to all who have a taste for the genteelest beauties of natural and easy verse, or than his Lordship's own bon mots; of which I cannot help repeating one of singular humour. Lord Craven was a proverb for officious whispers to men in power. On Lord Dorset's promotion, King Charles having seen Lord Craven pay his usual tribute to him, asked the former what the latter had been saying: the Earl replied gravely, 'Sir, my Lord Craven did me the honour to whisper, but I did not think it good manners to listen.' When he was dying, Congreve, who had been to visit him, being asked how he had left him, replied, 'faith, he slabbers more wit than other people do in their best health.'"—*Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors* vol. ii. p. 96.

deserved. But I assure myself, the most agreeable compliment I can bring your Lordship, is to pay a grateful respect to your father's memory. And my own obligations to him were such, that the world must pardon my endeavouring at his character, however I may miscarry in the attempt.

A thousand ornaments and graces met in the composition of this great man, and contributed to make him universally beloved and esteemed. The figure of his body was strong, proportionable, beautiful: and were his picture well drawn, it must deserve the praise given to the portraits of Raphael; and, at once, create love and respect. While the greatness of his mien informed men, they were approaching the nobleman, the sweetness of it invited them to come nearer to the patron. There was in his look and gesture something that is more easily conceived than described; that gained upon you in his favour, before he spake one word. His behaviour was easy and courteous to all; but distinguished and adapted to each man in particular, according to his station and quality. His civility was free from the formality of rule, and flowed immediately from his good sense.

Such were the natural faculties and strength of his mind, that he had occasion to borrow very little from education; and he owed those advantages to his own good parts, which others acquire by study and imitation. His wit was abundant, noble, bold. Wit in most writers is like a fountain in a garden, supplied by several streams brought through artful pipes, and playing sometimes agreeably. But the

Earl of Dorset's was a source rising from the top of a mountain, which forced its own way, and with inexhaustible supplies, delighted and enriched the country through which it passed. This extraordinary genius was accompanied with so true a judgment in all parts of fine learning, that whatever subject was before him, he discoursed as properly of it, as if the peculiar bent of his study had been applied that way; and he perfected his judgment by reading and digesting the best authors, though he quoted them very seldom,

Contemnebat potiùs literas, quàn nesciebat:

and rather seemed to draw his knowledge from his own stores, than to owe it to any foreign assistance.

The brightness of his parts, the solidity of his judgment, and the candour and generosity of his temper distinguished him in an age of great politeness, and at a court abounding with men of the finest sense and learning. The most eminent masters in their several ways appealed to his determination. Waller thought it an honour to consult him in the softness and harmony of his verse: and Dr. Sprat, in the delicacy and turn of his prose. Dryden determines by him,* under the character of Eugenius, as to the laws of dramatic poetry. Butler owed it to him that the court tasted his *Hudibras*; Wycherley that the town liked his *Plain Dealer*; and the late Duke

* See Dryden's *Essay on Dramatic Poesie*, first printed in quarto, and addressed to Charles Earl of Dorset, then Lord Buckhurst.

of Buckingham deferred to publish his Rehearsal, till he was sure (as he expressed it) that my Lord Dorset would not *rehearse* upon him again. If we wanted foreign testimony, La Fontaine and St. Evremont have acknowledged, that he was a perfect master of the beauty and fineness of their language, and of all that they call *les Belles Lettres*. Nor was this nicety of his judgment confined only to books and literature, but was the same in statuary, painting, and all other parts of art. Bernini would have taken his opinion upon the beauty and attitude of a figure; and King Charles did not agree with Lely, that my Lady Cleveland's picture was finished, till it had the approbation of my Lord Buckhurst.

As the judgment which he made of others' writings could not be refuted, the manner in which he wrote will hardly ever be equalled. Every one of his pieces is an ingot of gold, intrinsically and solidly valuable; such as, wrought or beaten thinner, would shine through a whole book of any other author. His thought was always new; and the expression of it so particularly happy, that every body knew immediately it could only be my Lord Dorset's: and yet it was so easy too, that every body was ready to imagine himself capable of writing it. There is a lustre in his verses, like that of the sun in Claude Lorraine's landscapes: it looks natural, and is inimitable. His love-verses have a mixture of delicacy and strength: they convey the wit of Petronius in the softness of Tibullus. His satire indeed is so severely pointed, that in it he appears, what his

great friend the Earl of Rochester (that other prodigy of the age) says he was ;

The best good man, with the worst natur'd Muse.

Yet even here, that character may justly be applied to him, which Persius gives of the best writer in this kind, that ever lived :

Omne vafer viti um ridenti Flaccus amico
Tangit, et admissus circum præcordia ludit.

And the gentleman had always so much the better of the satirist, that the persons touched did not know where to fix their resentments; and were forced to appear rather ashamed than angry. Yet so far was this great author from valuing himself upon his works, that he cared not what became of them, though every body else did. There are many things of his not extant in writing, which however are always repeated: like the verses and sayings of the ancient Druids, they retain an universal veneration, though they are preserved only by memory.

As it is often seen, that those men who are least qualified for business, love it most; my Lord Dorset's character was, that he certainly understood it, but did not care for it.

Coming very young to the possession of two plentiful estates, and in an age when pleasure was more in fashion than business, he turned his parts rather to books and conversation than to politics, and what more immediately related to the public. But whenever the safety of his country demanded his assistance, he readily entered into the most

active parts of life, and underwent the greatest dangers with a constancy of mind which showed, that he had not only read the rules of philosophy, but understood the practice of them.

In the first Dutch war he went a volunteer under the Duke of York: his behaviour, during that campaign, was such as distinguished the Sackville descended from that Hildebrand of the name, who was one of the greatest captains that came into England with the Conqueror. But his making a song* the night before the engagement (and it was one of the prettiest that ever was made) carries with it so sedate a presence of mind, and such an unusual gallantry, that it deserves as much to be recorded, as Alexander's jesting with his soldiers, before he passed the Granicus; or William the First of Orange, giving order over night for a battle, and desiring to be called in the morning, lest he should happen to sleep too long.

From hence, during the remaining part of King Charles's reign, he continued to live in honourable leisure. He was of the bed-chamber to the king, and possessed not only his master's favour, but (in a great degree) his familiarity; never leaving the court, but when he was sent to that of France, on some short commissions and embassies of compliment: as if the king designed to show the French (who would be thought the politest nation), that one of the finest gentlemen in Europe was his subject; and that we had a prince who understood his

* The song, beginning, "To all you ladies now at land;" it is printed in various collections of sea songs, and in other miscellaneous selections of poetry.

worth so well, as not to suffer him to be long out of his presence.

The succeeding reign neither relished my Lord's wit, nor approved his maxims: so he retired altogether from court. But as the irretrievable mistakes of that unhappy government went on to threaten the nation with something more terrible than a Dutch war, he thought it became him to resume the courage of his youth, and once more to engage himself in defending the liberty of his country. He entered into the prince of Orange's interest, and carried on his part of that great enterprise here in London, and under the eye of the court, with the same resolution, as his friend and fellow-patriot, the late Duke of Devonshire, did in open arms at Nottingham, till the dangers of those times increased to extremity, and just apprehensions arose for the safety of the princess, our present glorious queen: then the Earl of Dorset was thought the properest guide of her necessary flight, and the person under whose courage and direction the nation might most safely trust a charge so precious and important.

After the establishment of their late majesties upon the throne, there was room again at court for men of my Lord's character. He had a part in the councils of those princes, a great share in their friendship, and all the marks of distinction with which a good government could reward a patriot. He was made chamberlain of their majesties' household, a place which he so eminently adorned by the grace of his person, the fineness of his breeding, and the knowledge and practice of what was

decent and magnificent, that he could only be rivalled in these qualifications by one great man, who has since held the same staff.

The last honours he received from his Sovereign (and indeed they were the greatest which a subject could receive), were, that he was made Knight of the Garter, and constituted one of the Regents of the kingdom, during his Majesty's absence. But his health, about that time, sensibly declining, and the public affairs not threatened by any imminent danger, he left the business to those who delighted more in the state of it, and appeared only sometimes at council, to show his respect to the commission; giving as much leisure as he could to the relief of those pains, with which it pleased God to afflict him, and indulging the reflections of a mind, that had looked through the world with too piercing an eye, and was grown weary of the prospect. Upon the whole, it may very justly be said of this great man, with regard to the public, that through the course of his life, he acted like an able pilot in a long voyage; contented to sit quiet in the cabin, when the winds were allayed, and the waters smooth; but vigilant and ready to resume the helm, when the storm arose, and the sea grew tumultuous.

I ask your pardon, my Lord, if I look yet a little more nearly into the late Lord Dorset's character: if I examine it not without some intention of finding fault; and (which is an odd way of making a panegyric) set his blemishes and imperfections in open view.

The fire of his youth carried him to some ex-

cesses, but they were accompanied with a most lively invention, and true humour. The little violences and easy mistakes of a night too gaily spent (and that too in the beginning of life), were always set right the next day, with great humanity, and ample retribution. His faults brought their excuse with them, and his very failings had their beauties. So much sweetness accompanied what he said, and so great generosity what he did, that people were always prepossessed in his favour; and it was in fact true, what the late Earl of Rochester said in jest to King Charles, that he did not know how it was, but my Lord Dorset might do any thing, yet was never to blame.

He was naturally very subject to passion; but the short gust was soon over, and served only to set off the charms of his temper, when more composed. That very passion broke out with a force of wit, which made even anger agreeable: while it lasted, he said and forgot a thousand things, which other men would have been glad to have studied and wrote; but the impetuosity was corrected upon a moment's reflection, and the measure altered with such grace and delicacy, that you could scarce perceive where the key was changed.

He was very sharp in his reflections; but never in the wrong place. His darts were sure to wound; but they were sure too to hit none but those whose follies gave him a very fair aim. And when he allowed no quarter, he had certainly been provoked by more than common error; by men's tedious and circumstantial recitals of their affairs, or by their multiplied questions about his own; by ex-

treme ignorance and impertinence ; or the mixture of these, an ill-judged and never-ceasing civility ; or lastly, by the two things which were his utter aversion,* the insinuation of a flatterer, and the whisper of a talebearer.

If, therefore, we set the piece in its worst position ; if its faults be most exposed ; the shades will still appear very finely joined with their lights ; and every imperfection will be diminished by the lustre of some neighbouring virtue. But if we turn the great drawings and wonderful colourings to their true light, the whole must appear beautiful, noble, admirable.

He possessed all those virtues in the highest degree, upon which the pleasure of society, and the happiness of life depend ; and he exercised them with the greatest decency and best manners. As good nature is said, by a great author,* to belong more particularly to the English than any other nation, it may again be said, that it belonged more particularly to the late Earl of Dorset than to any other English man.

A kind husband he was, without fondness ; and an indulgent father, without partiality. So extraordinary good a master, that this quality ought indeed to have been numbered among his defects, for he was often served worse than became his station, from his unwillingness to assume an authority too severe. And during those little transports of passion, to which I just now said he was subject, I have known his servants get into his way, that they might make a merit of it immedi-

* Bishop Sprat, Hist. of the Royal Society.

ately after ; for he that had the good fortune to be chid, was sure of being rewarded for it.

His table was one of the last that gave us an example of the old housekeeping of an English nobleman. A freedom reigned at it, which made every one of his guests think himself at home ; and an abundance, which showed that the master's hospitality extended to many more than those who had the honour to sit at table with him.

In his dealings with others, his care and exactness that every man should have his due, was such, that you would think he had never seen a court : the politeness and civility with which this justice was administered, would convince you he never had lived out of one.

He was so strict an observer of his word, that no consideration whatever could make him break it ; yet so cautious, lest the merit of his act should arise from that obligation only, that he usually did the greatest favours without making any previous promise. So inviolable was he in his friendship, and so kind to the character of those whom he had once honoured with a more intimate acquaintance, that nothing less than a demonstration of some essential fault could make him break with them ; and then too, his good nature did not consent to it, without the greatest reluctance and difficulty. Let me give one instance of this amongst many. When, as lord chamberlain, he was obliged to take the king's pension from Mr. Dryden, who had long before put himself out of a possibility of receiving any favour from the court, my Lord allowed him an equivalent out of his own estate.

However displeased with the conduct of his old acquaintance, he relieved his necessities; and while he gave him his assistance in private, in public he extenuated and pitied his error.

The foundation indeed of these excellent qualities, and the perfection of my Lord Dorset's character, was that unbounded charity which ran through the whole tenor of his life, and sat as visibly predominant over the other faculties of his soul, as she is said to do in Heaven, above her sister virtues.

Crowds of poor daily thronged his gates, expecting thence their bread; and were still lessened by his sending the most proper objects of his bounty to apprenticeships, or hospitals. The lazar and the sick, as he accidentally saw them, were removed from the street to the physician; and many of them not only restored to health, but supplied with what might enable them to resume their former callings, and make their future life happy. The prisoner has often been released, by my Lord's paying the debt; and the condemned has been saved by his intercession with the sovereign, where he thought the letter of the law too rigid. To those whose circumstances were such as made them ashamed of their poverty, he knew how to bestow his munificence without offending their modesty; and under the notion of frequent presents, gave them what amounted to a subsistence. Many yet alive know this to be true, though he told it to none, nor ever was more uneasy than when any one mentioned it to him.

We may find among the Grecks and Latins, Ti-

bullus and Gallus, the noblemen that writ poetry ; Augustus and Mæcenas, the protectors of learning ; Aristides, the good citizen ; and Atticus, the well bred friend ; and bring them in, as examples of my Lord Dorset's wit, his judgment, his justice, and his civility. But for his charity, my Lord, we can scarce find a parallel in history itself.

Titus was not more the *deliciæ humani generis*, on this account, than my Lord Dorset was ; and, without any exaggeration, that prince did not do more good in proportion out of the revenue of the Roman empire, than your father out of the income of a private estate. Let this, my Lord, remain to you and your posterity a possession for ever ; to be imitated, and, if possible, to be excelled.

As to my own particular, I scarce knew what life was, sooner than I found myself obliged to his favour ; nor have had reason to feel any sorrow so sensibly as that of his death.

Ille dies—quem semper acerbum
Semper honoratum (sic Dî voluistis) habebō.

Æneas could not reflect upon the loss of his own father with greater piety, my Lord, than I must recall the memory of yours : and when I think whose son I am writing to, the least I promise myself from your goodness is an uninterrupted continuance of favour, and a friendship for life. To which, that I may with some justice entitle myself, I send your Lordship a dedication, not filled with a long detail of your praises, but with my sincerest wishes that you may deserve them. That you may employ those extraordinary parts and abilities with

which Heaven has blessed you, to the honour of your family, the benefit of your friends, and the good of your country; that all your actions may be great, open, and noble, such as may tell the world whose son and whose successor you are.

What I now offer to your Lordship is a collection of poetry, a kind of garland of good will. If any verses of my writing should appear in print, under another name and patronage, than that of an Earl of Dorset, people might suspect them not to be genuine. I have attained my present end, if these poems prove the diversion of some of your youthful hours, as they have been occasionally the amusement of some of mine; and I humbly hope, that as I may hereafter bind up my fuller sheaf, and lay some pieces of a very different nature (the product of my severer studies) at your Lordship's feet, I shall engage your most serious reflection: happy, if in all my endeavours I may contribute to your delight or to your instruction. I am, with all duty and respect,

My Lord,
Your Lordship's
most obedient and
most humble Servant,
MAT. PRIOR.



PREFACE.

THE greatest part of what I have written having already been published, either singly or in some of the Miscellanies, it would be too late for me to make any excuse for appearing in print. But a collection of poems has lately appeared under my name, though without my knowledge, in which the publisher has given me the honour of some things that did not belong to me; and has transcribed others so imperfectly, that I hardly knew them to be mine. This has obliged me, in my own defence, to look back upon some of those lighter studies, which I ought long since to have quitted, and to publish an indifferent collection of poems, for fear of being thought the author of a worse.

Thus I beg pardon of the public for reprinting some pieces, which as they came singly from their first impression, have (I fancy) lain long and quietly in Mr. Tonson's shop; and adding others to them, which were never before printed, and might have lain as quietly, and perhaps more safely, in a corner of my own study.

The reader will, I hope, make allowance for their having been written at very distant times, and on

very different occasions, and take them as they happen to come. Public panegyrics, amorous odes, serious reflections, or idle tales, the product of his leisure hours, who had business enough upon his hands, and was only a poet by accident.

I own myself obliged to Mrs. Singer, who has given me leave to print a pastoral of her writing; that poem having produced the verses immediately following it. I wish she might be prevailed with to publish some other pieces of that kind, in which the softness of her sex, and the fineness of her genius, conspire to give her a very distinguishing character.

POSTSCRIPT.

I must help my preface by a postscript, to tell the reader, that there is ten years' distance between my writing the one and the other; and that (whatever I thought then, and have somewhere said, that I would publish no more poetry) he will find several copies of verses scattered through this edition, which were not printed in the first. Those relating to the public stand in the order they did before, and according to the several years in which they were written, however the disposition of our national affairs, the actions, or the fortunes of some men, and the opinions of others may have changed. Prose, and other human things may take what turn they can; but poetry, which pretends to have something of divinity in it, is to be more permanent. Odes once printed cannot well be altered, when the

author has already said, that he expects his works should live for ever. And it had been very foolish in my friend Horace, if some years after his *Exegi Monumentum*; he should have desired to see his building taken down again.

The dedication, likewise, is reprinted to the Earl of Dorset, in the foregoing leaves, without any alteration; though I had the fairest opportunity, and the strongest inclination to have added a great deal to it. The blooming hopes, which I said the world expected from my then very young patron, have been confirmed by most noble and distinguished first-fruits; and his life is going on towards a plentiful harvest of all accumulated virtues. He has in fact exceeded whatever the fondness of my wishes could invent in his favour: his equally good and beautiful lady enjoys in him an indulgent and obliging husband; his children, a kind and careful father; and his acquaintance, a faithful, generous, and polite friend. His fellow peers have attended to the persuasion of his eloquence; and have been convinced by the solidity of his reasoning. He has long since deserved and attained the honour of the Garter. He has managed some of the greatest charges of the kingdom with known ability; and laid them down with entire disinterestment. And as he continues the exercises of these eminent virtues (which that he may do to a very old age, shall be my perpetual wish) he may be one of the greatest men that our age, or possibly our nation has bred; and leave materials for a panegyric, not unworthy the pen of some future Pliny.

From so noble a subject as the Earl of Dorset,

to so mean a one as myself, is (I confess) a very Pindaric transition. I shall only say one word, and trouble the reader no further. I published my poems formerly, as Monsieur Jourdain sold his silk : he would not be thought a tradesman, but ordered some pieces to be measured out to his particular friends. Now I give up my shop, and dispose of all my poetical goods at once : I must therefore desire, that the public would please to take them in the gross ; and that everybody would turn over what he does not like.



THE
POEMS OF MATTHEW PRIOR.

ON EXOD. III. 14.—I AM THAT I AM.

AN ODE. WRITTEN IN 1688, AS AN EXERCISE AT
ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.



MAN! foolish man!

Scarce know'st thou how thyself
began;

Scarce hast thou thought enough to
prove thou art;

Yet steel'd with studied boldness, thou dar'st try
To send thy doubting reason's dazzled eye
Through the mysterious gulf of vast immensity.
Much thou canst there discern, much thence impart.

Vain wretch! suppress thy knowing pride;

Mortify thy learned lust!

Vain are thy thoughts, while thou thyself art dust.

Let Wit her sails, her oars let Wisdom lend; 11
The helm let politic Experience guide:

Yet cease to hope thy short-liv'd bark shall ride
Down spreading Fate's unnavigable tide.

What, though still it farther tend ?

Still 'tis farther from its end ;
And, in the bosom of that boundless sea,
Still finds its error lengthen with its way.

With daring pride and insolent delight
Your doubts resolv'd you boast, your labours crown'd ;
And 'ETPHKA ! your god, forsooth is found 21
Incomprehensible and infinite.

But is he therefore found ? vain searcher ! no :
Let your imperfect definition show,
That nothing you, the weak definer, know.

Say, why should the collected main
Itself within itself contain ?

Why to its caverns should it sometimes creep,
And with delighted silence sleep
On the lov'd bosom of its parent deep ? 30

Why should its numerous waters stay
In comely discipline, and fair array,
Till winds and tides exert their high command ?
Then prompt and ready to obey,
Why do the rising surges spread
Their op'ning ranks o'er earth's submissive head,
Marching through different paths to different lands ?

Why does the constant sun
With measur'd steps his radiant journeys run ?
Why does he order the diurnal hours 40
To leave earth's other part, and rise in ours ?
Why does he wake the correspondent moon,
And fill her willing lamp with liquid light,

Commanding her with delegated powers
To beautify the world, and bless the night?

Why does each animated star
Love the just limits of its proper sphere?

Why does each consenting sign
With prudent harmony combine
In turns to move, and subsequent appear, 50
To gird the globe and regulate the year?

Man does with dangerous curiosity

These unfathom'd wonders try :
With fancied rules and arbitrary laws
Matter and motion he restrains ;
And studied lines and fictitious circles draws :

Then with imagin'd sovereignty
Lord of his new hypothesis he reigns.
He reigns : how long ? till some usurper rise ;
And he too, mighty thoughtful, mighty wise, 60
Studies new lines, and other circles feigns.

From this last toil again what knowledge flows ?
Just as much, perhaps, as shows,
That all his predecessor's rules
Were empty cant, all jargon of the schools ;
That he on t'other's ruin rears his throne ;
And shows his friend's mistake, and thence con-
firms his own.

On earth, in air, amidst the seas and skies,
Mountainous heaps of wonders rise ;

Whose towering strength will ne'er submit 70
To Reason's batteries, or the mines of wit :
Yet still enquiring, still mistaking man,
Each hour repuls'd, each hour dare onward press ;
And levelling at God his wandering guess,

(That feeble engine of his reasoning war,
Which guides his doubts, and combats his despair)
Laws to his Maker the learn'd wretch can give :
Can bound that nature, and prescribe that will,
Whose pregnant word did either ocean fill :
Can tell us whence all beings are, and how they
move and live. 80

Through either ocean, foolish man !
That pregnant word sent forth again,
Might to a world extend each atom there ;
For every drop call forth a sea, a heaven for every
star.

Let cunning Earth her fruitful wonders hide ;
And only lift thy staggering reason up
To trembling Calvary's astonish'd top ;
Then mock thy knowledge, and confound thy pride,
Explaining how Perfection suffer'd pain,
Almighty languish'd, and Eternal died : 90
How by her patient victor Death was slain ;
And earth profan'd, yet bless'd with deicide.
Then down with all thy boasted volumes, down ;
Only reserve the sacred one :
Low, reverently low,
Make thy stubborn knowledge bow ;
Weep out thy reason's, and thy body's eyes ;
Deject thyself, that thou may'st rise ;
To look to Heaven, be blind to all below.

Then Faith, for Reason's glimmering light, shall give
Her immortal perspective ; 101
And Grace's presence Nature's loss retrieve :
Then thy enliven'd soul shall see,

That all the volumes of philosophy,
 With all their comments, never could invent
 So politic an instrument,
 To reach the Heaven of Heavens, the high abode,
 Where Moses places his mysterious God,
 As was that ladder which old Jacob rear'd,
 When light divine had human darkness clear'd;
 And his enlarg'd ideas found the road, 110
 Which Faith had dictated, and Angels trod.

TO THE COUNTESS OF EXETER,*

PLAYING ON THE LUTE.



WHAT charms you have, from what high
 race you sprung,
 Have been the pleasing subjects of my
 song:

Unskill'd and young, yet something still I writ,
 Of Ca'ndish beauty join'd to Cecil's wit.
 But when you please to show the lab'ring Muse
 What greater theme your music can produce,
 My babbling praises I repeat no more,

* Anne, daughter of William Earl of Devonshire, and sister to the first Duke of Devonshire, widow also to Charles Lord Rich, was married to John Cecil Lord Burleigh, afterwards Earl of Exeter; she attended her lord upon all his travels, and was present when he died, August 29, 1700, at a village called Issy, near Paris, and surviving him till the 18th of June, 1703, the remains of both were deposited at St. Martin's, Stamford, where a magnificent monument, brought among other curious works from Rome, is erected to their memory.

But hear, rejoice, stand silent, and adore.*

The Persians thus, first gazing on the sun,
Admir'd how high 'twas plac'd, how bright it
shone ; 10

But, as his power was known, their thoughts were
rais'd ;

And soon they worshipp'd, what at first they prais'd.

Eliza's glory lives in Spenser's song ;
And Cowley's verse keeps fair Orinda young.

That as in birth, in beauty you excel,
The Muse might dictate, and the Poet tell :
Your art no other art can speak ; and you,
To show how well you play, must play anew :
Your music's power your music must disclose ;*
For what light is, 'tis only light that shows. 20

Strange force of harmony, that thus controls
Our thoughts, and turns and sanctifies our souls :
While with its utmost art your sex could move
Our wonder only, or at best our love :
You far above both these your God did place,
That your high power might worldly thoughts de-
stroy ;

That with your numbers you our zeal might raise,
And, like Himself, communicate your joy.

When to your native Heaven you shall repair,
And with your presence crown the blessings there,
Your lute may wind its strings but little higher, 31
To tune their notes to that immortal quire.
Your art is perfect here ; your numbers do,
More than our books, make the rude atheist know,

* Imitated from Alleyne's Poetical History of Henry VII.

"For nought but light itself, itself can show,
And only kings can write what kings can do."

That there's a Heaven, by what he hears below.

As in some piece, while Luke his skill exprest,
A cunning angel came, and drew the rest :

So, when you play, some godhead docs impart
Harmonious aid, divinity helps art ;

Some cherub finishes what you begun, 40
And to a miracle improves a tune.

To burning Rome when frantic Nero play'd,
Viewing that face, no more he had survey'd
The raging flames ; but, struck with strange sur-
prise,

Confest them less than those of Anna's eyes :

But, had he heard thy lute, he soon had found
His rage eluded, and his crime aton'd :

Thine, like Amphion's hand, had wak'd the stone,
And from destruction call'd the rising town :

Malice to Music had been forc'd to yield ; 50
Nor could he burn so fast, as thou couldst build.

PICTURE OF SENECA DYING IN A BATH,

BY JORDAIN.*

AT THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF EXETER'S

AT BURLEIGH HOUSE.




WHILE cruel Nero only drains
The moral Spaniard's ebbing veins,
By study worn, and slack with age,
How dull, how thoughtless is his rage !

* Jacques Jordain was born at Antwerp in 1584 ; was a disciple of Adam van Oort, but was indebted to Rubens for

Heighten'd revenge he should have took ;
 He should have burnt his tutor's book ;
 And long have reign'd supreme in vice :
 One nobler wretch can only rise ;
 'Tis he whose fury shall deface
 The stoic's image in this piece. 10
 For while unhurt, divine Jordain,
 Thy work and Seneca's remain,
 He still has body, still has soul,
 And lives and speaks, restor'd and whole.

AN ODE.


 HILE blooming youth, and gay delight
 Sit on thy rosy cheeks confest,
 Thou hast, my dear, undoubted right
 To triumph o'er this destin'd breast.
 My reason bends to what thy eyes ordain :
 For I was born to love, and thou to reign.

the principal part of his knowledge in the art of painting :
 " He painted with extraordinary freedom, ease, and expedition ; there is a brilliancy and harmony in his colouring, and a good understanding of the Chiaroscuro. His composition is rich, his expression natural and strong, but his design wanted elegance and taste. He studied and copied nature, yet he neither selected its beauties, nor rejected its defects. He knew how to give his figures a good relief, though frequently incorrect in the outlines ; but his pencil is always excellent, and for a free and spirited touch, no painter can be accounted his superior."—*Pilkington's Dictionary of Painters*. He died in 1678, aged 84 years.

But would you meanly thus rely
On power, you know I must obey?
Exert a legal tyranny;
And do an ill, because you may? 10
Still must I thee, as atheists Heaven adore;
Not see thy mercy, and yet dread thy power?

Take heed, my dear, youth flies apace;
As well as Cupid, Time is blind:
Soon must those glories of thy face
The fate of vulgar beauty find:
The thousand loves, that arm thy potent eye,
Must drop their quivers, flag their wings, and die.

Then wilt thou sigh, when in each frown
A hateful wrinkle more appears; 20
And putting pceevish humours on,
Seems but the sad effect of years:
Kindness itself too weak a charm will prove,
To raise the feeble fires of aged love.

Forc'd compliments and formal bows
Will show thee just above neglect:
The heat with which thy lover glows,
Will settle into cold respect:
A talking dull platonic I shall turn;
Learn to be civil, when I cease to burn. 30

Then shun the ill, and know, my dear,
Kindness and constancy will prove
The only pillars fit to bear
So vast a weight as that of love.
If thou canst wish to make my flames endure,
Thine must be very fierce, and very pure.

Haste, Celia, haste, while youth invites,
 Obey kind Cupid's present voice;
 Fill every sense with soft delights,
 And give thy soul a loose to joys: 40
 Let millions of repeated blisses prove,
 That thou all kindness art, and I all love.

Be mine, and only mine; take care
 Thy looks, thy thoughts, thy dreams to guide
 To me alone; nor come so far,
 As liking any youth beside:
 What men e'er court thee, fly 'em, and believe,
 They're serpents all, and thou the tempted Eve.


So shall I court thy dearest truth,
 When beauty ceases to engage; 5
 So thinking on thy charming youth,
 I'll love it o'er again in age:
 So time itself our raptures shall improve,
 While still we wake to joy, and live to love.

AN

EPISTLE TO FLEETWOOD SHEPHARD, ESC

BURLEIGH, MAY 14, 1689.

SIR,

S once a twelvemonth to the priest,
 Holy at Rome, here antichrist,
 The Spanish king presents a jennet,
 To show his love;—That's all that's
 in it:

For if his holiness would thump
 His reverend bum 'gainst horse's rump,
 He might b^e-equipt from his own stable
 With one more white, and eke more able.

Or as with Gondolas, and men, his
 Good excellence the Duke of Venice 10
 (I wish, for rhyme, 't had been the king)
 Sails out, and gives the gulf a ring;
 Which trick of state, he wisely maintains,
 Keeps kindness up 'twixt old acquaintance:
 For else, in honest truth, the sea
 Has much less need of gold, than he.

Or, not to rove, and pump one's fancy
 For popish similes beyond sea;
 As folks from mud-wall'd tenement
 Bring landlords pepper-corn for rent; 20
 Present a turkey, or a hen,
 To those might better spare them ten:
 Ev'n so, with all submission, I
 (For first men instance, then apply)
 Send you each year a homely letter,
 Who may return me much a better.

Then take it, Sir, as it was writ,
 To pay respect, and not show wit:
 Nor look askew at what it saith;
 There's no petition in it,—'Faith. 30

Here some would scratch their heads, and try
 What they should write, and how, and why;
 But I conceive, such folks are quite in
 Mistakes, in theory of writing.
 If once for principle 'tis laid,
 That thought is trouble to the head;
 I argue thus: the world agrees.

That he writes well, who writes with ease :
Then he, by sequel logical,
Writes best, who never thinks at all. 40

Verse comes from Heav'n, like inward light ;
Mere human pains can ne'er come by 't :
The God, not we, the poem makes ;
We only tell folks what he speaks.
Hence when anatomists discourse,
How like brutes' organs are to ours ;
They grant, if higher powers think fit,
A bear might soon be made a wit ;
And that for any thing in nature,
Pigs might squeak love-odes, dogs bark satire. 50

Memnon, though stone, was counted vocal ;
But 'twas the God, meanwhile, that spoke all.
Rome oft has heard a cross haranguing,
With prompting priest behind the hanging :
The wooden head resolv'd the question ;
While you and Pettis help'd the jest on.

Your crabbed rogues, that read Lucretius,
Are against gods, you know ; and teach us,
The God makes not the poet ; but
The thesis, vice-versâ put, 60
Should Hebrew-wise be understood ;
And means, the Poet makes the God.

Egyptian gard'ners thus are said to
Have set the leeks they after pray'd to ;
And Romish bakers praise the deity
They chipp'd, while yet in its pantiety.

That when you poets swear and cry,
The God inspires ; I rave, I die ;
If inward wind does truly swell ye,
'T must be the colic in your belly : 70

That writing is but just like dice ;
 And lucky mains make people wise :
 That jumbled-words, if fortune throw 'em,
 Shall, well as Dryden, form a poem ;
 Or make a speech, correct and witty,
 As you know who—at the committee.

So atoms dancing round the centre,
 They urge, made all things at a venture.

But granting matters should be spoke
 By method, rather than by luck ; 80
 This may confine their younger styles,
 Whom Dryden pedagogues at Will's :
 But never could be meant to tie
 Authentic wits, like you and I :
 For as young children, who are try'd in
 Go-carts, to keep their steps from sliding ;
 When members knit, and legs grow stronger,
 Make use of such machine no longer ;
 But leap pro libitu, and scout
 On horse call'd hobby, or without : 90
 So when at school we first declaim,
 Old Busby walks us in a theme,
 Whose props support our infant vein,
 And help the rickets in the brain :
 But when our souls their force dilate,
 And thoughts grow up to wit's estate ;
 In verse or prose, we write or chat,
 Not six-pence matter upon what.

'Tis not how well an author says ;
 But 'tis how much, that gathers praise. 100
 Tonson, who is himself a wit,
 Counts writers' merits by the sheet.
 Thus each should down with all he thinks,

As boys eat bread, to fill up chinks.

Kind Sir, I should be glad to see you;
I hope y' are well; so God be wi' you;
Was all I thought at first to write:
But things, since then, are alter'd quite;
Fancies flow in, and Muse flies high;
So God knows when my clack will lie: 110
I must, Sir, prattle on, as afore,
And beg your pardon yet this half hour.

So at pure barn of loud Non-con,
Where with my grannam I have gone,
When Lobb had sifted all his text,
And I well hop'd the pudding next;
Now TO APPLY, has plagued me more,
Than all his villain cant before.

For your religion, first, of her
Your friends do sav'ry things aver: 120
They say, she's honest, as your claret,
Not sour'd with cant, nor stum'd with merit:
Your chamber is the sole retreat
Of chaplains every Sunday night:
Of grace, no doubt, a certain sign,
When lay-man herds with man divine:
For if their fame be justly great,
Who would no Popish nuncio treat;
That his is greater, we must grant,
Who will treat nuncios Protestant. 130
One single positive weighs more,
You know, than negatives a score.

In politics, I hear, you're stanch,
Directly bent against the French;
Deny to have your free-born toe
Dragoon'd into a wooden shoe:

Are in no plots ; but fairly drive at
The public welfare, in your private :
And will, for England's glory, try
Turks, Jews, and Jesuits to defy, 140
And keep your places till you die.

For me, whom wand'ring Fortune threw
From what I lov'd, the town and you ;
Let me just tell you how my time is
Past in a country-life.—Imprimis,
As soon as Phœbus' rays inspect us,
First, Sir, I read, and then I breakfast ;
So on, till foresaid God does set,
I sometimes study, sometimes eat.
Thus, of your heroes and brave boys, 150
With whom old Homer makes such noise,
The greatest actions I can find,
Are, that they did their work, and din'd.

The books of which I'm chiefly fond,
Are such, as you have whilom conn'd ;
That treat of China's civil law,
And subjects' rights in Golconda ;
Of highway-elephants at Ceylan,
That rob in clans, like men o' th' Highland ;
Of apes that storm, or keep a town, 160
As well almost, as count Lauzun ;
Of unicorns and alligators,
Elks, mermaids, mummies, witches, satyrs,
And twenty other stranger matters ;
Which, though they're things I've no concern in,
Make all our grooms admire my learning.

Critics I read on other men,
And hypers upon them again ;
From whose remarks I give opinion

On twenty books, yet ne'er look in one. 17

Then all your wits, that fleer and sham,
Down from Don Quixote to Tom Tram;
From whom I jests and puns purloin,
And slily put them off for mine :
Fond to be thought a country wit :
The rest,—when fate and you think fit.

Sometimes I climb my mare, and kick her
To bottled ale, and neighbouring vicar ;
Sometimes at Stamford take a quart,
Squire Shephard's health,—with all my heart. 18

Thus, without much delight, or grief,
I fool away an idle life ;
Till Shadwell from the town retires,
(Chok'd up with fame and sea-coal fires,)
To bless the wood with peaceful lyric ;
Then hey for praise and panegyric ;
Justice restor'd, and nations freed,
And wreaths round William's glorious head.

TO THE COUNTESS OF DORSET,

WRITTEN IN HER MILTON, BY MR. BRADBURY.



SEE here how bright the first-born virgi
shone,
And how the first fond lover was un
done.

Such charming words our beauteous mother spok
As Milton wrote, and such as yours her look.

Yours, the best copy of th' original face,
 Whose beauty was to furnish all the race :
 Such chains no author could escape but he ;
 There's nō way to be safe, but not to see.

TO THE LADY DURSLEY : *

ON THE SAME SUBJECT.



ERE reading how fond Adam was be-
 tray'd,

And how by sin Eve's blasted charms
 decay'd ;

Our common loss unjustly you complain ;
 So small that part of it, which you sustain.

You still, fair mother, in your offspring trace
 The stock of beauty destin'd for the race :
 Kind nature, forming them, the pattern took
 From Heav'n's first work, and Eve's original look.

You, happy saint, the serpent's pow'r control :
 Scarce any actual guilt defiles your soul : 10
 And hell docs o'er that mind vain triumph boast,
 Which gains a Heav'n, for earthly Eden lost.

With virtue strong as yours had Eve been arm'd,
 In vain the fruit had blush'd, or serpent charm'd :
 Nor had our bliss by penitence been bought ;
 Nor had frail Adam fall'n, nor Milton wrote.

* Elizabeth, daughter of Baptist Noel, Viscount Campden. She died 30th July, 1719. Her husband, Charles Earl of Berkeley (when Lord Dursley), had been envoy extraordinary and plenipotentiary to the States of Holland, from whence he returned in 1695.

TO MY LORD BUCKHURST.*

VERY YOUNG, PLAYING WITH A CAT.

THE am'rous youth, whose tender breast
 Was by his darling cat possest,
 Obtain'd of Venus his desire,
 Howe'er irregular his fire:

Nature the pow'r of love obey'd:
 The cat became a blushing maid;
 And, on the happy change, the boy
 Employ'd his wonder, and his joy.

Take care, O beauteous child, take care,
 Lest thou prefer so rash a pray'r: 10
 Nor vainly hope, the queen of love
 Will e'er thy fav'rite's charms improve.
 O quickly from her shrine retreat;
 Or tremble for thy darling's fate.

The queen of love, who soon will see
 Her own Adonis live in thee,
 Will lightly her first loss deplore;
 Will easily forgive the boar:
 Her eyes with tears no more will flow;
 With jealous rage her breast will glow: 20
 And on her tabby rival's face
 She deep will mark her new disgrace.

* Lionel, afterwards Duke of Dorset, to whom Prior dedicated his poems.

AN ODE.

WHILE from our looks, fair nymph, you
 guess
 The secret passions of our mind,
 My heavy eyes, you say, confess
 A heart to love and grief inclin'd.

There needs, alas ! but little art,
 To have this fatal secret found :
 With the same ease you threw the dart,
 'Tis certain you may show the wound.

How can I see you, and not love ;
 While you as op'ning east are fair ? 10
 While cold as northern blasts you prove ;
 How can I love, and not despair ?

The wretch in double fetters bound
 Your potent mercy may release :
 Soon, if my love but once were crown'd,
 Fair prophetess, my grief would cease.

A SONG.

IN vain you tell your parting lover,
 You wish fair winds may waft him over.
 Alas ! what winds can happy prove,
 That bear me far from what I love ?
 Alas ! what dangers on the main

Can equal those that I sustain,
From slighted vows, and cold disdain?

Be gentle, and in pity choose
To wish the wildest tempests loose:
That, thrown again upon the coast,
Where first my shipwreck'd heart was lost,
I may once more repeat my pain;
Once more in dying notes complain
Of slighted vows, and cold disdain.

THE DESPAIRING SHEPHERD.



ALEXIS shunn'd his fellow swains,
Their rural sports, and jocund strains.
(Heav'n guard us all from Cupid'
bow!)

He lost his crook, he left his flocks;
And wand'ring through the lonely rocks,
He nourish'd endless woe.

The nymphs and shepherds round him came:
His grief some pity, others blame;

The fatal cause all kindly seek:
He mingled his concern with theirs;
He gave 'em back their friendly tears;
He sigh'd, but would not speak.

Clorinda came among the rest;
And she too kind concern exprest,
And ask'd the reason of his woe:

She ask'd, but with an air and mien,
That made it easily foreseen,
She fear'd too much to know.

The shepherd rais'd his mournful head ;
And will you pardon me, he said, 20
While I the cruel truth reveal ?
Which nothing from my breast should tear ;
Which never should offend your ear,
But that you bid me tell.

'Tis thus I rove, 'tis thus complain,
Since you appear'd upon the plain ;
You are the cause of all my care :
Your eyes ten thousand dangers dart :
Ten thousand torments vex my heart :
I love, and I despair. 30

Too much, Alexis, I have heard :
'Tis what I thought ; 'tis what I fear'd :
And yet I pardon you, she cried :
But you shall promise ne'er again
To breathe your vows, or speak your pain :
He bow'd, obey'd, and died.

TO

THE HONOURABLE CHARLES MONTAGUE.*



OWE'ER, 'tis well, that while mankind
 Through Fate's perverse meander
 errs,
 He can imagin'd pleasures find,
 To combat against real cares.

Fancies and notions he pursues,
 Which ne'er had being but in thought :
 Each, like the Grecian artist,† woos
 The image he himself has wrought.

Against experience he believes ;
 He argues against demonstration ; 10
 Pleas'd, when his reason he deceives ;
 And sets his judgment by his passion.

* Afterwards Earl of Halifax. "He raised himself," says Mr. Walpole, "by his abilities and eloquence in the House of Commons, where he had the honour of being attacked, in conjunction with Lord Somers, and the satisfaction of establishing his innocence as clearly. Addison has celebrated this lord in his account of the greatest English poets: Steele has drawn his character in the dedication of the second volume of the Spectator, and the fourth of the Tatler; but Pope in the Portrait of Bufo in the Epistle to Arbuthnot has returned the ridicule, which his lordship, in conjunction with Prior, had heaped on Dryden's Hind and Panther." He died 19th May, 1715.

† Apelles.

The hoary fool, who many days
Has struggled with continued sorrow,
Renews his hope, and blindly lays
The desp'rate bet upon to-morrow.

To-morrow comes: 'tis noon, 'tis night;
This day like all the former flies:
Yet on he runs, to seek delight
To-morrow, till to-night he dies.

20

Our hopes, like tow'ring falcons, aim
At objects in an airy height:
The little pleasure of the game
Is from afar to view the flight.

Our anxious pains we, all the day,
In search of what we like, employ:
Scorning at night the worthless prey,
We find the labour gave the joy.

At distance through an artful glass
To the mind's eye things well appear:
They lose their forms, and make a mass
Confus'd and black, if brought too near.

30

If we see right, we see our woes:
Then what avails it to have eyes?
From ignorance our comfort flows.
The only wretched are the wise.

We wearied should lie down in death:
This cheat of life would take no more;
If you thought fame but empty breath;
I, Phillis, but a perjur'd whore.

40

VARIATIONS IN A COPY PRINTED 1692.



OUR hopes, like towering falcons, air
At objects in an airy height ;
But all the pleasure of the game
Is afar off to view the flight.

The worthless prey but only shews
The joy consisted in the strife ;
Whate'er we take, as soon we lose
In Homer's riddle and in life.

So, whilst in feverish sleeps we think
We taste what waking we desire,
The dream is better than the drink,
Which only feeds the sickly fire.

To the mind's eye things well appear,
At distance through an artful glass ;
Bring but the flattering objects near,
They're all a senseless gloomy mass

Seeing aright, we see our woes :
Then what avails it to have eyes ?
From ignorance our comfort flows,
The only wretched are the wise.

We wearied should lie down in death,
This cheat of life would take no more ;
If you thought fame but stinking breath,
And Phyllis but a perjur'd whore.

HYMN TO THE SUN.

SET BY DR. PURCELL.

AND INTENDED TO BE SUNG BEFORE THEIR MAJESTIES ON
NEW-YEAR'S DAY, 1694. WRITTEN AT THE HAGUE.

EIGHT of the world, and ruler of the year,
With happy speed begin thy great
career;
And, as thou dost thy radiant journeys
run,
Through every distant climate own,
That in fair Albion thou hast seen
The greatest prince, the brightest queen,
That ever sav'd a land, or blest a throne,
Since first thy beams were spread, or genial power
was known.

So may thy godhead be confest,
So the returning year be blest, 20
As his infant months bestow
Springing wreaths for William's brow;
As his summer's youth shall shed
Eternal sweets around Maria's head:
From the blessings they bestow,
Our times are dated, and our eras move:
They govern and enlighten all below,
As thou dost all above.

Let our hero in the war
Active and fierce, like thee, appear: 20
Like thee, great son of Jove, like thee,

Thou marchest down o'er Delos' hills' confest,
With all thy arrows arm'd, in all thy glory drest.
Like thee, the hero does his arms employ,

 The raging Python to destroy,
And give the injur'd nations peace and joy.

From fairest years, and Time's more happy stores

 Gather all the smiling hours ;

Such as with friendly care have guarded 3

 Patriots and kings in rightful wars ;

Such as with conquest have rewarded

 Triumphant victors' happy cares :

Such as story has recorded

Sacred to Nassau's long renown,

For countries sav'd, and battles won.

March them again in fair array,

And bid them form the happy day,

The happy day design'd to wait

On William's fame and Europe's fate. 4

 Let the happy day be crown'd

With great event, and fair success ;

 No brighter in the year be found,

But that which brings the victor home in peace.

Again thy godhead we implore,

Great in wisdom as in power ;

Again, for good Maria's sake, and ours,

 Choose out other smiling hours ;

Such as with joyous wings have fled,

 When happy counsels were advising ; 5

Such as have lucky omens shed

 O'er forming laws, and empires rising :

Such as many courses ran,
 Hand in hand, a goodly train,
 To bless the great Eliza's reign;
 And in the typic glory show,
 What fuller bliss Maria shall bestow

As the solemn hours advance,
 Mingled send into the dance
 Many fraught with all the treasures, 60
 Which thy eastern travel views;
 Many wing'd with all the pleasures,
 Man can ask, or Heav'n diffuse:
 That great Maria all those joys may know,
 Which, from her cares, upon her subjects flow.

For thy own glory sing our sov'reign's praise,
 God of verses and of days:
 Let all thy tuneful sons adorn
 Their lasting work with William's name;
 Let chosen Muses yet unborn 70
 Take great Maria for their future theme:
 Eternal structures let them raise,
 On William's and Maria's praise:
 Nor want new subject for the song;
 Nor fear they can exhaust the store;
 Till Nature's music lies unstrung;
 Till thou, great God, shalt lose thy double pow'r;
 And touch thy lyre, and shoot thy beams no more

THE LADY'S LOOKING-GLASS.*

IN IMITATION OF A GREEK IDYLLIUM.



ELIA and I the other day
 Walk'd o'er the sand-hills to the sea:
 The setting sun adorn'd the coast,
 His beams entire, his fierceness lost:

And on the surface of the deep,
 The winds lay only not asleep:
 The nymph did like the scene appear,
 Serenely pleasant, calmly fair:
 Soft fell her words, as flew the air.
 With secret joy I heard her say,
 That she would never miss one day
 A walk so fine, a sight so gay.

10

But, oh the change! the winds grow high;
 Impending tempests charge the sky;

* See Longinus's Comparison of the Odyssey to the Setting Sun. Ed. Pearce, 8vo. p. 56.

"Whether Prior had the latter words in view, one cannot say; but it is difficult to conceive how the same image could be more accurately or forcibly transferred from one language to another. That lively and most agreeable writer was very fond of copying from the Grecian school, but always in such a manner as to shew the master, where he even meant to imitate, of which this little poem is a beautiful instance: the learned will easily trace in the Looking-Glass of Prior the Poet and his Muse (as it may be inscribed) of Moschus. CAPRICE is the general subject of both poems, and many images of the latter are transplanted into the former."—*Note to Eunomus*, 1774, vol. iv. p. 108.

The lightning flies ; the thunder roars ;
And big waves lash the frighten'd shores.
Struck with the horror of the sight,
She turns her head, and wings her flight ;
And trembling vows, she'll ne'er again
Approach the shore, or view the main. 20

Once more at least look back, said I ;
Thyself in that large glass descry :
When thou art in good humour drest ;
When gentle reason rules thy breast ;
The sun upon the calmest sea
Appears not half so bright as thee :
'Tis then, that with delight I rove
Upon the boundless depth of love ;
I bless my chain ; I hand my oar ;
Nor think on all I left on shore. 30

But when vain doubt, and groundless fear
Do that dear foolish bosom tear ;
When the big lip, and wat'ry eye
Tell me, the rising storm is nigh :
'Tis then, thou art yon angry main,
Deform'd by winds, and dash'd by rain ;
And the poor sailor, that must try
Its fury, labours less than I.

Shipwreck'd, in vain to land I make ;
While Love and Fate still drive me back : 40
Forc'd to dote on thee thy own way,
I chide thee first, and then obey.
Wretched when from thee, vex'd when nigh
I with thee, or without thee, die.

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP:

A PASTORAL. BY MRS. ELIZABETH SINGER.*

AMARYLLIS.

WHILE from the skies the ruddy sun
 descends,
 And rising night the ev'ning shade
 extends;

While pearly dew's o'erspread the fruitful field,
 And closing flowers reviving odours yield;
 Let us, beneath these spreading trees, recite
 What from our hearts our Muses may indite.
 Nor need we, in this close retirement, fear,
 Lest any swain our am'rous secrets hear.

SILVIA.

To ev'ry shepherd I would mine proclaim;
 Since fair Aminta is my softest thome: 10
 A stranger to the loose delights of love,
 My thoughts the nobler warmth of friendship prove:
 And, while its pure and sacred fire I sing,
 Chaste goddess of the groves, thy succour bring.

AMARYLLIS.

Propitious God of Love, my breast inspire
 With all thy charms, with all thy pleasing fire:

* Afterwards the once celebrated Mrs. Elizabeth Rowe.
 It is said Mr. Prior once made his addresses to this lady.

Propitious God of Love, thy succour bring ;
Whilst I thy darling, thy Alexis sing.
Alexis, as the opening blossoms fair,
Lovely as light, and soft as yielding air. 20
For him each virgin sighs ; and on the plains
The happy youth above each rival reigns.
Nor to the echoing groves, and whisp'ring spring,
In sweeter strains does artful Conon sing ;
When loud applauses fill the crowded groves ;
And Phœbus the superior song approves.

SILVIA.

Beauteous Aminta is as early light,
Breaking the melancholy shades of night.
When she is near, all anxious trouble flies ;
And our reviving hearts confess her eyes. 30
Young love, and blooming joy, and gay desires,
In ev'ry breast the beauteous nymph inspires :
And on the plain when she no more appears,
The plain a dark and gloomy prospect wears.
In vain the streams roll on : the eastern breeze
Dances in vain among the trembling trees.
In vain the birds begin their ev'ning song,
And to the silent night their notes prolong :
Nor groves, nor crystal streams, nor verdant field
Does wonted pleasure in her absence yield. 40

AMARYLLIS.

And in his absence, all the pensive day,
In some obscure retreat I lonely stray ;
All day to the repeating caves complain,
In mournful accents, and a dying strain.

Dear lovely youth, I cry to all around;
 Dear lovely youth, the flattering valés resound.

SILVIA.

On flow'ry banks, by ev'ry murm'ring stream,
 Aminta is my Muse's softest theme:
 'Tis she that does my artful notes refine:
 With fair Aminta's name my noblest verse shall
 shine. 50

AMARYLLIS.

I'll twine fresh garlands for Alexis' brows,
 And consecrate to him eternal vows:
 The charming youth shall my Apollo prove:
 He shall adorn my songs, and tune my voice to love.

TO THE

AUTHOR OF THE FOREGOING PASTORAL.

BY Silvia if thy charming self be meant;
 If friendship be thy virgin vows' extent;
 O! let me in Aminta's praises join:
 Hers my esteem shall be, my passion
 thine.

When for thy head the garland I prepare;
 A second Wreath shall bind Aminta's hair:
 And when thy choicest songs thy worth proclaim;
 Alternate verse shall bless Aminta's name;

My heart shall own the justice of her cause ;
 And Love himself submit to Friendship's laws. 10

But, if beneath thy numbers' soft disguise,
 Some favour'd swain, some true Alexis lies ;
 If Amaryllis breathes thy secret pains,
 And thy fond heart beats measure to thy strains,
 Mayst thou, howe'er I grieve, for ever find
 The flame propitious, and the lover kind :
 May Venus long exert her happy power,
 And make thy beauty, like thy verse, endure ;
 May ev'ry God his friendly aid afford ;
 Pan guard thy flock, and Ceres bless thy board. 20

But, if by chance the series of thy joys
 Permit one thought less cheerful to arise ;
 Piteous transfer it to the mournful swain,
 Who loving much, who not belov'd again,
 Feels an ill-fated passion's last excess ;
 And dies in woe, that thou mayst live in peace.

TO A LADY:

SHE REFUSING TO CONTINUE A DISPUTE WITH ME

AND LEAVING ME IN THE ARGUMENT.

AN ODE.



SPARE, gen'rous Victor, spare the slave,
 Who did unequal war pursue ;
 That more than triumph he might have,
 In being overcome by you.

In the dispute whate'er I said,
My heart was by my tongue belied;
And in my looks you might have read
How much I argu'd on your side.

You, far from danger as from fear,
Might have sustain'd an open fight: 10
For seldom your opinions err;
Your eyes are always in the right.

Why, fair one, would you not rely
On Reason's force with Beauty's join'd?
Could I their prevalence deny,
I must at once be deaf and blind.

Alas! not hoping to subdue,
I only to the fight aspir'd:
To keep the beauteous foe in view
Was all the glory I desir'd. 20

But she, howe'er of vict'ry sure,
Contemns the wrcath too long delay'd;
And, arm'd with more immediate power,
Calls cruel silence to her aid.

Deeper to wound, she shuns the fight:
She drops her arms, to gain the field:
Secures her conquest by her flight:
And triumphs, when she seems to yield.

So when the Parthian turn'd his steed,
And from the hostile camp withdrew; 30
With cruel skill the backward reed
He sent; and as he fled, he slew.

SEEING THE DUKE OF ORMOND'S* PICTURE

AT SIR GODFREY KNELLER'S.



UT from the injur'd canvas, Kneller,
strike

These lines too faint: the picture is not
like.

Exalt thy thought, and try thy toil again:
Dreadful in arms, on Landen's† glorious plain

* James Duke of Ormond, eldest son of Thomas, Earl of Ossory. He succeeded his grandfather in title and estate in the year 1688; was bred at Christ Church in the university of Oxford, and after holding many considerable posts during the reigns of King William and Queen Anne, was, in the beginning of the reign of George the First, attainted of high treason on account of his being concerned in the unpopular measures of the last four years of Queen Anne's reign. He died in exile in the year 1745, at a very advanced age.

† At the battle of Landen the Duke of Ormond was taken prisoner after his horse was shot under him, and he had received many wounds. Mr. Dryden, in his dedication prefixed to his Fables in the year 1699, says, "Yet not to be wholly silent of all your charities, I must stay a little on one action, which preferred the relief of others to the consideration of yourself. When, in the battle of Landen, your heat of courage (a fault only pardonable to your youth) had transported you so far before your friends, that they were unable to follow, much less to succour you; when you were not only dangerously, but in all appearance mortally wounded, when in that desperate condition you were made prisoner, and carried to Namur, at that time in possession of the French; then it was, my Lord, that you took a considerable

Place Ormond's Duke: impendent in the air
 Let his keen sabre, comet-like, appear,
 Where'er it points, denouncing death: below
 Draw routed squadrons, and the num'rous foe
 Falling beneath, or flying from his blow: 9
 Till weak with wounds, and cover'd o'er with blood,
 Which from the patriot's breast in torrents flow'd,
 He faints: his steed no longer heeds * the rein;
 But stumbles o'er the heap his hand had slain.
 And now exhausted, bleeding, pale he lies;
 Lovely, sad object! in his half-clos'd eyes

part of what was remitted to you of your own revenues, and as a memorable instance of your heroic charity, put it into the hands of Count Guiscard, who was Governor of the place, to be distributed among your fellow-prisoners. The French commander, charmed with the greatness of your soul, accordingly consigned it to the use for which it was intended by the donor. by which means the lives of so many miserable men were saved, and a comfortable provision made for their subsistence, who had otherwise perished, had not you been the companion of their misfortune: or rather sent by Providence, like another Joseph, to keep out famine from invading those, whom in humility you called your brethren. How happy was it for those poor creatures, that your grace was made their fellow-sufferer! and how glorious for you, that you chose to want, rather than not relieve the wants of others! The heathen poet, in commending the charity of Dido to the Trojans, spoke like a Christian: *Non ignara mali, miseris succurrere disco*. All men, even those of a different interest, and contrary principles, must praise this action, as the most eminent for piety, not only in this degenerate age, but almost in any of the former; when men were made *de meliore luto*; when examples of charity were frequent, and when they were in being, *Teucric pulcherrima proles, magnanimum heroes nati melioribus annis*. No envy can detract from this; it will shine in history; and, like swans, grow whiter the longer it endures: and the name of Ormond will be more celebrated in his captivity, than in his greatest triumphs."


* The folio edition has "hears."—Ed.

Stern vengeance yet, and hostile terror stand :
His front yet threatens ; and his frowns command
The Gallic chiefs their troops around him call ;
Fear to approach him, though they see him fall.

O Kneller, could thy shades and lights express
The perfect hero in that glorious dress ;
Ages to come might Ormond's picture know ;
And palms for thee beneath his laurels grow :
In spite of Time thy work might ever shine ;
Nor Homer's colours last so long as thine.

CELIA TO DAMON.

Atque in amore mala hæc proprio, summeque secundo
Inveniuntur— LUCRET. lib. ix.


 HAT can I say, what arguments can
 prove
 My truth, what colours can describe my
 love ;

If its excess and fury be not known,
In what thy Celia has already done?

Thy infant flames, whilst yet they were conceal'd
In tim'rous doubts, with pity I beheld ;
With easy smiles dispell'd the silent fear,
That durst not tell me what I died to hear :
In vain I strove to check my growing flame,
Or shelter passion under friendship's name :
You saw my heart, how it my tongue belied ;

And when you press'd, how faintly I denied—

Ere guardian thought could bring its scatter'd
aid ;

Ere reason could support the doubting maid ;

My soul surpris'd, and from herself disjoin'd,

Left all reserve, and all the sex behind :

From your command her motions she receiv'd ;

And not for me, but you, she breath'd and liv'd.

But ever blest be Cytherea's shrine ;

And fires eternal on her altars shine ; 20

Since thy dear breast has felt an equal wound ;

Since in thy kindness my desires are crown'd,

By thy each look, and thought, and care, 'tis shown,

Thy joys are centred all in me alone ;

And sure I am, thou wouldst not change this hour

For all the white ones Fate has in its power.—

Yet thus belov'd, thus loving to excess,

Yet thus receiving and returning bliss,

In this great moment, in this golden now,

When every trace of what, or when, or how, 30

Should from my soul by raging love be torn,

And far on swelling seas of rapture borne ;

A melancholy tear afflicts my eye ;

And my heart labours with a sudden sigh :

Invading fears repel my coward joy :

And ills foreseen the present bliss destroy.

Poor as it is, this Beauty was the cause,

That with first sighs your panting bosom rose :

But with no owner Beauty long will stay,

Upon the wings of Time borne swift away : 40

Pass but some fleeting years, and these poor eyes

(Where now without a boast some lustre lies)

No longer shall their little honours keep ;

Shall only be of use to read, or weep :
 And on this forehead, where your verse has said,
 The Loves delighted, and the Graces play'd ;
 Insulting Age will trace his cruel way,
 And leave sad marks of his destructive sway.

Mov'd by my charms, with them your love may
 cease,

And as the fuel sinks, the flame decrease : 50
 Or angry Heav'n may quicker darts prepare ;
 And Sickness strike what Time awhile would spare.
 Then will my swain his glowing vows renew ?
 Then will his throbbing heart to mine beat true ?
 When my own face deters me from my glass ;
 And Kneller only shows what Celia was.

Fantastic fame may sound her wild alarms :
 Your country, as you think, may want your arms.
 You may neglect, or quench, or hate the flame,
 Whose smoke too long obscur'd your rising name :
 And quickly cold indiff'rence will ensue ; 61
 When you Love's joys through Honour's optic view.

Then Celia's loudest prayer will prove too weak,
 To this abandon'd breast to bring you back ;
 When my lost lover the tall ship ascends,
 With music gay, and wet with jovial friends :
 The tender accents of a woman's cry
 Will pass unheard, will unregarded die ;
 When the rough seaman's louder shouts prevail ;
 When fair occasion shows the springing gale ; 70
 And Int'rest guides the helm ; and Honour swells
 the sail.

Some wretched lines from this neglected hand
 May find my hero on the foreign strand,
 Warm with new fires, and pleas'd with new com-
 mand :

While she who wrote 'em, of all joy bereft,
To the rude censure of the world is left;
Her mangled fame in barb'rous pastime lost,
The coxcomb's novel, and the drunkard's toast.

But nearer care (O pardon it!) supplies
Sighs to my breast, and sorrow to my eyes. 80
Love, Love himself (the only friend I have)
May scorn his triumph, having bound his slave.
That tyrant god, that restless conqueror
May quit his pleasure, to assert his pow'r;
Forsake the provinces that bless his sway,
To vanquish those which will not yet obey.

Another nymph with fatal power may rise,
To damp the sinking beams of Celia's eyes;
With haughty pride may hear her charms confest;
And scorn the ardent vows that I have blest: 90
You ev'ry night may sigh for her in vain,
And rise each morning to some fresh disdain;
While Celia's softest look may cease to charm,
And her embraces want the power to warm:
While these fond arms, thus circling you, may prove
More heavy chains than those of hopeless love.

Just gods! all other things their like produce:
The vine arises from her mother's juice:
When feeble plants, or tender flowers decay,
They to their seed their images convey: 100
Where the old myrtle her good influence sheds,
Sprigs of like leaf erect their filial heads:
And when the parent rose decays and dies,
With a resembling face the daughter-buds arise
That product only which our passions bear,
Eludes the planter's miserable care:
While blooming Love assures us golden fruit,

Some inborn poison taints the secret root:
 Soon fall the flowers of joy; soon seeds of hatred
 shoot.

Say, shepherd, say, are these reflections true?
 Or was it but the woman's fear, that drew 111
 This cruel scene, unjust to Love and you?
 Will you be only, and for ever mine?
 Shall neither time, nor age our souls disjoin?
 From this dear bosom shall I ne'er be torn?
 Or you grow cold, respectful, and forsworn?
 And can you not for her you love do more,
 Than any youth for any nymph before?

AN ODE

PRESENTED TO THE KING, ON HIS MAJESTY'S
 ARRIVAL IN HOLLAND, AFTER THE
 QUEEN'S DEATH, MDCXCV.*

Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus
 Tam cari capitis? Præcipe lugubres
 Cantus, Melpomene.



T Mary's tomb, (sad, sacred place!)
 The Virtues shall their vigils keep:
 And every Muse, and every Grace
 In solemn state shall ever weep.

The future, pious, mournful fair,
 Oft as the rolling years return,

* Queen Mary died on the 28th December, 1694, in the 33rd year of her age.

With fragrant wreaths, and flowing hair,
Shall visit her distinguish'd urn.

For her the wise and great shall mourn ;
When late records her deeds repeat : 10
Ages to come, and men unborn
Shall bless her name, and sigh her fate.

Fair Albion shall, with faithful trust,
Her holy Queen's sad reliques guard ;
Till Heav'n awakes the precious dust,
And gives the saint her full reward.

But let the king dismiss his woes,
Reflecting on his fair renown ;
And take the cypress from his brows,
To put his wonted laurels on. 20

If press'd by grief our monarch stoops ;
In vain the British lions roar :
If he, whose hand sustain'd them, droops,
The Belgic darts will wound no more.

Embattled princes wait the chief,
Whose voice should rule, whose arm should lead ;
And, in kind murmurs, chide that grief,
Which hinders Europe being freed.

The great example they demand,
Who still to conquest led the way ; 30
Wishing him present to command,
As they stand ready to obey.

They seek that joy, which used to glow,
Expanded on the hero's face ;

When the thick squadrons press'd the foe,
And William led the glorious chace.

•

To give the mourning nations joy,
Restore them thy auspicious light,
Great sun : with radiant beams destroy
Those clouds, which keep thee from our sight.

Let thy sublime meridian course 41
For Mary's setting rays atone ;
Our lustre, with redoubled force,
Must now proceed from thee alone.

See, pious King, with diff'rent strife
Thy struggling Albion's bosom torn :
So much she fears for William's life,
That Mary's fate she dare not mourn.

Her beauty, in thy softer half 50
Buried and lost, she ought to grieve :
But let her strength in thee be safe :
And let her weep ; but let her live.

Thou, guardian angel, save the land
From thy own grief, her fiercest foe :
Lest Britain, rescued by thy hand,
Should bend and sink beneath thy woe.

Her former triumphs all are vain,
Unless new trophies still be sought ;
And hoary majesty sustain
The battles, which thy youth has fought. 60

Where now is all that fearful love,
Which made her hate the war's alarms?
That soft excess, with which she strove
To keep her hero in her arms?

While still she chid the coming spring,
Which call'd him o'er his subject seas:
While, for the safety of the king,
She wish'd the victor's glory less.

'Tis chang'd; 'tis gone: sad Britain now
Hastens her lord to foreign wars:
Happy, if toils may break his woe,
Or danger may divert his cares.

70

In martial din she drowns her sighs,
Lest he the rising grief should hear:
She pulls her helmet o'er her eyes,
Lest he should see the falling tear.

Go, mighty prince, let France be taught,
How constant minds by grief are tried;
How great the land, that wept and fought,
When William led, and Mary died.

80

Fierces in the battle make it known,
Where death with all his darts is seen,
That he can touch thy heart with none,
But that which struck the beauteous queen.

Belgia indulg'd her open grief,
While yet her máster was not near;

With sullen pride refus'd relief,
And sat obdurate in despair.

As waters from her sluices, flow'd
Unbounded sorrow from her eyes : 90
To earth her bended front she bow'd,
And sent her wailings to the skies.

But when her anxious lord return'd,
Rais'd is her head, her eyes are dried ;
She smiles, as William ne'er had mourn'd ;
She looks, as Mary ne'er had died.

That freedom which all sorrows claim,
She does for thy content resign :
Her piety itself would blame,
If her regrets should waken thine. 100

To cure thy woe, she shows thy fame ;
Lest the great mourner should forget,
That all the race, whence Orange came,
Made Virtue triumph over Fate.

William his country's cause could fight,
And with his blood her freedom seal :
Maurice and Henry guard that right,
For which their pious parents fell.

How heroes rise, how patriots set,
Thy father's bloom and death may tell : 110
Excelling others these were great :
Thou, greater still, must these excel.

The last fair instance thou must give, .
 Whence Nassau's virtue can be tried;
And shew the world, that thou canst live,
 Intrepid, as thy consort died.

Thy virtue, whose resistless force
 No dire event could ever stay,
Must carry on its destin'd course,
 Though Death and Envy stop the way. 120

For Britain's sake, for Belgia's, live :
 Pierc'd by their grief forget thy own :
New toils endure ; new conquest give ;
 And bring them ease, though thou hast none.

Vanquish again ; though she be gone,
 Whose garland crown'd the victor's hair ;
And reign, though she has left the throne,
 Who made thy glory worth thy care.

Fair Britain never yet before
 Breath'd to her king a useless pray'r : 130
Fond Belgia never did implore,
 While William turn'd averse his ear.

But should the weeping hero now
 Relentless to their wishes prove ;
Should he recall, with pleasing woe,
 The object of his grief and love ;

Her face with thousand beauties blest,
 Her mind with thousand virtues stor'd,

Her power with boundless joy confest,
Her person only not ador'd: 140

Yet ought his sorrow to be check'd;
Yet ought his passions to abate:
If the great mourner would reflect,
Her glory in her death complete.

She was instructed to command,
Great king, by long obeying thee:
Her sceptre, guided by thy hand,
Preserv'd the isles, and rul'd the sea.

But oh! 'twas little, that her life
O'er earth and water bears thy fame: 150
In death, 'twas worthy William's wife,
Amidst the stars to fix his name.

Beyond where matter moves, or place
Receives its forms, thy virtues roll:
From Mary's glory, Angels trace
The beauty of her partner's soul.

Wise Fate, which does its Heav'n decree
To heroes, when they yield their breath,
Hastens thy triumph. Half of thee
Is deified before thy death. 160

Alone to thy renown 'tis giv'n,
Unbounded through all worlds to go:
While she, great saint, rejoices Heav'n;
And thou sustain'st the orb below.

IN IMITATION OF ANACREON.

LET 'em censure: what care I?
 The herd of critics I defy.
 Let the wretches know, I write,
 Regardless of their grace, or spite.

No, no: the fair, the gay, the young
 Govern the numbers of my song.

All that they approve is sweet,
 And all is sense that they repeat.

Bid the warbling Nine retire:
 Venus, string thy servant's lyre:
 Love shall be my endless theme:
 Pleasure shall triumph over Fame:
 And when these maxims I decline,
 Apollo, may thy fate be mine:
 May I grasp at empty praise;
 And lose the nymph, to gain the bays.

10

AN ODE.

THE merchant, to secure his treasure,
 Conveys it in a borrow'd name:
 Euphelia serves to grace my measure;
 But Cloe is my real flame.

My softest verse, my darling lyre,
Upon Euphelia's toilet lay ;
When Cloe noted her desire,
That I should sing, that I should play.

My lyre I tune, my voice I raise ;
But with my numbers mix my sighs : 10
And whilst I sing Euphelia's praise,
I fix my soul on Cloe's eyes.

Fair Cloe blush'd : Euphelia frown'd :
I sung and gaz'd : I play'd and trembled :
And Venus to the Loves around
Remark'd, how ill we all dissembled.



ODE

SUR LA PRISE DE NAMUR, PAR LES ARMES DU ROY,

L'ANNEE MDCXCII. PAR MONSIEUR

BOILEAU DESPREAUX.

I.



UELLE docte & sainte yvresse
 Aujourd'huy me fait la loy ?
 Chastes nymphes du Permesse,
 N'est-ce pas vous que je voy ?

Accourez, troupe sçavante :
 Des sons que ma lyre enfante ;
 Ces arbres sont réjouis :
 Marquez en bien la cadence :
 Et vous, vents, faites silence :
 Je vais parler de Louis.

10

II.

Dans ses chansons immortelles,
 Comme un aigle audacieux,
 Pindare étendant ses aisles,
 Fuit loin des vulgaires yeux.
 Mais, ô ma fidèle lyre,
 Si, dans l'ardeur qui m'inspire,
 Tu peux suivre mes transports ;
 Les chesnes des monts de Thrace
 N'ont rien ouï, que n'efface
 La douceur de tes accords.


20

AN ENGLISH BALLAD

ON THE TAKING OF NAMUR BY THE KING OF
GREAT BRITAIN, MDCXCV.

*Dulce est desipere in loco.**

I.

OME folks are drunk, yet do not know it;
So might not Bacchus give you law?
Was it a Muse, O lofty Poet,
Or virgin of St. Cyr, you saw?
Why all this fury? What's the matter,
That oaks must come from Thrace to dance?
Must stupid stocks be taught to flatter?
And is there no such wood in France?
Why must the winds all hold their tongue?
If they a little breath should raise, 1c
Would that have spoil'd the Poet's song,
Or puff'd away the monarch's praise?

II.

Pindar, that eagle, mounts the skies:
While Virtue leads the noble way:
Too like a vulture Boileau flies,
Where sordid Int'rest shows the prey.
When once the Poet's honour ceases,
From reason far his transports rove:
And Boileau, for eight hundred pieces,
Makes Louis take the wall of Jove. 20

* This ballad received great alterations after the first edition of it. The taking of Namur by the French in the year 1692, and the retaking it by the English in the year 1695

III.

Est-ce Apollon & Neptune,
 Qui sur ces rocs sourcilleux
 Ont, compagnons de fortune,
 Basti ces murs orgueilleux ?
 De leur enceinte fameuse
 La Sambre unie à la Meuse,
 Défend le fatal abord ;
 Et par cent bouches horribles
 L'airain sur ces monts terribles
 Vomit le fer, & la mort.

30

IV.

Dix mille vaillans Alcides
 Les bordant de toutes parts,
 D'éclairs au loin homicides
 Font petiller, leurs remparts :
 Et dans son sein infidèle
 Par toute la terre y recèle
 Un feu prest à s'élancer,
 Qui soudain perçant son goufre
 Ouvre un sépulchre de soufre,
 A quiconque ose avancer.

40

V.

Namur, devant tes murailles
 Jadis la Grèce eust vingt ans
 Sans fruit veu les funérailles
 De ses plus fiers combattans.

were considered by each nation as events which contributed to raise the honour and reputation of the respective kingdoms. Both sieges were carried on by the rival monarchs in person, and the success of each was celebrated by the best writers of the times. It may be doubted whether there ever was a burlesque more agreeably or happily executed than this by our excellent countryman.

III.

Neptune and Sol came from above,
 Shap'd like Megrigny and Vauban : *
 They arm'd these rocks : then show'd old Jove
 Of Marli wood, the wondrous plan.
 Such walls, these three wise gods agreed,
 By human force could ne'er be shaken :
 But you and I in Homer read
 Of gods, as well as men, mistaken.
 Sambre and Maese their waves may join ;
 But ne'er can William's force restrain :
 He'll pass them both, who pass'd the Boyne : †
 Remember this and arm the Seine.

30

IV.

Full fifteen thousand lusty fellows
 With fire and sword the fort maintain ;
 Each was a Hercules, you tell us,
 Yet out they march'd like common men.
 Cannons above, and mines below,
 Did death and tombs for foes contrive :
 Yet matters have been order'd so,
 That most of us are still alive.

40

V.

If Namur be compar'd to Troy ;
 Then Britain's boys excell'd the Greeks :
 Their siege did ten long years employ ;
 We've done our bus'ness in ten weeks.

* Two celebrated engineers.

† In the year 1690, notwithstanding numberless difficulties, this famous passage of the river brought on a general engagement, which entirely destroyed the power of King James, and put an end to every hope of success, which he had before entertained from his expedition to Ireland.

Quelle effroyable Puissance .
Aujourd'huy pourtant s'avance,
Preste à foudroyer tes monts ?
Quel bruit, quel feu l'environne ?
C'est Jupiter en personne ;
Ou c'est le vainqueur de Mons.

50

VI.

N'en doute point : c'est luy-mesme.
Tout brille en luy ; tout est roy.
Dans Bruxelles Nassau blême
Commence à trembler pour toy.
En vain il voit le Batâve,
Desormais docile Esclâve,
Rangé sous ses étendars :
En vain au Lion Belgique
Il voit l'Aigle Germanique
Uni sous les Léopards.

60

VII.

Plein de la frayeur nouvelle,
Dont ses sens sont agités,
A son secours il appelle
Les peuples les plus vantéz.
Ceux-là viennent du rivage,
Où s'enorgueillit le Tage

While on the ivory chair, in happy state, 80
He sits, secure in innocence, and great
In regal clemency ; and views beneath
Averted darts of rage, and pointless arms of death.

TO CLOE WEEPING.

SEE, whilst thou weep'st, fair Cloe, see
The world in sympathy with thee.
The cheerful birds no longer sing ;
Each droops his head, and hangs his
wing.

The clouds have bent their bosom lower,
And shed their sorrows in a shower.
The brooks beyond their limits flow ;
And louder murmurs speak their woe.
The nymphs and swains adopt thy cares ;
They heave thy sighs, and weep thy tears. 10
Fantastic nymph ! that grief should move
Thy heart, obdurate against Love.
Strange tears ! whose power can soften all,
But that dear breast on which they fall.

TO MR. HOWARD.*

AN ODE.



DEAR Howard, from the soft assaults of
Love,

Poets and painters never are secure;
Can I untouch'd the fair ones' passions
move?

Or thou draw beauty, and not feel its power?

* "Hugh Howard, better known by these beautiful verses to him, than by his own works, was son of Ralph Howard, doctor of physic, and was born in Dublin, February 7, 1675. His father being driven from Ireland by the troubles that followed the Revolution, brought the lad to England, who discovering a disposition to the arts and Belles Lettres, was sent to travel in 1697; and, in his way to Italy, passed through Holland in the train of Thomas, Earl of Pembroke, one of the plenipotentiaries at the treaty of Ryswick. Mr. Howard proceeded as he had intended, and having visited France and Italy, returned home in October, 1700.

"Some years he passed in Dublin: the greatest and latter part of his life he spent entirely in England, practising painting, at least with applause; but having ingratiated himself by his fame and knowledge of lands with men of the first rank, particularly the Duke of Devonshire and Lord Pembroke, and by a parsimonious management of his good fortune, and of what he received with his wife, he was enabled to quit the practical part of his profession for the last twenty years of his life; the former peer having obtained for him the posts of Keeper of the State Papers, and Paymaster of his Majesty's Palaces. In this pleasing situation he amused himself with forming a large collection of prints, books, and medals, which at his death¹ (March 27, 1737), he bequeathed to his only brother Robert Howard, Bishop of Elphin, who transported them to Ireland.

¹ He died in Pall-Mall, and was buried at Richmond. Walpole's Anecdotes, vol. iii. p. 156.

To great Apelles when young Ammon brought *
The darling idol of his captive heart ;
And the pleas'd nymph with kind attention sat,
To have her charms recorded by his art :

The am'rous master own'd her potent eyes ;
Sigh'd when he look'd, and trembled as he drew
Each flowing line confirm'd his first surprise, 1
And as the piece advanc'd, the passion grew.

While Philip's son, while Venus' son was near,
What different tortures does his bosom feel !
Great was the rival, and the god severe :
Nor could he hide his flame, nor durst reveal.

The prince, renown'd in bounty as in arms,
With pity saw the ill-conceal'd distress ;
Quitted his title to Campaspe's charms,
And gave the fair one to the friend's embrace.

Thus the more beauteous Cloc sat to thee, 2
Good Howard, emulous of the Grecian art :
But happy thou, from Cupid's arrow free,
And flames that pierced thy predecessor's heart

Had thy poor breast receiv'd an equal pain ;
Had I been vested with the monarch's power ;
Thou must have sigh'd, unlucky youth, in vain ;
Nor from my bounty hadst thou found a cure.

" Mr. Howard's picture was drawn by Dahl, very like, and published in mezzotinto about a year before his death. Howard himself etched from a drawing of Carlo Marati, a head of Padra Resta, the collector, with his spectacles on, turning over a large book of drawings."

* See Pliny's Natural History, B. 35, C. 1c.

Though to convince thee, that the friend did fee
 A kind concern for thy ill-fated care,
 I would have sooth'd the flame I could not heal;
 Giv'n thee the world, though I withheld the fai

LOVE DISARMED.

BENEATH a myrtle's verdant shade
 As Cloc half asleep was laid,
 Cupid perch'd lightly on her breast,
 And in that heav'n desir'd to rest:

Over her paps his wings he spread:
 Between he found a downy bed,
 And nestled in his little head.

Still lay the god: the nymph surpris'd,
 Yet mistress of herself, devis'd
 How she the vagrant might enthrall, 19
 And captive him who captives all.

Her bodice half-way she unlac'd;
 About his arms she slily cast
 The silken bond, and held him fast.

The god awak'd; and thrice in vain
 He strove to break the cruel chain;
 And thrice in vain he shook his wing,
 Incumber'd in the silken string.

Flutt'ring the god, and weeping said,
 Pity poor Cupid, generous maid, 20
 Who happen'd, being blind, to stray,
 And on thy bosom lost his way;

Who stray'd, alas ! but knew too well,
He never there must hope to dwell :
Set an unhappy pris'ner free,
Who ne'er intended harm to thee.

To me pertains not, she replies,
To know or care where Cupid flies ;
What are his haunts, or which his way ;
Where he would dwell, or whither stray : 30
Yet will I never set thee free :
For harm was meant, and harm to me.

Vain fears that vex thy virgin heart !
I'll give thee up my bow and dart ;
Untangle but this cruel chain,
And freely let me fly again.

Agreed : secure my virgin heart :
Instant give up thy bow and dart :
The chain I'll in return untie ;
And freely thou again shalt fly. 40

Thus she the captive did deliver ;
The captive thus gave up his quiver.

The god disarm'd, e'er since that day
Passes his life in harmless play :
Flies round, or sits upon her breast,
A little, fluttering, idle guest.

E'er since that day the beauteous maid
Governs the world in Cupid's stead ;
Directs his arrow as she wills ;
Gives grief, or pleasure ; spares, or kills. 50

CLOE HUNTING.

BEHIND her neck her comely tresses
tied,
Her ivory quiver graceful by her side,
A-hunting Cloe went : she lost her way,
And through the woods uncertain chanc'd to stray.
Apollo passing by beheld the maid ;
And, Sister dear, bright Cynthia, turn, he said :
The hunted hind lies close in yonder brake.
Loud Cupid laugh'd, to see the god's mistake ;
And laughing cried, Learn better, great divine,
To know thy kindred, and to honour mine. 10
Rightly advis'd, far hence thy sister seek,
Or on Meander's bank, or Latmus' peak.
But in this nymph, my friend, my sister know :
She draws my arrows, and she bends my bow :
Fair Thames she haunts, and every neighb'ring
grove,
Sacred to soft recess, and gentle love.
Go, with thy Cynthia, hurl the pointed spear
At the rough boar, or chase the flying deer :
I and my Cloe take nobler aim : 19
At human hearts we fling, nor ever miss the game.

CUPID AND GANYMEDE.



IN Heaven, one holiday, you read
 In wise Anacreon, Ganymede
 Drew heedless Cupid in, to throw
 A main, to pass an hour, or so.

The little Trojan, by the way,
 By Hermes taught, play'd all the play.

The god unhappily engag'd,
 By nature rash, by play enrag'd,
 Complain'd, and sigh'd, and cried, and fretted;
 Lost every earthly thing he betted: 10

In ready money, all the store
 Pick'd up long since from Danaë's shower;

A snuff-box, set with bleeding hearts,
 Rubies, all pierc'd with diamond darts;

His nine-pins made of myrtle wood,
 (The tree in Ida's forest stood);

His bowl pure gold, the very same
 Which Paris gave the Cyprian dame;

Two table-books in shagreen covers;
 Fill'd with good verse from real lovers; 20

Merchandise rare! a billet doux,

Its matter passionate, yet true;

Heaps of hair rings, and cipher'd seals;

Rich trifles; serious bagatelles.

What sad disorders play begets!

Desperate and mad, at length he sets

Those darts, whose points make gods adore

His might, and deprecate his power:
 Those darts, whence all our joy and pain
 Arise: those darts—Come, seven's the main, } 30
 Cries Ganymede: the usual trick:
 Seven, slur a six; eleven, a nick.

Ill news goes fast: 'twas quickly known,
 That simple Cupid was undone.

Swifter than lightning Venus flew:
 Too late she found the thing too true.
 Guess how the goddess greets her son:

Come hither, sirrah: no, begone;
 And, hark ye, is it so indeed?

A comrade you for Ganymede?

An imp as wicked, for his age,

As any earthly lady's page;

A scandal and a scourge to Troy;

A prince's son! a black-guard boy;

A sharper, that with box and dice

Draws in young deities to vice.

All Heaven is by the ears together,

Since first that little rogue came hither:

Juno herself has had no peace:

And truly I've been favour'd less:

For Jove, as Fame reports (but Fame

Says things not fit for me to name),

Has acted ill for such a god,

And taken ways extremely odd.

And thou, unhappy child, she said

(Her anger by her grief allay'd),

Unhappy child, who thus has lost

All the estate we e'er could boast;

Whither, O whither wilt thou run,

Thy name despis'd, thy weakness known?

40

50

60

Nor shall thy shrine on earth be crown'd ;
 Nor shall thy power in Heaven be own'd ;
 When thou, nor man, nor god canst wound.

Obedient Cupid kneeling cried,
 Cease, dearest mother, cease to chide :
 Gany's a cheat, and I'm a bubble :
 Yet why this great excess of trouble ?
 The dice were false : the darts are gone :
 Yet how are you or I undone ?

The loss of these I can supply
 With keener shafts from Cloe's eye :
 Fear not we e'er can be disgrac'd,
 While that bright magazine shall last :
 Your crowded altars still shall smoke ;
 And man your friendly aid invoke :
 Jove shall again revere your power,
 And rise a swan, or fall a shower.

70

CUPID MISTAKEN.




After noon, one summer's day,
 Venus stood bathing in a river,
 Cupid a-shooting went that way,
 New strung his bow, new fill'd his
 quiver.

With skill he chose his sharpest dart,
 With all his might his bow he drew ;
 Swift to his beauteous parent's heart
 The too well-guided arrow flew.

I faint ! I die ! the goddess cried ;
 O cruel, couldst thou find none other, 10
 To wrack thy spleen on ? Parri'cide !
 Like Nero, thou hast slain thy mother.

Poor Cupid sobbing scarce could speak ;
 Indeed, mamma, I did not know ye :
 Alas ! how easy my mistake ;
 I took you for your likeness, Cloc.

VENUS MISTAKEN.


HEN Cloc's picture was to Venus shown,
 Surpris'd, the goddess took it for her
 own.

And what, said she, does this bold
 painter mean ?

When was I bathing thus, and naked seen ?

Pleas'd Cupid heard, and check'd his mother's pride :
 And who's blind now, mamma ? the urchin cried.
 'Tis Cloc's eye, and cheek, and lip, and breast :
 Friend Howard's genius fancied all the rest.

A SONG.

F wine and music have the power
 To ease the sickness of the soul;
 Let Phœbus every string explore;
 And Bacchus fill the sprightly bowl.


Let them their friendly aid employ,
 To make my Cloe's absence light;
 And seek for pleasure, to destroy
 The sorrows of this live-long night.

But she to-morrow will return;
 Venus, be thou to-morrow great;
 Thy myrtles strow, thy odours burn;
 And meet thy fav'rite nymph in state.
 Kind goddess, to no other powers
 Let us to-morrow's blessings own:
 Thy darling loves shall guide the hours,
 And all the day be thine alone.

10

THE DOVE.

— Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ?—VIRG.

N Virgil's sacred verse we find,
 That passion can depress or raise
 The heavenly, as the human mind:
 Who dare deny what Virgil says?

But if they should ; what our great master
Has thus laid down, my tale shall prove.
Fair Venus wept the sad disaster
Of having lost her favourite Dove.

In complaisance poor Cupid mourn'd ;
His grief reliev'd his mother's pain ;
He vow'd he'd leave no stone unturn'd,
But she should have her Dove again.

Though none, said he, shall yet be nam'd,
I know the felon well enough :
But be she not, mamma, condemn'd
Without a fair and legal proof.

With that, his longest dart he took,
As constable would take his staff :
That gods desire like men to look,
Would make e'en Heraclitus laugh.

20

Love's subalterns, a duteous band,
Like watchmen round their chief appear :
Each had his lantern in his hand :
And Venus mask'd brought up the rear.

Accoutred thus, their eager step
To Cloe's lodging they directed :
(At once I write, alas ! and weep,
That Cloe is of theft suspected.)

Late they set out, had far to go :
St. Dunstan's, as they pass'd, struck one. 30
Cloe, for reasons good, you know,
Lives at the sober end o' th' town.

With one great peal they rap the door,
Like footmen on a visiting day.
Folks at her nouse at such an hour !
Lord ! what will all the neighbours say ?

The door is open : up they run :
Nor prayers, nor threats divert their speed :
Thieves ! thieves ! cries Susan ; we're undone ;
They'll kill my mistress in her bed. 40

In bed indeed the nymph had been
Three hours : for all historians say,
She commonly went up at ten,
Unless piquet was in the way.

She wak'd, be sure, with strange surprise,
O Cupid, is this right or law,
Thus to disturb the brightest eyes,
That ever slept, or ever saw ?

Have you observ'd a sitting hare,
Listening, and fearful of the storm 50
Of horns and hounds, clap back her ear,
Afraid to keep, or leave her form ?

Or have you mark'd a partridge quake,
Viewing the towering falcon nigh ?
She cuddles low behind the brake :
Nor would she stay ; nor dares she fly.

Then have you seen the beauteous maid ;
When gazing on her midnight foes,
She turn'd each way her frightened head,
Then sunk it deep beneath the clothes. 60

Venus this while was in the chamber
Incognito: for Susan said,
It smelt so strong of myrrh and amber—
And Susan is no lying maid.

But since we have no present need
Of Venus for an episode,
With Cupid let us e'en proceed;
And thus to Cloe spoke the god:

Hold up your head: hold up your hand:
Would it were not my lot to show ye
This cruel writ, wherein you stand
Indicted by the name of Cloe: 70

For that by secret malice stirr'd,
Or by an emulous pride invited,
You have purloin'd the fav'rite bird,
In which my mother most delighted.

Her blushing face the lovely maid
Rais'd just above the milk-white sheet.
A rose-tree in a lily bed
Nor glows so red, nor breathes so sweet. 80

Are you not he whom virgins fear,
And widows court? is not your name
Cupid? If so, pray come not near—
Fair maiden, I'm the very same.

Then what have I, good Sir, to say,
Or do with her, you call your mother?
If I should meet her in my way,
We hardly courtesy to each other.

Diana chaste, and Hebe sweet,
Witness that what I speak is true: 90
I would not give my paroquet
For all the Doves that ever flew.

Yet, to compose this midnight noise,
Go freely search where'er you please:
(The rage that rais'd, adorn'd her voice)
Upon yon toilet lie my keys.

Her keys he takes; her doors unlocks:
Through wardrobe, and through closet bounces;
Peeps into every chest and box;
Turns all her furbelows and flounces. 100

But Dove, depend on't, finds he none;
So to the bed returns again:
And now the maiden, bolder grown,
Begins to treat him with disdain.

I marvel much, she smiling said,
Your poultry cannot yet be found:
Lies he in yonder slipper dead,
Or may be, in the tea-pot drown'd?

No, traitor, angry Love replies,
He's hid somewhere about your breast; 110
A place nor god nor man denies,
For Venus' Dove the proper nest.

Search then, she said, put in your hand,
And Cynthia, dear protectress, guard me:
As guilty I, or free may stand,
Do thou, or punish, or reward me.

MERCURY AND CUPID.



N sullen humour one day Jove
Sent Hermes down to Ida's grove,
Commanding Cupid to deliver
His store of darts, his total quiver ;
That Hermes should the weapons break,
Or throw 'em into Lethe's lake.

Hermes, you know, must do his errand :
He found his man, produc'd his warrant ;
Cupid, your darts—this very hour—
There's no contending against power. 10

How sullen Jupiter, just now,
I think I said ; and you'll allow,
That Cupid was as bad as he :
Hear but the youngster's repartee.

Come, kinsman (said the little god),
Put off your wings, lay by your rod ;
Retire with me to yonder bower,
And rest yourself for half an hour :
'Tis far indeed from hence to Heaven :
But you fly fast ; and 'tis but seven. 20
We'll take one cooling cup of nectar ;
And drink to this celestial Hector—

He break my darts, or hurt my power !
He, Leda's swan, and Danae's shower !
Go, bid him his wife's tongue restrain,
And mind his thunder, and his rain.—
My darts ! O certainly I'll give 'em :

From Cloe's eyes he shall receive 'em.
There's one, the best in all my quiver,
Twang ! through his very heart and liver. 30
He then shall pine, and sigh, and rave :
Good lord ! what bustle shall we have !
Neptune must straight be sent to sea,
And Flora summon'd twice a day :
One must find shells, and t'other flowers,
For cooling grots, and fragrant bowers,
That Cloe may be serv'd in state :
The Hours must at her toilet wait :
Whilst all the reasoning fools below
Wonder their watches go too slow, 40
Lybs must fly south, and Eurus east,
For jewels for her hair and breast :
No matter though their cruel haste
Sink cities, and lay forests waste.
No matter though this fleet be lost ;
Or that lie wind-bound on the coast.
What whispering in my mother's ear !
What care, that Juno should not hear !
What work among you scholar gods !
Phœbus must write him am'rous odes : 50
And thou, poor cousin, must compose
His letters in submissive prose ;
Whilst haughty Cloe, to sustain
The honour of my mystic reign,
Shall all his gifts and vows disdain ;
And laugh at your old bully's pain.

Dear coz., said Hermes in a fright,
For Heaven's sake, keep your darts ! good night.

ON BEAUTY. A RIDDLE.

RESOLVE me, Cloe, what is this :
 Or forfeit me one precious kiss.
 'Tis the first offspring of the Graces ;
 Bears different forms in different places ;
 Acknowledg'd fine, where'er beheld ;
 Yet fancied finer when conceal'd.
 'Twas Flora's wealth, and Circe's charm ;
 Pandora's box of good and harm :
 'Twas Mars's wish, Endymion's dream ;
 Apelles' draught, and Ovid's theme. 10
 This guided Theseus through the maze ;
 And sent him home with life and praise.
 But this undid the Phrygian boy ;
 And blew the flames that ruin'd Troy.
 This shew'd great kindness to old Greece,
 And help'd rich Jason to the fleece.
 This through the east just vengeance hurl'd,
 And lost poor Anthony the world.
 Injur'd, though Lucrece found her doom ;
 This banish'd tyranny from Rome. 20
 Appeas'd though Lais gain'd her hire :
 This set Persepolis on fire.
 For this Alcides learn'd to spin :
 His club laid down, and lion's skin.
 For this Apollo deign'd to keep,
 With servile care, a mortal's sheep.
 For this the Father of the gods,

Content to leave his high abodes,
 In borrow'd figures loosely ran,
 Europa's bull, and Leda's swan, 30
 For this he reassumes the nod,
 (While Semele commands the God)
 Launches the bolt, and shakes the poles;
 Though Momus laughs, and Juno scolds.


Here listening Cloe smil'd and said;
 Your riddle is not hard to read:
 I guess it—Fair one, if you do;
 Need I, alas! the theme pursue?
 For this thou see'st, for this I leave,
 Whate'er the world thinks wise or grave, 40
 Ambition, business, friendship, news,
 My useful books, and serious Muse.
 For this I willingly decline
 The mirth of feasts, and joys of wine;
 And choose to sit and talk with thee,
 (As thy great orders may decree)
 Of cocks and bulls, and flutes and fiddles,
 Of idle tales, and foolish riddles.

THE QUESTION, TO LISETTA.

WHAT nymph should I admire, or trust,
 But Cloe beauteous, Cloe just?
 What nymph should I desire to see,
 But her who leaves the plain for me?
 To whom should I compose the lay,

But her who listens when I play?
 To whom, in song, repeat my cares,
 But her who in my sorrow shares?
 For whom should I the garland make,
 But her who joys the gift to take, 1c
 And boasts she wears it for my sake?
 In love am I not fully blest?
 Lisetta, pr'ythee tell the rest.

LISETTA'S REPLY.

URE, Cloe just, and Cloe fair,
 Deserves to be your only care:
 But when you and she to-day
 Far into the wood did stray,
 And I happen'd to pass by,
 Which way did you cast your eye?
 But when your cares to her you sing,
 Yet dare not tell her whence they spring;
 Does it not more afflict your heart,
 That in those cares she bears a part? 10
 When you the flowers for Cloe twine,
 Why do you to her garland join
 The meanest bud that falls from mine?
 Simplest of swains! the world may see,
 Whom Cloe loves, and who loves me.

THE GARLAND.



HE pride of every grove I chose,
 The violet sweet, and lily fair,
 The dappled pink, and blushing rose,
 To deck my charming Cloe's hair.

At morn the nymph vouchsaf'd to place
 Upon her brow the various wreath ;
 The flowers less blooming than her face,
 The scent less fragrant than her breath.

The flowers she wore along the day :
 And every nymph and shepherd said, 10
 That in her hair they look'd more gay
 Than glowing in their native bed.

Undrest at evening when she found
 Their odours lost, their colours past ;
 She chang'd her look, and on the ground
 Her garland and her eye she cast.

That eye dropt sense distinct and clear,
 As any Muse's tongue could speak,
 When from its lid a pearly tear
 Ran trickling down her beauteous cheek. 20

Dissembling what I knew too well,
 My love, my life, said I, explain
 This change of humour : pr'ythee, tell :
 That falling tear—What does it mean ?


She sigh'd; she smil'd : and to the flowers
 Pointing, the lovely moralist said :
 See, friend, in some few fleeting hours,
 See yonder, what a change is made.

Ah me ! the blooming pride of May,
 And that of beauty are but one : 30
 At morn both flourish bright and gay,
 Both fade at evening, pale, and gone.

At dawn poor Stella danc'd and sung ;
 The amorous youth around her bow'd ;
 At night her fatal knell was rung ;
 I saw, and kiss'd her in her shroud.

Such as she is, who died to-day,
 Such I, alas ! may be to-morrow ;
 Go, Damon, bid thy Muse display
 The justice of thy Cloe's sorrow. 40

THE LADY WHO OFFERS HER LOOKING GLASS TO VENUS.*

ENUS, take my votive glass ;
 Since I am not what I was,
 What from this day I shall be,
 Venus, let me never see.

* Taken from an epigram of Plato. See Rambler, Number 143.

CLOE JEALOUS.

FORBEAR to ask me, why I weep ;
 Vex'd Cloe to her shepherd said ;
 'Tis for my two poor straggling sheep
 Perhaps, or for my squirrel dead.

For mind I what you late have writ ?
 Your subtle questions, and replies ;
 Emblems, to teach a female wit
 The ways, where changing Cupid flies.

Your riddle purpos'd to rehearse
 The general power that beauty has ; 19
 But why did no peculiar verse
 Describe one charm of Cloe's face ?

The glass, which was at Venus' shrine,
 With such mysterious sorrow laid :
 The garland (and you call it mine)
 Which show'd how youth and beauty fade.

Ten thousand trifles light as these
 Nor can my rage, nor anger move :
 She should be humble, who would please ;
 And she must suffer, who can love. 20

When in my glass I chanc'd to look ;
 Of Venus what did I implore ?
 That every grace which thence I took,
 Should know to charm my Damon more.

Reading thy verse ; Who heeds, said I,
If here or there his glances flew ?
O free for ever be his eye,
Whose heart to me is always true.

My bloom indeed, my little flower
Of beauty quickly lost its pride ; 30
For, sever'd from its native bower,
It on thy glowing bosom died.

Yet car'd I not what might presage,
Or withering wreath, or fleeting youth ;
Love I esteem'd more strong than age,
And time less permanent than truth.

Why then I weep, forbear to know :
Fall uncontroll'd my tears, and free :
O Damon ! 'tis the only woe
I ever yet conceal'd from thee. 40

The secret wound with which I bleed
Shall lie wrapt up, e'en in my hearse ;
But on my tombstone thou shalt read
My answer to thy dubious verse.

ANSWER TO CLOE JEALOUS.

IN THE SAME STYLE. THE AUTHOR SICK.



ES, fairest proof of Beauty's power,
Dear idol of my panting heart,
Nature points this my fatal hour :
And I have liv'd ; and we must part.

While now I take my last adieu,
Heave thou no sigh, nor shed a tear ;
Lest yet my half-clos'd eye may view
On earth an object worth its care.

From Jealousy's tormenting strife
For ever be thy bosom freed :
That nothing may disturb thy life,
Content I hasten to the dead.

10

Yet when some better-fated youth
Shall with his amorous parley move thee ;
Reflect one moment on his truth,
Who, dying thus, persists to love thee.

A BETTER ANSWER.



EAR Cloe, how blubber'd is that pretty
face ;

Thy cheek all on fire, and thy hair
all uncurl'd :

Pr'ythee quit this caprice; and (as old Falstaff says)
Let us e'en talk a little like folks of this world.

How canst thou presume, thou hast leave to destroy
The beauties, which Venus but lent to thy keeping?
Those looks were design'd to inspire love and joy:
More ord'nary eyes may serve people for weeping.

To be vext at a trifle or two that I writ,
Your judgment at once, and my passion you wrong:
You take that for fact, which will scarce be found
wit: 11
Odds life! must one swear to the truth of a song?

What I speak, my fair Cloe, and what I write, shows
The difference there is betwixt nature and art:
I court others in verse; but I love thee in prose:
And they have my whimsies, but thou hast my
heart.

The god of us verse-men (you know, child) the sun,
How after his journeys he sets up his rest:
If at morning o'er earth 'tis his fancy to run;
At night he declines on his Thetis's breast. 20

So when I am wearied with wandering all day,
 To thee, my delight, in the evening I come:
 No matter what beauties I saw in my way ; *
 They were but my visits, but thou art my home.

Then finish, dear Cloe, this pastoral war ;
 And let us, like Horace and Lydia, agree :
 For thou art a girl as much brighter than her,
 As he was a poet sublimer than me.

PALLAS AND VENUS.

AN EPIGRAM.



HE Trojan swain had judg'd the great
 dispute,
 And beauty's power obtain'd the golden
 fruit ;

When Venus, loose in all her naked charms,
 Met Jove's great daughter clad in shining arms.
 The wanton goddess view'd the warlike maid
 From head to foot, and tauntingly she said :
 Yield, sister ; rival, yield : naked, you see,
 I vanquish : guess how potent I should be,
 If to the field I came in armour drest ;
 Dreadful, like thine, my shield, and terrible my crest !

* My heart with her but, as guest-wise, sojourn'd ;
 And now to Helen it is home return'd,
 There to remain.——

The warrior goddess with disdain replied : 11
 Thy folly, child, is equal to thy pride :
 Let a brave enemy for once advise,
 And Venus (if 'tis possible) be wise.
 Thou to be strong must put off every dress ;
 Thy only armour is thy nakedness :
 And more than once, (or thou art much belied)
 By Mars himself that armour has been tried.

TO A YOUNG GENTLEMAN IN LOVE.

A TALE.

FROM public noise and factious strife,
 From all the busy ills of life,
 Take me, my Celia, to thy breast,
 And lull my wearied soul to rest.

For ever, in this humble cell,
 Let thee and I, my fair one, dwell ;
 None enter else, but Love——and he
 Shall bar the door, and keep the key.

To painted roofs, and shining spires
 (Uneasy seats of high desires) 10
 Let the unthinking many crowd,
 That dare be covetous and proud :
 In golden bondage let them wait,
 And barter happiness for state.
 But oh ! my Celia, when thy swain
 Desires to see a court again,
 May Heaven around this destin'd head

The choicest of its curses shed ! .
To sum up all the rage of Fate,
In the two things I dread and hate ; 20
Mayst thou be false, and I be great !

Thus, on his Celia's panting breast,
Fond Celadon his soul express'd ;
While with delight the lovely maid
Receiv'd the vows, she thus repaid :

Hope of my age, joy of my youth,
Blest miracle of love and truth !

All that could e'er be counted mine,
My love and life, long since are thine :
A real joy I never knew, 30

Till I believ'd thy passion true :

A real grief I ne'er can find,

Till thou prov'st perjur'd or unkind.

Contempt, and poverty, and care,

All we abhor, and all we fear,

Blest with thy presence, I can bear.

Through waters, and through flames I'll go,

Sufferer and solace of thy woe :

Trace me some yet unheard-of way,

That I thy ardour may repay ; 40

And make my constant passion known,

By more than woman yet has done.

Had I a wish that did not bear

The stamp and image of my dear ;

I'd pierce my heart through every vein,

And die to let it out again.

No ; Venus shall my witness be,

(If Venus ever lov'd like me)

That for one hour I would not quit

My shepherd's arms, and this retreat, 50

To be the Persian monarch's bride,
Partner of all his power and pride;
Or rule in regal state above,
Mother of gods, and wife of Jove.

O happy these of human race!
But soon, alas! our pleasures pass.
He thank'd her on his bended knee;
Then drank a quart of milk and tea:
And leaving her ador'd embrace,
Hasten'd to court, to beg a place. 60
While she, his absence to bemoan,
The very moment he was gone,
Call'd Thyrsis from beneath the bed!
Where all this time he had been hid.

MORAL.

While men have these ambitious fancies;
And wanton wenches read romances;
Our sex will—What? out with it. Lie;
And theirs in equal strains reply.
The moral of the tale I sing
(A posy for a wedding ring) 70
In this short verse will be confin'd:
Love is a jest, and vows are wind.

AN ENGLISH PADLOCK.

MISS DANAE, when fair and young,
 (As Horace has divinely sung)
 Could not be kept from Jove's embrace
 By doors of steel, and walls of brass.

The reason of the thing is clear ;
 Would Jove the naked truth aver :
 Cupid was with him of the party,
 And show'd himself sincere and hearty :
 For, give that whipster but his errand,
 He takes my Lord Chief Justice' warrant ; 10
 Dauntless as death away he walks ;
 Breaks the doors open ; snaps the locks ;
 Searches the parlour, chamber, study ;
 Nor stops till he has culprit's body.

Since this has been authentic truth,
 By age deliver'd down to youth ;
 Tell us, mistaken husband, tell us,
 Why so mysterious, why so jealous ?
 Does the restraint, the bolt, the bar
 Make us less curious, her less fair ? 20
 The spy, which does this treasure keep,
 Does she ne'er say her prayers, nor sleep ?
 Does she to no excess incline ?
 Does she fly music, mirth, and wine ?
 Or have not gold and flattery power
 To purchase one unguarded hour ?

Your care does farther yet extend :
 That spy is guarded by your friend.—
 But has this friend nor eye, nor heart ?

May he not feel the cruel dart, 30
Which, soon or late, all mortals feel?
May he not, with too tender zeal,
Give the fair pris'ner cause to see,
How much he wishes she were free?

May he not craftily infer
The rules of friendship too severe,
Which chain him to a hated trust;
Which make him wretched, to be just?
And may not she, this darling she,
Youthful and healthy, flesh and blood, 40
Easy with him, ill us'd by thee,
Allow this logic to be good?

Sir, will your questions never end?
I trust to neither spy nor friend.
In short, I keep her from the sight
Of every human face.—She'll write.—
From pen and paper she's debarr'd.—
Has she a bodkin and a card?
She'll prick her mind.—She will, you say:
But how shall she that mind convey? 50
I keep her in one room: I lock it:
The key (look here) is in this pocket.
The key-hole, is that left? most certain,
She'll thrust her letter through—Sir Martin.

Dear angry friend, what must be done?
Is there no way?—There is but one.
• Send her abroad; and let her see,
That all this mingled mass, which she,
Being forbidden, longs to know,
Is a dull farce, an empty show, 60
Powder, and pocket-glass, and beau;
A staple of romance and lies,

False tears, and real perjuries :
 Where sighs and looks are bought and sold ;
 And love is made but to be told ;
 Where the fat bawd, and lavish heir
 The spoils of ruin'd beauty share :
 And youth, seduc'd from friends and fame,
 Must give up age to want and shame.
 Let her behold the frantic scene, 70
 The women wretched, false the men :
 And when, these certain ills to shun,
 She would to thy embraces run ;
 Receive her with extended arms :
 Seem more delighted with her charms :
 Wait on her to the park and play :
 Put on good humour ; make her gay :
 Be to her virtues very kind ;
 Be to her faults a little blind ;
 Let all her ways be unconfin'd ; 80
 And clap your padlock—on her mind.

HANS CARVEL.



HANS CARVEL, impotent and old,
 Married a lass of London mould :
 Handsome? enough ; extremely gay :
 Lov'd music, company, and play :
 High flights she had, and wit at will ;
 And so her tongue lay seldom still :
 For in all visits who but she,
 To argue, or to repartee ?

She made it plain, that human passion
Was order'd by predestination ; 10
That if weak women went astray,
Their stars were more in fault than they ;
Whole tragedies she had by heart ;
Enter'd into Roxana's part :
To triumph in her rival's blood,
The action certainly was good.
How like a vine young Ammon curl'd !
Oh that dear conqueror of the world !
She pitied Betterton in age,
That ridicul'd the god-like rage. 20

She, first of all the town, was told,
Where newest India things were sold :
So in a morning, without bodice,
Slipt sometimes out to Mrs. Thody's ;
To cheapen tea, to buy a screen :
What else could so much virtue mean ?
For to prevent the least reproach,
Betty went with her in the coach.

But when no very great affair
Excited her peculiar care, 30
She without fail was wak'd at ten ;
Drank chocolate, then slept again :
At twelve she rose ; with much ado
Her clothes were huddled on by two ;
Then, does my lady dine at home ?
Yes, sure ;—but is the Colonel come ?
Next, how to spend the afternoon,
And not come home again too soon ;
The Change, the City, or the Play,
As each was proper for the day : 40
A turn in summer to Hyde Park,

When it grew tolerably dark. .

Wife's pleasure causes husband's pain :
 Strange fancies come in Hans's brain :
 He thought of what he did not name ;
 And would reform, but durst not blame.
 At first he therefore preach'd his wife
 The comforts of a pious life :
 Told her how transient beauty was ;
 That all must die, and flesh was grass : 50
 He bought her sermons, psalms, and graces ;
 And doubled down the useful places.
 But still the weight of worldly care
 Allow'd her little time for prayer :
 And Cleopatra* was read o'er,
 While Scot,† and Wake,‡ and twenty more,
 That teach one to deny oneself,
 Stood unmolested on the shelf.
 An untouch'd Bible grac'd her toilet :
 No fear that thumb of hers should spoil it.
 In short, the trade was still the same : 61
 The dame went out, the Colonel came.

What's to be done? poor Carvel cried :
 Another battery must be tried :
 What if to spells I had recourse ?
 'Tis but to hinder something worse.
 The end must justify the means :
 He only sins who ill intends :
 Since therefore 'tis to combat evil,

* Cleopatra is a novel much read by the ladies in the last century.

† Dr. John Scot, rector of St. Giles in the Fields, and author of the *Christian Life*, in 5 vols.

‡ Dr. William Wake, afterwards archbishop of Canterbury.

'Tis lawful to employ the devil.

70

Forthwith the devil did appear
(For name him, and he's always near),
Not in the shape in which he plies
At miss's elbow when she lies ;
Or stands before the nursery doors,
To take the naughty boy that roars :
But, without saucer-eye or claw,
Like a grave barrister-at-law.

Hans Carvel, lay aside your grief,
The devil says ; I bring relief. 80
Relief, says Hans : pray let me crave
Your name, Sir.—Satan.—Sir, your slave ;
I did not look upon your feet :
You'll pardon me :——Ay, now I see't :
And pray, Sir, when came you from hell ?
Our friends there, did you leave them well ?
All well ; but pr'ythee, honest Hans,
(Says Satan) leave your complaisance :
The truth is this : I cannot stay
Flaring in sunshine all the day : 90
For, *entre nous*, we hellish sprites
Love more the fresco of the nights ;
And oftener our receipts convey
In dreams, than any other way.
I tell you therefore as a friend,
Ere morning dawns, your fears shall end :
Go then this evening, master Carvel,
Lay down your fowls, and broach your barrel ;
Let friends and wine dissolve your care ;
Whilst I the great receipt prepare :— 100
To-night I'll bring it, by my faith ;
Believe for once what Satan saith.

Away went Hans : glad ? not a little ;
Obey'd the devil to a tittle ;
Invited friends some half a dozen,
The Colonel, and my lady's cousin.
The meat was serv'd ; the bowls were crown'd ;
Catches were sung ; and healths went round ;
Barbadoes waters for the close ;
Till Hans had fairly got his dose : 110
The Colonel toasted to the best :
The Dame mov'd off, to be undrest :
The chimes went twelve : the guests withdrew :
But when, or how, Hans hardly knew.
Some modern anecdotes aver,
He nodded in his elbow chair ;
From thence was carried off to bed :
John held his heels, and Nan his head.
My lady was disturb'd : new sorrow !
Which Hans must answer for to-morrow. 120

In bed then view this happy pair ;
And think how Hymen triumph'd there.
Hans fast asleep as soon as laid,
The duty of the night unpaid :
The waking dame, with thoughts oppress'd,
That made her hate both him and rest .
By such a husband, such a wife !
'Twas Acme's and Septimius' life
The lady sigh'd : the lover snor'd :
The punctual devil kept his word : 130
Appear'd to honest Hans again ;
But not at all by madam seen :
And giving him a magic ring,
Fit for the finger of a king ;
Dear Hans, said he, 'his jewel take,

And wear it long for Satan's sake :
 'Twill do your business to a hair :
 For, long as you this ring shall wear,
 As sure as I look over Lincoln,
 That ne'er shall happen which you think on. 140

Hans took the ring with joy extreme ;
 (All this was only in a dream)
 And, thrusting it beyond his joint,
 'Tis done, he cried : I've gain'd my point.—
 What point, said she, you ugly beast ?
 You neither give me joy nor rest :
 'Tis done.—What's done, you drunken bear ?
 You've thrust your finger G-d knows where.

A DUTCH PROVERB.

FIRE, water, woman, are man's ruin :
 Says wise professor Vander Brüin.
 By flames a house I hir'd was lost
 Last year, and I must pay the cost.

This spring the rains o'erflow'd my ground :
 And my best Flanders mare was drown'd.
 A slave I am to Clara's eyes :
 The gipsy knows her power, and flies.
 Fire, water, woman, are my ruin :
 And great thy wisdom, Vander Brüin.

PAULO PURGANTI AND HIS WIFE:

AN HONEST, BUT A SIMPLE PAIR.

EST enim quiddam, idque intelligitur in omni virtute, quod deceat: quod cogitatione magis à virtute potest quàm re separari.
Cic. de Off. L. 2.

BEYOND the fix'd and settled rules
Of vice and virtue in the schools,
Beyond the letter of the law,
Which keeps our men and maids in awe,
The better sort should set before 'em
A grace, a manner, a decorum;
Something, that gives their acts a light;
Makes 'em not only just, but bright;
And sets them in that open fame,
Which witty malice cannot blame. 10

For 'tis in life, as 'tis in painting:
Much may be right, yet much be wanting;
From lines drawn true, our eye may trace
A foot, a knee, a hand, a face:
May justly own the picture wrought
Exact to rule, exempt from fault:
Yet, if the colouring be not there,
The Titian stroke, the Guido air;
To nicest judgment show the piece;
At best 'twill only not displease: 20
It would not gain on Jersey's eye:
Bradford would frown, and set it by.

Thus in the picture of our mind
 The action may be well design'd;
 Guided by law, and bound by duty;
 Yet want this *Je ne sçay quoy* of beauty:
 And though its error may be such,

As Knags and Burgess* cannot hit;
 It yet may feel the nicer touch

Of Wycherley's or Congreve's wit. 30

What is this talk? replies a friend,
 And where will this dry moral end?
 The truth of what you here lay down
 By some example should be shown.—
 With all my heart,—for once; read on.

An honest, but a simple pair
 (And twenty other I forbear)
 May serve to make this thesis clear.

A doctor of great skill and fame,
 Paulo Purganti was his name, 40
 Had a good, comely, virtuous wife;
 No woman led a better life:

She to intrigues was e'en hard-hearted:
 She chuckled when a bawd was carted;
 And thought the nation ne'er would thrive,
 Till all the whores were burnt alive.

On married men, that dare be bad,
 She thought no mercy should be had;
 They should be hang'd,* or starv'd, or flead,
 Or serv'd like Romish priests in Swede. 50
 In short, all lewdness she defied:
 And stiff was her parochial pride.

Yet, in an honest way, the dame

* Two divines. Knags was Lecturer of St. Giles in the Fields; Burgess, a Dissenter.

Was a great lover of that same ;
And could from Scripture take her cue,
That husbands should give wives their due.

Her prudence did so justly steer
Between the gay and the severe,
That if in some regards she chose
To curb poor Paulo in too close ;
In others she relax'd again,
And govern'd with a looser rein.

Thus though she strictly did confine
The doctor from excess of wine ;
With oysters, eggs, and vermicelli,
She let him almost burst his belly :
Thus drying coffee was denied ;
But chocolate that loss supplied :
And for tobacco (who could bear it),
Filthy concomitant of claret !
(Blest revolution !) one might see
Eringo roots, and bohea tea.

She often set the doctor's band,
And strok'd his beard, and squeez'd his hand :
Kindly complain'd, that after noon
He went to pore on books too soon :
She held it wholesomer by much,
To rest a little on the couch :—
About his waist in bed a-nights
She clung so close—for fear of sprites.

The Doctor understood the call ;
But had not always wherewithal.

The lion's skin too short, you know
(As Plutarch's Morals finely show),
Was lengthen'd by the fox's tail ;
And art supplies, where strength may fail.

Unwilling then in arms to meet
 The enemy he could not beat;
 He strove to lengthen the campaign,
 And save his forces by chicane. 90
 Fabius, the Roman chief, who thus
 By fair retreat grew Maximus,
 Shows us, that all the warrior can do
 With force inferior, is CUNCTANDO.

One day then, as the foe drew near,
 With love, and joy, and life, and dear;
 Our don, who knew this tittletattle
 Did, sure as trumpet, call to battle:
 Thought it extremely *àpropos*,
 To ward against the coming blow: 100
 To ward: but how? Ay, there's the question;
 Fierce the assault, unarm'd the bastion.

The doctor feign'd a strange surprise:
 He felt her pulse; he view'd her eyes;
 That beat too fast; these roll'd too quick;
 She was, he said, or would be sick;
 He judg'd it absolutely good,
 That she should purge and cleanse her blood.
 Spa waters for that end were got:
 If they pass'd easily or not, 110
 What matters it? the lady's fever
 Continued violent as ever.

For a distemper of this kind,
 (Blackmore* and Hans† are of my mind,)
 If once it youthful blood infects,
 And chiefly of the female sex,
 Is scarce remov'd by pill or potion;

* Sir Richard Blackmore.

† Sir Edward Hannes.

Whate'er might be our doctor's notion.

One luckless night then, as in bed
The doctor and the dame were laid; 120

Again this cruel fever came,
High pulse, short breath, and blood in flame.
What measures shall poor Paulo keep

With madam in this piteous taking?
She, like Macbeth, has murder'd sleep,
And won't allow him rest through waking.

Sad state of matters! when we dare
Nor ask for peace, nor offer war;
Nor Livy nor Comines have shown,
What in this juncture may be done. 130

Grotius might own, that Paulo's case is
Harder than any which he places
Amongst his Belli and his Pacis.

He strove, alas! but strove in vain,
By dint of logic to maintain,
That all the sex was born to grieve,
Down to her ladyship from Eve.
He rang'd his tropes, and preach'd up patience;
Back'd his opinion with quotations,
Divines and moralists; and run ye on 140
Quite through from Seneca to Bunyan.*

As much in vain he bid her try
To fold her arms, to close her eye;
Telling her, rest would do her good,
If any thing in nature could:
So held the Greeks quite down from Galen,
Masters and princes of their calling:
So all our modern friends maintain
(Though no great Greeks) in Warwick-lane.

* John Bunyan, author of the *Pilgrim's Progress*.

Reduce, my Muse, the wandering song: 150
A tale should never be too long.

The more he talk'd, the more she burn'd,
And sigh'd, and toss'd, and groan'd, and turn'd :
At last, I wish, said she, my dear—
(And whisper'd something in his ear.)
You wish ! wish on, the doctor cries :
Lord ! when will womankind be wise ?
What, in your waters ? are you mad ?
Why poison is not half so bad.
I'll do it—but I give you warning : 160
You'll die before to-morrow morning.—
'Tis kind, my dear, what you advise ;
The lady with a sigh replies ;
But life, you know, at best is pain ;
And death is what we should disdain.
So do it, therefore, and adieu :
For I will die for love of you :—
Let wanton wives by death be scar'd :
But, to my comfort, I'm prepar'd.

THE LADLE.



HE sceptics think, 'twas long ago,
Since gods came down *incognito* :
To see who were their friends or foes,
And how our actions fell or rose :
That since they gave things their beginning,
And set this whirligig a spinning ;

Supine they in their Heaven remain,
Exempt from passion, and from pain.
And frankly leave us human elves,
To cut and shuffle for ourselves :
To stand or walk, to rise or tumble,
As matter, and as motion jumble.

10

The poets now, and painters hold
This thesis both absurd and bold :
And your good-natur'd gods, they say,
Descend some twice or thrice a-day :
Else all these things we toil so hard in,
Would not avail one single farthing :
For, when the hero we rehearse,
To grace his actions and our verse ;
'Tis not by dint of human thought,
That to his Latium he is brought ;
Iris descends by Fate's commands,
To guide his steps through foreign lands :
And Amphitrite clears his way
From rocks and quicksands in the sea.

20

And if you see him in a sketch
(Though drawn by Paulo or Carache),
He shews not half his force and strength,
Strutting in armour, and at length :
That he may make his proper figure,
The piece must yet be four yards bigger :
The nymphs conduct him to the field ;
One holds his sword, and one his shield :
Mars standing by asserts his quarrel ;
And Fame flies after with a laurel.

30

These points, I say, of speculation
(As 'twere to save or sink the nation)
Men idly learned will dispute,

Assert, object, confirm, refute : 40
Each mighty angry, mighty right,
With equal arms sustains the fight ;
Till now no umpire can agree 'em :
So both draw off and sing *Te Deum*.

Is it in *equilibrio*,
If deities descend or no ?
Then let the affirmative prevail,
As requisite to form my tale :
For by all parties 'tis confest,
That those opinions are the best, 50
Which in their nature most conduce
To present ends, and private use.

Two gods came therefore from above,
One Mercury, the t'other Jove :
The humour was (it seems) to know,
If all the favours they bestow,
Could from our own perverseness ease us ;
And if our wish enjoy'd would please us.

Discoursing largely on this theme,
O'er hills and dales their godships came ; 60
Till, well-nigh tir'd and almost night,
They thought it proper to alight.

Note here, that it as true as odd is,
That in disguise a god or goddess
Exerts no supernatural powers ;
But acts on maxims much like ours.

They spied at last a country farm,
Where all was snug, and clean, and warm ;
For woods before and hills behind
Secur'd it both from rain and wind : 70
Large oxen in the fields were lowing :
Good grain was sow'd ; good fruit was growing :

Of last year's corn in barns great store;
Fat turkeys gobbling at the door:
And wealth (in short) with peace consented,
That people here should live contented:
But did they in effect do so?
Have patience, friend, and thou shalt know.

The honest farmer and his wife,
To years declin'd from prime of life, 80
Had struggled with the marriage noose,
As almost every couple does:
Sometimes, my plague! sometimes, my darling!
Kissing to-day, to-morrow snarling;
Jointly submitting to endure
That evil, which admits no cure.

Our gods the outward gate unbarr'd:
Our farmer met 'em in the yard;
Thought they were folks that lost their way
And ask'd them civilly to stay: 90
Told 'em for supper, or for bed
They might go on, and be worse sped.

So said, so done: the gods consent:
All three into the parlour went:
They compliment; they sit; they chat;
Fight o'er the wars; reform the state:
A thousand knotty points they clear,
Till supper and my wife appear.

Jove made his leg, and kiss'd the dame:
Obsequious Hermes did the same. 100
Jove kiss'd the farmer's wife, you say:
He did—but in an honest way:
Oh! not with half that warmth and life,
With which he kiss'd Amphitryon's wife.

Well then, things handsomely were serv'd:

My mistress for the strangers carv'd.
 How strong the beer, how good the meat,
 How loud they laugh'd, how much they eat,
 In epic sumptuous would appear ;
 Yet shall be pass'd in silence here : 110
 For I should grieve to have it said,
 That, by a fine description led,
 I made my episode too long,
 Or tir'd my friend, to grace my song.

The grace-cup serv'd, the cloth away,
 Jove thought it time to show his play :
 Landlord and landlady, he cried,
 Folly and jesting laid aside,
 That ye thus hospitably live,
 And strangers with good cheer receive, 120
 Is mighty grateful to your betters,
 And makes e'en gods themselves your debtors,
 To give this thesis plainer proof,
 You have to-night beneath your roof
 A pair of gods (nay, never wonder),
 This youth can fly, and I can thunder.
 I'm Jupiter, and he Mercurius,
 My page, my son indeed, but spurious.
 Form then three wishes, you and madam ;
 And sure, as you already had 'em, 130
 The things desir'd in half an hour
 Shall all be here, and in your power.

Thank ye, great gods, the woman says :
 Oh ! may your altars ever blaze !
 A ladle for our silver dish
 Is what I want, is what I wish.—
 A ladle ! cries the man, a ladle !
 'Odzooks, Corisca, you have pray'd ill ;

What should be great, you turn to farce ;
 I wish the ladle in your a—. 140

With equal grief and shame my Muse
 The sequel of the tale pursues ;
 The ladle fell into the room,
 And stuck in old Corisca's bum.
 Our couple weep two wishes past,
 And kindly join to form the last ;
 To ease the woman's awkward pain,
 And get the ladle out again.

MORAL.

This commoner has worth and parts,
 Is prais'd for arms, or lov'd for arts : 150
 His head aches for a coronet :
 And who is bless'd that is not great ?

Some sense, and more estate, kind Heaven
 To this well-lotted peer has given :
 What then ? he must have rule and sway ;
 And all is wrong, 'till he's in play.

The miser must make up his plum,
 And dares not touch the hoarded sum ;
 The sickly dotard wants a wife,
 To draw off his last dregs of life. 160

Against our peace we arm our will :
 Amidst our plenty, something still
 For horses, houses, pictures, planting,
 To thee, to me, to him is wanting.
 That cruel something unpossess'd
 Corrodes and leavens all the rest.
 That something, if we could obtain,
 Would soon create a future pain ;
 And to the coffin, from the cradle,
 'Tis all a Wish, and all a Ladle. 170

WRITTEN AT PARIS, MDCC,

IN THE BEGINNING OF ROBBE'S GEOGRAPHY.




F all that William rules, or Robbe
 Describes, great Rhea, of thy globe ;
 When or on post-horse, or in chaise,
 With much expense, and little ease,
 My destin'd miles I shall have gone,
 By Thames or Maese, by Po or Rhone,
 And found no foot of earth my own ;
 Great Mother, let me once be able
 To have a garden, house, and stable ;
 That I may read, and ride, and plant, 10
 Superior to desire, or want ;
 And as health fails, and years increase,
 Sit down, and think, and die in peace.
 Oblige thy favourite undertakers
 To throw me in but twenty acres :
 This number sure they may allow ;
 For pasture ten, and ten for plough :
 'Tis all that I would wish, or hope,
 For me and John, and Nell, and Crop.
 Then, as thou wilt, dispose the rest 20
 (And let not Fortune spoil the jest)
 To those, who at the market-rate
 Can barter honour for estate.

Now if thou grant'st me my request,
 To make thy votary truly blest,
 Let curst revenge, and saucy pride
 To some bleak rock far off be tied ;
 Nor e'er approach my rural seat.

To tempt me to be base and great.
 And, Goddess, this kind office done, 30
 Charge Venus to command her son,
 (Where-ever else she lets him rove)
 To shun my house, and field, and grove:
 Peace cannot dwell with hate or love.
 Hear, gracious Rhea, what I say:
 And thy petitioner shall pray.

WRITTEN IN THE BEGINNING OF
 MEZERAY'S HISTORY OF
 FRANCE.

 HATE'ER thy countrymen have done
 By law and wit, by sword and gun,
 In thee is faithfully recited:
 And all the living world, that view
 Thy work, give thee the praises due,
 At once instructed and delighted.

Yet for the fame of all these deeds,
 What beggar in the Invalides,
 With lameness broke, with blindness smitten,
 Wish'd ever decently to die, 10
 To have been either Mezeray,
 Or any monarch he has written?

It strange, dear author, yet it true is,
 That, down from Pharamond to Louis,
 All covet life, yet call it pain:
 All feel the ill, yet shun the cure:

Can sense this paradox endure ?
 Resolve me, Cambray, or Fontaine.

The man in graver tragic known
 (Though his best part long since was done)
 Still on the stage desires to tarry : 21
 And he who play'd the Harlequin,
 After the jest still loads the scene
 Unwilling to retire, though weary.

WRITTEN IN THE NOUVEAUX INTERETS

DES PRINCES DE L'EUROPE.

BLEST be the princes, who have fought
 For pompous names, or wide dominion;
 Since by their error we are taught,
 That happiness is but opinion.

ADRIANI MORIENTIS AD ANIMAM SUAM.

ANIMULA, vagula, blandula,
 Hospes, comesque corporis,
 Quæ nunc abibis in loca,
 Pallidula, rigida, nudula?
 Nec, ut soles, dabis joca.

BY MONSIEUR FONTENELLE.

MA petite âme, ma mignonne,
 Tu t'en vas donc, ma fille, et Dieu sçache
 où tu vas :

Of wit and jest disturbs the solemn court. 10

See the fantastic minstrelsy advance,
To breathe the song, and animate the dance.
Blest the usurper ! happy the surprise !
Her mimic postures catch our eager eyes :
Her jingling bells affect our captive ear ;
And in the sights we see, and sounds we hear,
Against our judgment she our sense employs ;
The laws of troubled Reason she destroys :
And in their place rejoices to indite
Wild schemes of mirth, and plans of loose delight.

TO DR. SHERLOCK,*

ON HIS PRACTICAL DISCOURSE CONCERNING DEATH.

FORGIVE the Muse, who, in unhallow'd
strains,
The Saint one moment from his God
detains :

For sure, whate'er you do, where'er you are,
'Tis all but one good work, one constant prayer :
Forgive her ; and intreat that God, to whom
Thy favour'd vows with kind acceptance come,
To raise her notes to that sublime degree,
Which suits a song of piety and thee.

Wondrous good man! whose labours may repel
The force of sin, may stop the rage of hell: 10

* Dr. William Sherlock, master of the Temple; father of Dr. Thomas Sherlock, sometime Bishop of London.

Thou, like the Baptist, from thy God wast sent,
The crying voice, to bid the world repent.

Thee Youth shall study, and no more engage
Their flattering wishes for uncertain age ;
No more with fruitless care, and cheated strife,
Chase fleeting Pleasure through this maze of life :
Finding the wretched all they here can have,
But present food, and but a future grave :
Each, great as Philip's victor son, shall view
This abject world, and weeping, ask a new. 20

Decrepid Age shall read thee, and confess,
Thy labours can assuage, where medicines cease ;
Shall bless thy words, their wounded soul's relief,
The drops that sweeten their last dregs of life ;
Shall look to Heaven, and laugh at all beneath ;
Own riches gather'd, trouble ; fame a breath ;
And life an ill, whose only cure is death.

Thy even thoughts with so much plainness flow,
Their sense untutor'd infancy may know :
Yet to such height is all that plainness wrought,
Wit may admire, and letter'd Pride be taught : 31
Easy in words thy style, in sense sublime,

On its blest steps each age and sex may rise ;
'Tis like the ladder in the Patriarch's dream,

Its foot on earth, its height above the skies,
Diffus'd its virtue, boundless is its power ;
'Tis public health, and universal cure ;
Of heavenly manna 'tis a second feast ;
A nation's food, and all to every taste. 39

To its last height mad Britain's guilt was rear'd ;
And various death for various crimes she fear'd.
With your kind work her drooping hopes revive ;
You bid her read, repent, adore, and live :

You wrest the bolt from Heaven's avenging hand ;
Stop ready death, and save a sinking land.

O ! save us still ; still bless us with thy stay :
O ! want thy Heaven, till we have learnt the way :
Refuse to leave thy destin'd charge too soon :

And for the church's good, defer thy own.

O ! live : and let thy works urge our belief ; 50

Live to explain thy doctrine by thy life ;

Till future infancy, baptiz'd by thee,

Grow ripe in years, and old in piety ;

Till Christians, yet unborn, be taught to die.

Then in full age, and hoary holiness,

Retire, great teacher ! to thy promis'd bliss :

Untouch'd thy tomb, uninjur'd be thy dust,

As thy own fame among the future just ;

Till in last sounds the dreadful trumpet speaks ;

Till Judgment calls ; and quicken'd Nature wakes :

Till through the utmost earth, and deepest sea, 61

Our scatter'd atoms find their destin'd way,

In haste to clothe their kindred souls again,

Perfect our state, and build immortal man :

Then fearless thou, who well sustain'd'st the fight,

To paths of joy, or tracts of endless light,

Lead up all those who heard thee, and believ'd ;

'Midst thy own flock, great shepherd, be receiv'd ;

And glad all Heaven with millions thou hast sav'd.

CARMEN SECULARE, FOR THE YEAR MDCC.

TO THE KING.

Adspice, venturo lætentur ut omnia sæclo:
 O mihi tam longæ maneat pars ultima vitæ,
 Spiritus et, quantum sat erit tua dicere facta!
 VIRG. Eclog. 4.



HY elder look, great Janus, cast
 Into the long records of ages past;
 Review the years in fairest action dress'd
 With noted white, superior to the rest;
 Æras deriv'd, and chronicles begun,
 From empires founded, and from battles won;
 Show all the spoils by valiant kings achiev'd;
 And groaning nations by their arms reliev'd;
 The wounds of patriots in their country's cause,
 And happy power sustain'd by wholesome laws;
 In comely rank call every merit forth;
 Imprint on every act its standard worth;
 The glorious parallels then downward bring
 To modern wonders, and to Britain's king:
 With equal justice and historic care,
 Their laws, their toils, their arms with his compare:
 Confess the various attributes of fame
 Collected and complete in William's name:
 To all the listening world relate,
 (As thou dost his story read),
 That nothing went before so great,
 And nothing greater can succeed.

11

20

'Thy native Latium was thy darling care,
Prudent in peace, and terrible in war :
The boldest virtues that have govern'd earth
From Latium's fruitful womb derive their birth.

Then turn to her fair written page ;
From dawning childhood to establish'd age,
The glories of her empire trace ;
Confront the heroes of thy Roman race ; 30
And let the justest palm the victor's temples grace.

The son of Mars reduc'd the trembling swains,
And spread his empire o'er the distant plains :
But yet the Sabines' violated charms
Obscur'd the glory of his rising arms.
Numa the rights of strict religion knew ;
On every altar laid the incense due ;

Unskill'd to dart the pointed spear,
Or lead the forward youth to noble war.
Stern Brutus was with too much horror good, 40
Holding his fasces stain'd with filial blood.
Fabius was wise, but with excess of care :
He sav'd his country ; but prolong'd the war.
While Decius, Paulus, Curius, greatly fought,
And by their strict examples taught,
How wild desires should be controll'd,
And how much brighter virtue was, than gold :
They scarce their swelling thirst of fame could
hide ;

And boasted poverty with too much pride.
Excess in youth made Scipio less rever'd ; 50
And Cato dying, seem'd to own, he fear'd.
Julius with honour tamed Rome's foreign foes ;
But patriots fell, ere the dictator rose.

And, while with clemency Augustus reign'd,
The monarch was ador'd ; the city chain'd.

With justest honour be their merits dress'd ;

But be their failings too confess'd :

Their virtue, like their Tyber's flood,

Rolling its course, design'd the country's good :

• But oft the torrent's too impetuous speed 60

From the low earth tore some polluting weed ;

And with the blood of Jove there always ran,

Some viler part, some tincture of the man.

Few virtues after these so far prevail,

But that their vices more than turn the scale :

Valour grown wild by pride, and power by rage,

Did the true charms of majesty impair ;

Rome by degrees advancing more in age,

Show'd sad remains of what had once been fair ;

Till Heaven a better race of men supplies : 70

And glory shoots new beams from western skies.

Turn then to Pharamond, and Charlemain,

And the long heroes of the Gallic strain ;

Experienc'd chiefs, for hardy prowess known,

And bloody wreaths in venturous battles won.

From the first William, our great Norman king,

The bold Plantagenets, and Tudors bring ;

Illustrious virtues, who by turns have rose

In foreign fields to check Britannia's foes ;

With happy laws her empire to sustain, 80

And with full power assert her ambient main.

But sometimes too industrious to be great,

Nor patient to expect the turns of fate,

They open'd camps deform'd by civil fight,
And made proud conquest trample over right;
Disparted Britain mourn'd their doubtful sway,
And dreaded both, when neither would obey.

From Didier and imperial Adolph trace
The glorious offspring of the Nassau race,
Devoted lives to public liberty ; 90
The chief still dying, or the country free.
Then see the kindred blood of Orange flow,
From warlike Cornet, through the loins of Beau ;
Through Chalon next, and there with Nassau join,
From Rhone's fair banks transplanted to the Rhine.
Bring next the royal list of Stuarts forth,
Undaunted minds that rul'd the rugged North ;
Till Heaven's decrees by ripening times are shown ;
Till Scotland's kings ascend the English throne ;
And the fair rivals live for ever one. 100

Janus, mighty deity,
Be kind : and, as thy searching eye
Does our modern story trace,
Finding some of Stuart's race
Unhappy, pass their annals by :
No harsh reflection let remembrance raise :
Forbear to mention what thou canst not praise :
But as thou dwell'st upon that heavenly name,*
To grief for ever sacred, as to fame,
Oh ! read it to thyself ; in silence weep ; 110
And thy convulsive sorrows inward keep ;
Lest Britain's grief should waken at the sound ;
And blood gush fresh from her eternal wound.

* Mary.

Whither wouldst thou further look ?
Read William's acts, and close the ample book :
Peruse the wonders of his dawning life :

How, like Alcides, he began ;
With infant patience calm'd seditious strife,
And quell'd the snakes which round his cradle ran.

Describe his youth, attentive to alarms, 120
By dangers form'd, and perfected in arms :
When conq'ring, mild ; when conquer'd, not disgrac'd ;
By wrongs not lessen'd, nor by triumphs rais'd :
Superior to the blind events
Of little human accidents ;
And constant to his first decree,
To curb the proud, to set the injur'd free ;
To bow the haughty neck, and raise the suppliant
knee.

His opening years to riper manhood bring ;
And see the hero perfect in the king : 130
Imperious arms by manly reason sway'd,
And power supreme by free consent obey'd ;
With how much haste his mercy meets his foes :
And how unbounded his forgiveness flows ;
With what desire he makes his subjects bless'd,
His favours granted ere his throne address'd :
What trophies o'er our captiv'd hearts he rears,
By arts of peace more potent, than by wars :
How o'er himself, as o'er the world, he reigns,
His morals strengthening what his law ordains.

Through all his thread of life already spun, 141
Becoming grace and proper action run :

The piece by Virtue's equal hand is wrought,
Mixt with no crime, and shaded with no fault;
 No footsteps of the victor's rage
Left in the camp where William did engage:
 No tincture of the monarch's pride
Upon the royal purple spied:
 His fame, like gold, the more 'tis tried,
The more shall its intrinsic worth proclaim; 150
Shall pass the combat of the searching flame,
 And triumph o'er the vanquish'd heat,
 For ever coming out the same,
And losing nor its lustre nor its weight.

Janus, be to William just:
To faithful history his actions trust:
 Command her, with peculiar care
To trace each toil, and comment every war:
 His saving wonders bid her write
In characters distinctly bright; 160
 That each revolving age may read
The Patriot's piety, the Hero's deed;
And still the sire inculcate to his son
Transmissive lessons of the king's renown;
 That William's glory still may live;
 When all that present art can give,
The pillar'd marble, and the tablet brass,
 Mouldering, drop the victor's praise:
 When the great monuments of his power
 Shall now be visible no more; 170
When Sambre shall have chang'd her winding flood;
And children ask, where Namur stood.

Namur, proud city, how her towers were arm'd!

How she contemn'd the approaching foe :
Till she by William's trumpets was alarm'd,
And shook, and sunk, and fell beneath his blow.
Jove and Pallas, mighty powers,
Guided the hero to the hostile towers.

Perseus seem'd less swift in war,
When, wing'd with speed, he flew through air. 180
Embattled nations strive in vain
The hero's glory to restrain :
Streams arm'd with rocks, and mountains red with
fire.

In vain against his force conspire
Behold him from the dreadful height appear !
And lo ! Britannia's lions waving there.

Europe freed, and France repell'd,
The hero from the height beheld :
He spake the word, that war and rage should cease :
He bid the Maese and Rhine in safety flow ; 190
And dictated a lasting peace
To the rejoicing world below :
To rescu'd states, and vindicated crowns,
His equal hand prescrib'd their ancient bounds ;
Ordain'd whom every province should obey ;
How far each monarch should extend his sway :
Taught 'em how clemency made power rever'd ;
And that the prince belov'd was truly fear'd.
Firm by his side unspotted Honour stood,
Pleas'd to confess him not so great as good ; 200
His head with brighter beams fair Virtue deck'd,
Than those which all his numerous crowns reflect :
Establish'd Freedom clapp'd her joyful wings ;
Proclaim'd the first of men, and best of kings.

Whither would the Muse aspire
With Pindar's rage, without his fire?
Pardon me, Janus, 'twas a fault,
Created by too great a thought:
Mindless of the god and day,
I from thy altars, Janus, stray, 210
From thee, and from myself, borne far away
The fiery Pegasus disdains
To mind the rider's voice, or hear the reins:
When glorious fields and opening camps he views;
He runs with an unbounded loose:
Hardly the Muse can sit the headstrong horse:
Nor would she, if she could, check his impetuous
force;
With the glad noise the cliffs and valleys ring;
While she through earth and air pursues the king.

She now beholds him on the Belgic shore; 220
Whilst Britain's tears his ready help implore,
Dissembling for her sake his rising cares,
And with wise silence pondering vengeful wars.

She through the raging ocean now
Views him advancing his auspicious prow;
Combating adverse winds and winter seas,
Sighing the moments that defer our ease;
Daring to wield the sceptre's dangerous weight,
And taking the command, to save the state;
Though ere the doubtful gift can be secur'd, 230
New wars must be sustain'd, new wounds endur'd.

Through rough Irene's camps she sounds alarms,
And kingdoms yet to be redeem'd by arms;
In the dank marshes finds her glorious theme;

And plunges after him thro' Boyne's fierce stream.
She bids the Nereids run with trembling haste,
To tell old Ocean how the Hero past.
The god rebukes their fear, and owns the praise
Worthy that arm, whose empire he obeys.

Back to his Albion she delights to bring 240
The humblest victor, and the kindest king.
Albion with open triumph would receive
Her hero, nor obtains his leave :
Firm he rejects the altars she would raise ;
And thanks the zeal, while he declines the praise.
Again she follows him through Belgia's land,
And countries often sav'd by William's hand ;
Hears joyful nations bless those happy toils,
Which freed the people, but return'd the spoils.
In various views she tries her constant theme ; 250
Finds him in councils, and in arms the same ;
When certain to o'ercome, inclin'd to save,
Tardy to vengeance, and with mercy brave.

Sudden another scene employs her sight ;
She sets her hero in another light :
Paints his great mind superior to success,
Declining conquest, to establish peace ;
She brings Astrea down to earth again,
And quiet, brooding o'er his future reign.

Then with unwearied wing the goddess soars 260
East, over Danube and Propontis' shores ;
Where jarring empires, ready to engage,
Retard their armies, and suspend their rage ;
Till William's word, like that of Fate, declares,

If they shall study peace, or lengthen wars.
How sacred his renown for equal laws,
To whom the world defers its common cause!
How fair his friendships, and his leagues how just,
Whom every nation courts, whom all religions trust!

From the Mæotis to the Northern sea, 270
The goddess wings her desperate way;
Sees the young Muscovite,* the mighty head,
Whose sovereign terror forty nations dread,
Enamour'd with a greater monarch's praise,
And passing half the earth to his embrace:
She in his rule beholds his Volga's force,
O'er precipices with impetuous sway
Breaking, and as he rolls his rapid course,
Drowning, or bearing down, whatever meets his
way.

But her own king she likens to his Thames, 280
With gentle course devolving fruitful streams:
Serene yet strong, majestic yet sedate,
Swift without violence, without terror great.
Each ardent nymph the rising current craves;
Each shepherd's prayer retards the parting waves:
The vales along the bank their sweets disclose:
Fresh flowers for ever rise and fruitful harvest
grows.

Yet whither would th' adventurous goddess go?
Sees she not clouds, and earth, and main below?
Minds she the dangers of the Lycian coast, 290
And fields, where mad Bellerophon was lost?

* Peter the Great.

Or is her towering flight reclaim'd,
By seas from Icarus's downfall nam'd?
Vain is the call, and useless the advice:
To wise persuasion deaf, and human cries,
Yet upwards she incessant flies;
Resolv'd to reach the high empyrean sphere,
And tell great Jove, she sings his image here;
To ask for William an olympic crown,
To Chromius' strength and Theron's speed un-
known: 300
Till, lost in trackless fields of shining day,
Unable to discern the way,
Which Nassau's virtue only could explore,
Untouch'd, unknown, to any Muse before;
She, from the noble precipices thrown,
Comes rushing with uncommon ruin down.
Glorious attempt! unhappy fate!
The song too daring, and the theme too great!
Yet rather thus she wills to die,
Than in continued annals live, to sing 310
A second hero, or a vulgar king;
And with ignoble safety fly
In sight of earth, along a middle sky.

To Janus' altars, and the numerous throng,
That round his mystic temple press,
For William's life, and Albion's peace,
Ambitious Muse reduce the roving song.
Janus, cast thy forward eye
Future, into great Rhea's pregnant womb;
Where young ideas brooding lie, 320
And tender images of things to come:
Till by thy high commands releas'd,

Till by thy hand in proper atoms dress'd,
 In decent order they advance to light;
 Yet then too swiftly fleet by human sight;
 And meditate too soon their everlasting flight.

Nor beaks of ships in naval triumph borne,
 Nor standards from the hostile ramparts torn,
 Nor trophies brought from battles won,
 Nor oaken wreath, nor mural crown, 330

Can any future honours give
 To the victorious monarch's name:
 The plenitude of William's fame

Can no accumulated stores receive.
 Shut then, auspicious god, thy sacred gate,
 And make us happy, as our king is great.

Be kind, and with a milder hand,
 Closing the volume of the finish'd age,
 (Though noble, 'twas an iron page)

A more delightful leaf expand, 340
 Free from alarms, and fierce Bellona's rage:
 Bid the great months begin their joyful round,
 By Flora some, and some by Ceres crown'd;
 Teach the glad hours to scatter as they fly,
 Soft quiet, gentle love, and endless joy:
 Lead forth the years for peace and plenty fam'd,
 From Saturn's rule, and better metal nam'd.

Secure by William's care let Britain stand;

Nor dread the bold invader's hand:
 From adverse shores in safety let her hear 350
 Foreign calamity, and distant war;
 Of which let her, great Heaven, no portion bear!
 Betwixt the nations let her hold the scale,

And as she wills, let either part prevail :
 Let her glad valleys smile with wavy corn :
 Let fleecy flocks her rising hills adorn :
 Around her coast let strong defence be spread :
 Let fair abundance on her breast be shed :
 And heavenly sweets bloom round the goddess' head.

Where the white towers and ancient roofs did stand,
 Remains of Wolsey's,* or great Henry's hand, 361
 To age now yielding, or devour'd by flame ;
 Let a young phoenix raise her towering head ;
 Her wings with lengthen'd honour let her spread ;
 And by her greatness show her builder's fame :
 August and open, as the hero's mind,
 Be her capacious courts design'd :
 Let every sacred pillar bear
 Trophies of arms, and monuments of war.
 The king shall there in Parian marble breathe, 370
 His shoulder bleeding fresh : and at his feet
 Disarm'd shall lie the threatening Death :
 (For so was saving Jove's decree complete.)
 Behind, that angel shall be plac'd, whose shield
 Sav'd Europe in the blow repell'd :
 On the firm basis, from his oozy bed
 Boyne shall raise his laurell'd head ;
 And his immortal stream be known,
 Artfully waving through the wounded stone.

* Whitehall, once belonging to the Archbishop of York. It was taken from Cardinal Wolsey by Henry the 8th, who made great improvements therein, and converted it into a royal palace. In 1698 the whole of it, except the Banqueting House, was destroyed by fire, and has not since been rebuilt.

And thou, imperial Windsor, stand enlarg'd, 380
 With all the monarch's trophies charg'd :
 Thou, the fair Heaven, that dost the stars inclose,
 Which William's bosom wears, or hand bestows
 On the great champions who support his throne,
 And virtues nearest to his own.

Round Ormond's knee, thou tiest the mystic string,
 That makes the knight companion to the king.
 From glorious camps return'd, and foreign fields,
 Bowing before thy sainted warrior's shrine,
 Fast by his great forefather's coats, and shields 390
 Blazon'd from Bohun's, or from Butler's line,
 He hangs his arms; nor fears those arms should shine
 With an unequal ray; or that his deed

With paler glory should recede,
 Eclips'd by theirs, or lessen'd by the fame
 E'en of his own maternal Nassau's name.

Thou smiling see'st great Dorset's worth confest,
 The ray distinguishing the patriot's breast :
 Born to protect and love, to help and please ;
 Sovereign of wit, and ornament of peace. 400
 O ! long as breath informs this fleeting frame,
 Ne'er let me pass in silence Dorset's name ;
 Ne'er cease to mention the continued debt,
 Which the great patron only would forget,
 And duty, long as life, must study to acquit.

Renown'd in thy records shall Ca'ndish stand,
 Asserting legal power, and just command :
 To the great house thy favour shall be shown,
 The father's star transmissive to the son.

From thee the Talbot's and the Seymour's race
Inform'd, their sires' immortal steps shall trace:

Happy, may their sons receive 412
The bright reward, which thou alone canst give.

And if a god these lucky numbers guide ;

If sure Apollo o'er the verse preside ;

Jersey, belov'd by all (for all must feel

The influence of a form and mind,
Where comely grace and constant virtue dwell,
Like mingled streams, more forcible when join'd)—

Jersey shall at thy altars stand ; 420

Shall there receive the azure band,
That fairest mark of favour and of fame,

Familiar to the Villiers' name.

Science to raise, and knowledge to enlarge,

Be our great master's future charge ;
To write his own memoirs, and leave his heirs
High schemes of government, and plans of wars ;
By fair rewards our noble youth to raise

To emulous merit, and to thirst of praise ;
To lead them out from ease ere opening dawn, 430

Through the thick forest and the distant lawn,
Where the fleet stag employs their ardent care,
And chases give them images of war.

To teach them vigilance by false alarms ;

Inure them in feign'd camps to real arms ;

Practise them now to curb the turning steed,

Mocking the foe ; now to his rapid speed

To give the rein, and in the full career,

To draw the certain sword, or send the pointed spear.

Let him unite his subjects' hearts, 340
 Planting societies for peaceful arts ;
 Some that in nature shall true knowledge found ;
 And by experiment make precept sound ;
 Some that to morals shall recall the age,
 And purge from vicious dross the sinking stage ;
 Some that with care true eloquence shall teach,
 And to just idioms fix our doubtful speech :
 That from our writers distant realms may know,
 The thanks we to our monarch owe ;
 And schools profess our tongue through every land,
 That has invok'd his aid, or blest his hand. 351

Let his high power the drooping Muses rear,
 The Muses only can reward his care :
 'Tis they that guard the great Atrides' spoils ;
 'Tis they that still renew Ulysses' toils :
 To them by smiling Jove 'twas given, to save
 Distinguish'd patriots from the common grave ;
 To them, great William's glory to recall,
 When statues moulder, and when arches fall.
 Nor let the Muses, with ungrateful pride, 360
 The sources of their treasure hide :
 The Hero's virtue does the string inspire,
 When with big joy they strike the living lyre :
 On William's fame their fate depends :
 With him the song begins : with him it ends.
 From the bright effluence of his deed
 They borrow that reflected light,
 With which the lasting lamp they feed,
 Whose beams dispel the damps of envious night.

Through various climes, and to each distant pole, 370

In happy tides let active commerce roll :
 Let Britain's ships export an annual fleece,
 Richer than Argos brought to ancient Greece :
 Returning laden with the shining stores,
 Which lie profuse on either India's shores.
 As our high vessels pass their watery way,
 Let all the naval world due homage pay ;
 With hasty reverence their top-honours lower,
 Confessing the asserted power,
 To whom by fate 'twas given, with happy sway 380
 To calm the earth, and vindicate the sea.

Our prayers are heard, our master's fleets shall go
 As far as winds can bear, or waters flow,
 New lands to make, new Indies to explore,
 In worlds unknown to plant Britannia's power ;
 Nations yet wild by precept to reclaim,
 And teach them arms, and arts, in William's name.

With humble joy, and with respectful fear
 The listening people shall his story hear,
 The wounds he bore, the dangers he sustain'd, 390
 How far he conquer'd, and how well he reign'd ;
 Shall own his mercy equal to his fame,
 And form their children's accents to his name,
 Enquiring how, and when from Heaven he came.
 Their regal tyrants shall with blushes hide
 Their little lusts of arbitrary pride,
 Nor bear to see their vassals tied ;
 When William's virtues raise their opening thought,
 His forty years for public freedom fought,
 Europe by his hand sustain'd,

His conquest by his piety restrain'd,
And o'er himself the last great triumph gain'd.

No longer shall their wretched zeal adore
Ideas of destructive power,
Spirits that hurt, and godheads that devour :
New incense they shall bring, new altars raise,
And fill their temples with a stranger's praise ;
When the great father's character they find
Visibly stamp'd upon the hero's mind ;
And own a present Deity confest, 410
In valour that preserv'd, and power that blest.

Through the large convex of the azure sky
(For thither nature casts our common eye)
Fierce meteors shoot their arbitrary light :
And comets march with lawless horror bright :
These hear no rule, no righteous order own ;
Their influence dreaded as their ways unknown :
Through threaten'd lands they wild destruction
throw,

Till ardent prayer averts the public woe :
But the bright orb that blesses all above, 420
The sacred fire, the real son of Jove,
Rules not his actions by capricious will ;
Nor by ungovern'd power declines to ill :
Fix'd by just laws he goes for ever right :
Man knows his course, and thence adores his
light.

O Janus ! would intreated Fate conspire
To grant what Britain's wishes could require ;

Above, that sun should cease his way to go,
Ere William cease to rule, and bless below :

But a relentless destiny 430

Urges all that e'er was born :

Snatch'd from her arms, Britannia once must mourn
The demi-god : the earthly half must die.

Yet if our incense can your wrath remove ;

If human prayers avail on minds above ;

Exert, great god, thy interest in the sky ;

Gain each kind Power, each guardian Deity ;

That conquer'd by the public vow,

They bear the dismal mischief far away : .

O ! long as utmost nature may allow, 440

Let them retard the threaten'd day !

Still be our master's life thy happy care :

Still let his blessings with his years increase :

To his laborious youth consum'd in war,

Add lasting age, adorn'd and crown'd with peace :

Let twisted olive bind those laurels fast,

Whose verdure must for ever last !

Long let this growing era bless his sway :

And let our sons his present rule obey :

On his sure virtue long let earth rely : 450

And late let the imperial eagle fly,

To bear the hero through his father's sky,

To Leda's twins, or he whose glorious speed,

On foot prevail'd, or he who tamed the steed ;

To Hercules, at length absolv'd by Fate

From earthly toil, and above envy great :

To Virgil's theme, bright Cytherea's son,

Sire of the Latian, and the British throne :

To all the radiant names above,


Rever'd by men, and dear to Jove. 460
 Late, Janus, let the Nassau-star,
 New-born, in rising majesty appear,
 To triumph over vanquish'd night,
 And guide the prosperous mariner
 With everlasting beams of friendly light.

AN ODE.

INSCRIBED TO THE MEMORY OF THE HONOURABLE
 COLONEL GEORGE VILLIERS,*

DROWNED IN THE RIVER PIAVA, IN THE COUNTRY
 OF FRIULI, MDCCIII. IN IMITATION OF
 HORACE, ODE 28, LIB. I.

*Te maris et terræ numeroque carentis arenæ
 Mensorem cohibent, Archyta, &c.*

AY, dearest Villiers, poor departed friend,
 (Since fleeting life thus suddenly must
 end)
 Say, what did all thy busy hopes avail,
 That anxious thou from pole to pole didst sail;
 Ere on thy chin the springing beard began

* Colonel George Villiers was in the marine service. When this accident happened to him he was accompanied by William Courtenay, Esq., son of Sir William Courtenay, a captain in his regiment, and both shared the same fate. They had been out on an excursion to see the country.

To spread a doubtful down, and promise man?
What profited thy thoughts, and toils, and cares,
In vigour more confirm'd, and riper years?
To wake ere morning dawn to loud alarms,
And march till close of night in heavy arms; 10
To scorn the summer suns and winter snows,
And search through every clime thy country's foes!
That thou mightst Fortune to thy side engage;
That gentle Peace might quell Bellona's rage;
And Anna's bounty crown her soldier's hoary age?

In vain we think that free-will'd man has power
To hasten or protract th' appointed hour.
Our term of life depends not on our deed:
Before our birth our funeral was decreed.
Nor aw'd by foresight, nor misled by chance, 20
Imperious Death directs his ebon lance;
Peoples great Henry's tombs, and leads up Hol-
bein's dance.

Alike must every state, and every age
Sustain the universal tyrant's rage:
For neither William's power, nor Mary's charms,
Could, or repel, or pacify his arms:
Young Churchill* fell, as life began to bloom:
And Bradford's† trembling age expects the tomb.
Wisdom and eloquence in vain would plead
One moment's respite for the learned head: 30
Judges of writings and of men have died;

* John Churchill, Marquis of Blandford, only son of John, Duke of Marlborough by Sarah his duchess. He died 10th March, 1702, aged 16, and was buried in King's College chapel, Cambridge.

† Francis Newport, Earl of Bradford. He died 19th September, 1708.

Mæcenæ, Sackville, Socrates, and Hyde :
And in their various turns the sons must tread
Those gloomy journeys which their sires have led.

The ancient sage, who did so long maintain,
That bodies die, but souls return again,
With all the births and deaths he had in store,
Went out Pythagoras, and came no more.
And modern Asgyll,* whose capricious thought
Is yet with stores of wilder notions fraught, 40
Too soon convinc'd, shall yield that fleeting breath,
Which play'd so idly with the darts of death.

Some from the stranded vessel force their way ;
Fearful of Fate, they meet it in the sea :
Some who escape the fury of the wave,
Sicken on earth, and sink into a grave :
In journeys or at home, in war or peace,
By hardships many, many fall by ease.
Each changing season does its poison bring,
Rheums chill the winter, agues blast the spring: 50

* John Asgyll, Esq. a lawyer of some eminence, but more remarkable for the very extraordinary publication here alluded to. He was a member of the English parliament for Bramber in Sussex. In the year 1700 he published a treatise, entitled, "An argument proving that according to the covenant of eternal life revealed in the scriptures, man may be translated hence into that eternal life without passing through death, although the human nature of Christ Himself could not be thus translated till He had passed through death." Being involved in many perplexing lawsuits, and much reduced in his circumstances, the House of Commons made this pamphlet a pretence for expelling him in September, 1707. His affairs afterwards continued to grow worse, and he passed the remainder of his life in the rules of the King's Bench, or Fleet. He died within the former on the 10th of November 1738, when he was considerably above fourscore years of age.

Wet, dry, cold, hot, at the appointed hour,
All act subservient to the tyrant's power :
And when obedient nature knows his will,
A fly, a grapestone, or a hair can kill.

For restless Proserpine for ever treads
In paths unseen, o'er our devoted heads ;
And on the spacious land, and liquid main,
Spreads slow disease, or darts afflictive pain :
Variety of deaths confirms her endless reign.

On curst Piava's banks the goddess stood, 60
Show'd her dire warrant to the rising flood ;
When what I long must love, and long must mourn,
With fatal speed was urging his return ;
In his dear country to disperse his care,
And arm himself by rest for future war ;
To chide his anxious friends' officious fears,
And promise to their joys his elder years.

Oh ! destin'd head ; and oh ! severe decree ;
Nor native country thou, nor friend shalt see :
Nor war hast thou to wage, nor year to come : 70
Impending death is thine, and instant doom.

Hark ! the imperious goddess is obey'd :
Winds murmur ; snows descend ; and waters spread :
Oh ! kinsman, friend—Oh ! vain are all the cries
Of human voice ; strong destiny replies :
Weep you on earth : for he shall sleep below :
Thence none return ; and thither all must go.

Whoe'er thou art, whom choice or business leads
To this sad river, or the neighbouring meads ;
If thou mayst happen on the dreary shores 80
To find the object which this verse deplures ;
Cleanse the pale corpse with a religious hand
From the polluting weed and common sand ;

Lay the dead hero graceful in a grave ;
 (The only honour he can now receive)
 And fragrant mould upon his body throw :
 And plant the warrior laurel o'er his brow :
 Light lie the earth ; and flourish green the bough.

So may just Heaven secure thy future life
 From foreign dangers, and domestic strife ! 90
 And when the infernal judge's dismal power
 From the dark urn shall throw thy destin'd hour ;
 When yielding to the sentence, breathless thou
 And pale shalt lie, as what thou buriest now ;
 May some kind friend the piteous object see,
 And equal rites perform to that which once was thee.

PROLOGUE,

SPOKEN AT COURT BEFORE THE QUEEN, ON HER
 MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, MDCCIV.



HINE forth, ye planets, with dis-
 tinguish'd light,
 As when ye hallow'd first this happy
 night :

Again transmit your friendly beams to earth :
 As when Britannia joy'd for Anna's birth :
 And thou, propitious star, whose sacred power
 Presided o'er the monarch's natal hour,
 Thy radiant voyages for ever run,
 Yielding to none but Cynthia, and the Sun :

With thy fair aspect still illustrate Heaven :
Kindly preserve what thou hast greatly given : 10
Thy influence for thy Anna we implore ;
Prolong one life ; and Britain asks no more :
For Virtue can no ampler power express,
Than to be great in war, and good in peace :
For thought no higher wish of bliss can frame,
Than to enjoy that virtue still the same.
Entire and sure the monarch's rule must prove,
Who founds her greatness on her subjects' love ;
Who does our homage for our good require ;
And orders that which we should first desire : 20
Our vanquish'd wills that pleasing force obey,
Her goodness takes our liberty away,
And haughty Britain yields to arbitrary sway.

Let the young Austrian then her terrors bear,
Great as he is, her delegate in war :
Let him in thunder speak to both his Spains,
That in these dreadful isles a woman reigns.
While the bright queen does on her subjects shower
The gentle blessings of her softer power ;
Gives sacred morals to a vicious age, 30
To temples zeal, and manners to the stage ;
Bids the chaste Muse without a blush appear ;
And wit be that which Heaven and she may hear.

Minerva thus to Perseus lent her shield ;
Secure of conquest, sent him to the field :
The hero acted what the queen ordain'd :
So was his fame complete, and Andromede un-
chain'd.

Meantime amidst her native temples sate
The goddess, studious of her Grecian's fate,
Taught them in laws and letters to excel, 40

In acting justly, and in writing well.
 Thus whilst she did her various power dispose ;
 The world was freed from tyrants, wars, and woes :
 Virtue was taught in verse, and Athens' glory rose.

A LETTER

TO MONSIEUR BOILEAU DESPREAUX, OCCASIONED BY
 THE VICTORY AT BLENHEIM, MDCCIV.

— Cupidum, pater optime, vires
 Deficiunt : neque enim quivis horientia pilis
 Agmina, nec fiactâ pereuntes cuspide Gallos.
 HOR. Sat. I, L. 2.



SINCE hir'd for life, thy servile Muse
 must sing

Successive conquests, and a glorious
 king ;

Must of a man immortal vainly boast,
 And bring him laurels, whatsoe'er they cost :
 What turn wilt thou employ, what colours lay
 On the event of that superior day,
 In which one English subject's prosperous hand
 (So Jove did will ; so Anna did command) ;
 Broke the proud column of thy master's praise,
 Which sixty winters had conspir'd to raise ? 10

From the lost field a hundred standards brought
 Must be the work of Chance, and Fortune's fault :
 Bavaria's stars must be accus'd, which shone
 That fatal day the mighty work was done,
 With rays oblique upon the Gallie sun.

Some demon envying France misled the fight;
And Mars mistook, though Louis order'd right.

When thy * young Muse invok'd the tuneful Nine,
To say how Louis did not pass the Rhine,
What work had we with Wageningen, Arnheim,
Places that could not be reduc'd to rhyme? 21
And though the poet made his last efforts,
Wurts—who could mention in heroic—Wurts?
But, tell me, hast thou reason to complain
Of the rough triumphs of the last campaign?
The Danube rescued, and the empire sav'd,
Say, is the majesty of verse retriev'd?
And would it prejudice thy softer vein,
To sing the princes, Louis and Eugene?
Is it too hard in happy verse to place 30
The Vans and Vanders of the Rhine and Maes?
Her warriors Anna sends from Tweed and Thames,
That France may fall by more harmonious names.
Canst thou not Hamilton or Lumley bear?
Would Ingoldsby or Palmes offend thy ear?
And is there not a sound in Marlborough's name,
Which thou, and all thy brethren ought to claim,
Sacred to verse, and sure of endless fame?

Cutts is in metre something harsh to read:
Place me the valiant Gouram in his stead: 40
Let the intention make the number good:
Let generous Sylvius speak for honest Wood.
And though rough Churchill scarce in verse will
stand,

So as to have one rhyme at his command:
With ease the bard reciting Blenheim's plain,

* Epistre 4. du Sr. Boileau Despreaux au Roy.
En vain, pour te louer, &c.

May close the verse, remembering but the Dane.

I grant, old friend, old foe, (for such we are
Alternate, as the chance of peace and war)
That we poetic folks, who must restrain
Our measur'd sayings in an equal chain, 50
Have troubles utterly unknown to those,
Who let their fancy loose in rambling prose,

For instance now, how hard is it for me
To make my matter and my verse agree !
“ In one great day on Hochstet's fatal plain,
French and Bavarians twenty thousand slain ;
Push'd through the Danube to the shores of Styx
Squadrons eighteen, battalions twenty-six :
Officers captive made and private men,
Of these twelve hundred, of those thousands ten.
Tents, ammunition, colours, carriages, 61
Cannon, and kettle-drums ! ” — sweet numbers these.
But is it thus you English bards compose ?
With Runic lays thus tag insipid prose ?
And when you should your heroes' deeds rehearse,
Give us a commissary's list in verse ?

Why, faith ! Despreaux, there's sense in what
you say :

I told you where my difficulty lay :
So vast, so numerous were great Blenheim's spoils,
They scorn the bounds of verse, and mock the

Muse's toils. 70

To make the rough recital aptly chime,
Or bring the sum of Gallia's loss to rhyme,
'Tis mighty hard : what poet would essay
To count the streamers of my Lord Mayor's-day ?
To number all the several dishes drest
By honest Lamb, last coronation feast ?

Or make arithmetic and epic meet,
And Newton's thoughts in Dryden's style repeat?

O Poet, had it been Apollo's will,
That I had shar'd a portion of thy skill: 80
Had this poor breast receiv'd the heavenly beam;
Or could I hope my verse might reach my theme;
Yet, Boileau, yet the labouring Muse should strive,
Beneath the shades of Marlborough's wreaths to live:
Should call aspiring gods to bless her choice;
And to their favourite strains exalt her voice,
Arms and a queen to sing; who, great and good,
From peaceful Thames to Danube's wandering
flood,

Sent forth the terror of her high commands,
To save the nations from invading hands, 90
To prop fair Liberty's declining cause,
And fix the jarring world with equal laws.

The queen should sit in Windsor's sacred grove,
Attended by the gods of war and love:
Both should with equal zeal her smiles implore,
To fix her joys, or to extend her power.

Sudden, the Nymphs and Tritons should appear;
And as great Anna's smiles dispel their fear,
With active dance should her observance claim;
With vocal shell should sound her happy name. 100
Their master Thames should leave the neighb'ring
shore,

By his strong anchor known, and silver oar;
Should lay his ensigns at his sovereign's feet,
And audience mild with humble grace entreat.

To her, his dear defence, he should complain,
That whilst he blesses her indulgent reign;
Whilst furthest seas are by his fleets survey'd,

And on his happy banks each India laid;
 His brethren Maese, and Waal, and Rhine, and Saar,
 Feel the hard burthen of oppressive war: 110
 That Danube scarce retains his rightful course
 Against two rebel armies' neighbouring force:
 And all must weep sad captives to the Seine,
 Unless unchain'd and freed by Britain's queen.

The valiant sovereign calls her general forth;
 Neither recites her bounty, nor his worth:
 She tells him, he must Europe's fate redeem,
 And by that labour merit her esteem:
 She bids him wait her to the sacred hall;
 Shows him prince Edward, and the conquer'd Gaul;
 Fixing the bloody cross upon his breast, 121
 Says, he must die, or succour the distress'd:
 Placing the saint an emblem by his side,
 She tells him Virtue arm'd must conquer lawless
 Pride.

The hero bows obedient, and retires:
 The queen's commands exalt the warrior's fires.
 His steps are to the silent woods inclin'd,
 The great design revolving in his mind:
 When to his sight a heavenly form appears:
 Her hand a palm, her head a laurel wears. 130

Me, she begins, the fairest child of Jove,
 Below for ever sought, and bless'd above;
 Me, the bright source of wealth, and power, and
 fame;

(Nor need I say, Victoria is my name)
 Me the great father down to thee has sent:
 He bids me wait at thy distinguish'd tent,
 To execute what Anna's wish would have:
 Her subject thou, I only am her slave.

Dare then, thou much belov'd by smiling fate,
For Anna's sake, and in her name, be great: 140
Go forth, and be to distant nations known,
My future favourite, and my darling son.
At Schellenburgh I'll manifest sustain
Thy glorious cause; and spread my wings again,
Conspicuous o'er thy helm, in Blenheim's plain.

The goddess said, nor would admit reply;
But cut the liquid air, and gain'd the sky.

His high commission is through Britain known:
And thronging armies to his standard run.
He marches thoughtful, and he speedy sails: 150
(Bless him, ye seas! and prosper him, ye gales!)
Belgia receives him welcome to her shores,
And William's death with lessen'd grief deplores:
His presence only must retrieve that loss;
Marlborough to her must be what William was.
So when great Atlas, from these low abodes
Recall'd, was gather'd to his kindred-gods;
Alcides respited by prudent fate,
Sustain'd the ball, nor droop'd beneath the weight.

Secret and swift behold the chief advance; 160
Sees half the empire join'd, and friend to France:
The British general dooms the fight; his sword
Dreadful he draws: the captains wait the word.
Anne and St. George! the charging hero cries:
Shrill echo from the neighbouring wood replies
Anne and St. George.—At that auspicious sign
The standards move; the adverse armies join.
Of eight great hours, Time measures out the sands;
And Europe's fate in doubtful balance stands;
The ninth, Victoria comes:—o'er Marlborough's

head

Confess'd she sits ; the hostile troops recede :
Triumphs the goddess, from her promise freed.

The eagle, by the British lion's might
Unchain'd and free, directs her upward flight :
Nor did she e'er with stronger pinions soar
From Tyber's banks, than now from Danube's shore.

Fir'd with the thoughts which these ideas raise,
And great ambition of my country's praise ;
The English Muse should like the Mantuan rise,
Scornful of earth and clouds, should reach the skies,
With wonder (though with envy still) pursued by
human eyes. 181

But we must change the style. Just now I said,
I ne'er was master of the tuneful trade ;
Or the small genius which my youth could boast,
In prose and business lies extinct and lost.
Bless'd if I may some younger muse excite,
Point out the game, and animate the flight ;
That from Marseilles to Calais, France may know,
As we have conquerors, we have poets too ;
And either laurel does in Britain grow ; 190
That, though amongst ourselves, with too much
heat,

We sometimes wrangle, when we should debate ;
(A consequential ill which freedom draws ;
A bad effect, but from a noble cause ;)
We can with universal zeal advance,
To curb the faithless arrogance of France ;
Nor ever shall Britannia's sons refuse
To answer to thy master or thy muse ;
Nor want just subject for victorious strains ; 199
While Marlborough's arm eternal laurels gains ;
And where old Spenser sung, a new Eliza reigns.

FOR THE PLAN OF A FOUNTAIN,

On which are the Effigies of the Queen on a Triumphal Arch, the Duke of Marlborough beneath, and the chief Rivers of the World round the whole Work.



YE active streams, where'er your waters
flow,
Let distant climes and furthest nations
know,
What ye from Thames and Danube have been
taught,
How Anne commanded, and how Marlborough
fought.

Quacunque æterno properatis, flumina, lapsu,
Divisis latè terris, populisque remotis,
Dicite, nam vobis Tamisis narravit et Ister,
Anna quid imperiis potuit, quid Marlburus armis.

THE CHAMELEON.



AS the Chameleon, who is known
To have no colours of his own;
But borrows from his neighbour's hue
His white or black, his green or blue;
And struts as much in ready light,
Which credit gives him upon sight:

As if the rainbow were in tail
Settled on him, and his heirs male ;
So the young squire, when first he comes
From country school to Will's or Tom's :* 10
And equally, in truth, is fit
To be a statesman or a wit ;
Without one notion of his own,
He saunters wildly up and down ;
Till some acquaintance, good or bad,
Takes notice of a staring lad ;
Admits him in among the gang :
They jest, reply, dispute, harangue ;
He acts and talks, as they befriend him,
Smear'd with the colours which they lend him. 20

Thus merely, as his fortune chances,
His merit or his vice advances.

If haply he the sect pursues,
That read and comment upon news ;
He takes up their mysterious face :
He drinks his coffee without lace.
This week his mimic-tongue runs o'er
What they have said the week before ;
His wisdom sets all Europe right,
And teaches Marlborough when to fight. 30

Or if it be his fate to meet
With folks who have more wealth than wit ;
He loves cheap port, and double bub ;
And settles in the hum-drum club :
He learns how stocks will fall or rise ;
Holds poverty the greatest vice ;
Thinks wit the bane of conversation ;

* Two celebrated coffee-houses.

And says that learning spoils a nation.

But if, at first, he minds his hits,
And drinks champagne among the wits; 40
Five deep he toasts the towering lasses;
Repeats you verses wrote on glasses;
Is in the chair; prescribes the law;
And lies with those he never saw.

MERRY ANDREW.




LY Merry Andrew, the last Southwark
fair

(At Barthol'mew he did not much ap-
pear :

So peevish was the edict of the Mayor)
At Southwark therefore as his tricks he show'd,
To please our masters, and his friends the crowd;
A huge neat's tongue he in his right hand held:
His left was with a good black pudding fill'd.
With a grave look, in this odd equipage,
The clownish mimic traverses the stage:
Why how now, Andrew! cries his brother droll,
To-day's conceit, methinks, is something dull: 11
Come on, Sir, to our worthy friends explain,
What does your emblematic worship mean?
Quoth Andrew; Honest English let us speak:
Your emble—(what d'ye call't) is heathen Greek.
To tongue or pudding thou hast no pretence:
Learning thy talent is, but mine is sense.
That busy fool I was, which thou art now;
Desirous to correct, not knowing how:

With very good design, but little wit,
 Blaming or praising things, as I thought fit.
 I for this conduct had what I deserv'd ;
 And dealing honestly, was almost starv'd.
 But, thanks to my indulgent stars, I eat ;
 Since I have found the secret to be great.
 O, dearest Andrew, says the humble droll,
 Henceforth may I obey, and thou control ;
 Provided thou impart thy useful skill.—
 Bow then, says Andrew ; and, for once, I will.—
 Be of your patron's mind, whate'er he says ;
 Sleep very much ; think little ; and talk less ;
 Mind neither good nor bad, nor right nor wrong,
 But eat your pudding, slave ; and hold your tongue
 A reverend prelate stopp'd his coach and six,
 To laugh a little at our Andrew's tricks.
 But when he heard him give this golden rule,
 Drive on (he cried) ; this fellow is no fool.

A SIMILE.


 EAR Thomas, didst thou never pop
 Thy head into a tin-man's shop ?
 There, Thomas, didst thou never see
 ('Tis but by way of simile)

A squirrel spend his little rage,
 In jumping round a rolling cage ?
 The cage, as either side turn'd up,
 Striking a ring of bells a-top ?—


Mov'd in the orb, pleas'd with the chimes,
 The foolish creature thinks he climbs :

But here or there, turn wood or wire,
He never gets two inches higher.

So fares it with those merry blades,
That frisk it under Pindus' shades.
In noble songs, and lofty odes,
They tread on stars, and talk with gods;
Still dancing in an airy round,
Still pleas'd with their own verses' sound;
Brought back, how fast soe'er they go,
Always aspiring, always low.

20

THE FLIES.

AY, sire of insects, mighty Sol,
(A Fly upon the chariot pole
Cries out,) what Blue-bottle alive
Did ever with such fury drive?
Tell Belzebub, great father, tell,
(Says t'other, perch'd upon the wheel,)
Did ever any mortal Fly
Raise such a cloud of dust as I?

My judgment turn'd the whole debate:
My valour sav'd the sinking state.
So talk two idle buzzing things;
Toss up their heads, and stretch their wings.
But let the truth to light be brought:
This neither spoke, nor t'other fought:
No merit in their own behaviour:
Both rais'd, but by their party's favour.

10

A PARAPHRASE FROM THE FRENCH.



N grey-hair'd Celia's wither'd arms
 As mighty Lewis lay,
 She cried, "If I have any charms,
 My dearest, let's away!
 For you, my love, is all my fear,
 Hark how the drums do rattle;
 Alas, sir! what should you do here
 In dreadful day of battle?
 Let little Orange stay and fight,
 For danger's his diversion;
 The wise will think you in the right,
 Not to expose your person:
 Nor vex your thoughts how to repair
 The ruins of your glory;
 You ought to leave so mean a care
 To those who pen your story.
 Are not Boileau and Corneille paid
 For panegyric writing?
 They know how heroes may be made
 Without the help of fighting.
 When foes too saucily approach,
 'Tis best to leave them fairly;
 Put six good horses in your coach,
 And carry me to Marly.
 Let Boufflers, to secure your fame,
 Go take some town, or buy it;
 Whilst you, great sir, at Notre Dame,
 Te Deum sing in quiet!"

10

20

FROM THE GREEK.

GREAT Bacchus, born in thunder and in fire,
 By native heat asserts his dreadful sire.
 Nourish'd near shady rills and cooling
 streams,

He to the nymphs avows his amorous flames.
 To all the brethren at the Bell and Vine,
 The moral says; mix water with your wine.

EPIGRAM.

FRANK carves very ill, yet will palm all the
 meats:
 He eats more than six; and drinks more
 than he eats.

Four pipes after dinner he constantly smokes;
 And seasons his whiffs with impertinent jokes.
 Yet sighing, he says, we must certainly break;
 And my cruel unkindness compells him to speak;
 For of late I invite him—but four times a week.

ANOTHER.

TO John I ow'd great obligation;
 But John unhappily thought fit
 To publish it to all the nation:
 Sure John and I are more than quit.

ANOTHER.

YES, every poet is a fool :
 By demonstration Ned can show it :
 Happy, could Ned's inverted rule
 Prove every fool to be a poet.

ANOTHER.

THY nags, (the leanest things alive)
 So very hard thou lov'st to drive ;
 I heard thy anxious coachman say,
 It costs thee more in whips than hay.

TO A PERSON WHO WROTE ILL,
 AND SPOKE WORSE AGAINST ME.

LIE, Philo, untouch'd on my peaceable shelf;
 Nor take it amiss, that so little I heed
 thee :

I've no envy to thee, and some love to myself :
 Then why should I answer ; since first I must
 read thee ?

Drunk with Helicon's waters and double brew'd
 bub,
 Be a linguist, a poet, a critic, a wag ;

To the solid delight of thy well-judging club,
 To the damage alone of thy bookseller Brag.
 Pursue me with satire: what harm is there in't?
 But from all viva voce reflection forbear: 10
 There can be no danger from what thou shalt print:
 There may be a little from what thou may'st
 swear.

ON THE SAME PERSON.

WHILE, faster than his costive brain in-
 dites,
 Philo's quick hand in flowing letters
 writes;

His case appears to me like honest Teague's,
 When he was run away with, by his legs.
 Phœbus, give Philo o'er himself command;
 Quicken his senses, or restrain his hand;
 Let him be kept from paper, pen, and ink:
 So may he cease to write, and learn to think.

“QUID SIT FUTURUM CRAS FUGE
 QUÆRERE.”

FOR what to-morrow shall disclose,
 May spoil what you to-night propose:
 England may change, or Cloe stray:
 Love and life are for to-day.

A BALLAD OF
THE NOTBROWNE MAYDE.*

A.

BE it ryght, or wrong, these men among
on women do complayne;
Affyrmynge this—how that it is a la-
bour spent in vayne
To love them wele; for never a dele they love a
man agayne:
For late a man do what he can, theyr favour to
attayne,

* This ancient poem was originally printed in an old black letter book, intituled, *The Customes of London* or *Arnolde's Chronicle*, which Mr. Capell supposes appeared about the year 1521. According to that gentleman's opinion—"It was certainly written in the beginning of the sixteenth century, and not sooner: the curious in these matters, who shall conceive a doubt of what is here asserted through remembrance of what he has seen advanced by a poet of late days, is desired to look into the works of the great Sir Thomas More, and particularly into a poem that stands at the head of them, and from thence receive conviction; if sameness of rhymes, sameness of orthography, and a very near affinity of words and phrases be capable of giving it." The 'poet of late days' mentioned above, is certainly Mr. Prior, who in the edition of his poems published in 1718, had asserted it to have been written three hundred years since. What led him to that mistaken notion, was probably a writer in the *Muses' Mercury* for June 1707, who conjectures that it was written about the year 1472. The same writer says, and the ballad seems to confirm it, that the persons represented are a young Lord, the Earl of Westmoreland's son, and a lady of equal quality. The copy from which this poem hath hitherto been printed being very inaccurate, it is here given according to that published by Mr. Capell.

Yet, yf a newe do them pursue, theyr fyrst true
 lover than
 Laboureth for nought; for from her thought he is
 a banyshed man.

B.

I say nat, nay, but that all day it is bothe writ
 and sayd,
 That womens fayth is, as who sayth, all utterly
 decayed:
 But, neverthesse, ryght good wytnesse in this
 case might be layed,
 That they love true, and continè; recorde the
 notbrowne mayde; 10
 Which, when her love came, her to prove, to her
 to make his mone,
 Wolde nat depart; for in her hart she loved but
 hym alone.

A.

Than betwayne us late us dyscus what was all the
 manère
 Betwayne them two: we wyll also tell all the payne,
 and fere,
 That she was in: nowe I begyn, so that ye me
 ansuere;—
 Wherefore, all ye, that present be, I pray you give
 an ere:—
 I am the knyght; I come by nyght, as secret as
 I can;
 Sayinge, Alas, thus standeth the case, I am a ba-
 nyshed man.

B.

And I your wyll for to fulfyll in this wyll nat refuse;
 Trustynge to shewe in wordes fewe, that men have
 na yll use 20
 (To theyr own shame) women to blame, and cause-
 lesse them accuse:
 Therefore to you I answeare now, all women to ex-
 cuse,—
 Myne owne hart dere, with you what chere? I pray
 you, tell anone;
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but you
 alone.

A

It standeth so; a dede is do, whereof grete harme
 shall growe:
 My destiny is for to dy a shamefull deth, I trowe;
 Or elles to fle: the one must be; none other way
 I knowe,
 But to withdrawe as an outlawe, and take me to
 my bowe.
 Wherefore, adue, my owne hart true! none other
 rede I can;
 For I must to the grene wode go, alone, a banyshed
 man. 30

B.

O Lorde, what is this worldys blysse, that chaungeth
 as the mone!
 The somers day in lusty May is derked before the
 none.—
 I here you say, farewell; nay, nay, we départ nat
 so sone:

Why say ye so? wheder wyll ye go? alas, what
have ye done?
All my welfare to sorrowe and care sholde chaunge,
yf ye were gone;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but you
alone.

A.

I can beleve, it shall you greve, and somewhat you
dystayne:
But, afterwarde, your paynes harde within a day
or twayne
Shall sone aslake; and ye shall take comfort to
you agayne.
Why sholde ye ought? for, to make thought, your
labour were in vayne. 40
And thus I do; and pray you to, as hartely as I can;
For I must to the grene wode go, alone, a banyshed
man.

B.

Now, syth that ye have shewed to me the secret
of your mynde,
I shall be playne to you agayne, lyke as ye shall
me fynde:
Syth it is so that ye wyll go, I wolle not leve be-
hynde;
Shall it never be sayd, the Notbrowne mayd was to
her love unkynde:
Make you redy; for so am I, although it were anone;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but you
alone.

A.

Yet I you rede to take good hede what men wyll
 thynke and say :
 Of younge and olde it shall be tolde, that ye be
 gone away ; 5c
 Your wanton wyll for to fulfill, in grene wode you
 to play ;
 And that ye myght from your delyght no lenger
 make delay :
 Rather than ye sholde thus for me be called an yll
 womàn,
 Yet wolde I to the grene wode go, alone, a banyshed
 man.

B.

Though it be songe of olde and yonge, that I sholde
 be to blame,
 Theyrs be the charge that speke so large in hurtynge
 of my name :
 For I wyll prove, that faythful love it is devoyd of
 shame ;
 In your dystresse, and hevynesse, to part wyth you,
 the same ;
 To shewe all tho that do nat so, true lovers are they
 none :
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but you
 alone. 60

A.

I counceyle you, remember howe it is no mayden's
 lawe,
 Nothyng to dout, but to renne out to wode with
 an outlawe :

For ye must there in your hand bere a bowe, redy
to drawe;
And, as a thefe, thus must you lyve, ever in drede
and awe;
Whereby to you grete harme myght growe: yet
had I lever than,
That I had to the grene wode go, alone, a banyshed
man.

B.

I say nat, nay, but as ye say, it is no mayden's lore:
But love may make me, for your sake, as I have
sayd before,
To come on fote, to hunt, and shote, to get us mete
in store;
For so that I your company may have, I aske no
more: 70
From which to part, it maketh my hart as colde as
ony stone;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but you
alone.

A.

For an outlawe, this is the lawe,—that men hym
take and bynde;
Without pytè, hanged to be, and waver with the
wynde.
Yf I had nede, (as God forbede!) what socours
coude ye fynde?
For sothe I trowe, ye and your bowe for fere wolde
drawe behynde:
And no mervayle; for lytell avayle were in your
counceyle than:

Wherfore I wyll to the grene wode go, alone, a banyshed man.

B.

Ryght wele know ye, that women be but feble for
to fyght;
No womanhede it is, indede, to be bolde as a knyght:
Yet, in such fere yf that ye were with enemyes
day and nyght, 81
I wolde withstande, with bowe in hande, to helpe
you with my myght,
And you to save; as women have from deth many
a one;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but you
alone.

A.

Yet take good hede; for ever I drede that ye coude
nat sustayne
The thornie wayes, the depe valèies, the snowe, the
frost, the rayne,
The colde, the hete: for, drye, or wete, ye must
lodge on the playne;
And, us above, none other rofe but a brake, bush,
or twayne:
Which sone sholde greve you, I beleve; and ye
wolde gladly than
That I had to the grene wode go, alone, a banyshed
man. 90

B.

Syth I have here been partynère with you of joy
and blysse,

I must also parte of your wo endure, as reson is:
 Yet am I sure of one plesùre; and shortely, it is
 this,—

That, where ye be, me semeth, pardè, I coude not
 fare amysse.

Without more speche, I you beseche that we were
 shortely gone;

For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but you
 alone.

A.

Yf ye go thyder, ye must consider,—whan ye have
 lust to dyne,

There shall no mete, be for to gete, neyther bere,
 ale, ne wyne;

Ne shetes clene to lye betwene, maden of threde
 and twyne;

None other house, but leves and bowes, to cover
 your hed and myne: 100

O myne hart swete, this evyll dyète sholde make
 you pale and wan;

Wherfore I wyll to the grene wode go, alone, a ba-
 nyshed man.

B.

Amonge the wylde dere, such an archère as men
 say that ye be,

May ye nat fayle of good vitayle, where is so grete
 plentè?

And water clere of the ryvère shall be full swete
 to me;

With which in hele I shall ryght wele endure, as
 ye shall see:

And, or we go, a bedde or two I can provyde anone;

For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but you
alone.

A.

Lo yet, before, ye must do more, yf ye wyll go wyth
me :

As cut your here above your ere, your kyrtel above
the kne ; 110

With bowe in hande, for to withstande your enemyes,
yf nede be :

And, this same nyght, before day-lyght, to wode-
warde wyll I fle.

Yf that ye wyll all this fulfill, do it shortely as ye
can ;

Els wyll I to the grene wode go, alone, a banyshed
man.

B.

I shall as nowe do more for you than longeth to
womanhede ;

To shorte my here, a bow to bere, to shote in tyme
of nede :—

O my swete mother, before all other for you I have
most drede :

But nowe, adue ! I must ensue where fortune doth
me lede.—

All this make ye: nowe let us fle ; the day cometh
fast upon ;

For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but you
alone. 120

A.

Nay, nay, nat so ; ye shal nat go, and I shall tell
you why,—

Your appetyght is to be lyght of love, I wele espy:
 For, lyke as ye have sayed to me, in lyke wyse
 hardely
 Ye wolde answe're, whosoever it were, in way of
 company.
 It is sayd of olde,—Sone hote, sone colde ; and so
 is a womàn :
 For I must to the grene wode go, alone, a banyshed
 man.

B.

Yf ye take hede, it is no nede such wordes to say
 by me ;
 For oft ye prayed, and long assayed, or I you loved,
 pardè :
 And though that I of auncestry a baron's daughter
 be,
 Yet have you proved howe I you loved, a squyer of
 lowe degre ; 130
 And ever shall, whatso befall ; to dye therefore
 anone ;
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but you
 alone.

A.

A baron's chylde to be begylde ! it were a cursed
 dede :
 To be felawe with an outlawe ! Almighty God for-
 bede !
 Yea, beter were, the pore squyère alone to forest
 yede,
 Than ye sholde say another day, that by my cursed
 dede

Ye were betrayed : wherfore, good mayd, the best
 rede that I can,
 Is, that I to the grene wode go, alone, a banyshed
 man.

B.

Whatever befall, I never shall of this thyng you
 outbrayd :

But yf ye go, and leve me so, than have ye me be-
 trayed. 140

Remember you wele howe that ye dele ; for, yf ye
 be as ye sayd,

Ye were unkynde, to leue behynde, your love, the
 notbrowne mayd.

Trust me truly, that I shall dy sone after ye be gone ;
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but you
 alone.

A.

Yf that ye went, ye sholde repent ; for in the forest
 nowe

I have purvayed me of a mayd, whom I love more
 than you ;

Another fayrèrè than ever ye were, I dare it wele
 avowe ;

And of you bothe eche sholde be wrothe with other,
 as I trowe :

It were myne ese, to lyve in pese ; so wyll I, yf I
 can ;

Wherfore I to the grene wode go, alone, a ba-
 nyshed man. 150

B.

Though in the wode I undyrstode ye had a para-
 mour,

All this may nought remove my thought, but that
 I will be your :
 And she shall fynde me soft, and kynde, and cour-
 teys every hour ;
 Glad to fulfyll all that she wyll commaunde me, to
 my power :
 For had ye, lo, an hundred mo, yet wolde I be that
 one ;
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but you
 alone.

A.

Myneown dere love, I se the prove that ye be kynde,
 and true ;
 Of mayde, and wyfe, in all my lyfe, the best that
 ever I knewe.
 Be mery and glad, be no more sad, the case is
 chaunged newe ;
 For it were ruthe, that, for your truthe, ye sholde
 have cause to rewe : 160
 Be nat dismayed ; whatsoever I sayd to you, whan
 I began,
 I will nat to the grene wode go, I am no banyshed
 man.

B.

These tydings be more gladder to me than to be
 made a quene,
 Yf I were sure they sholde endure : but it is often
 sene,
 Whan men wyll breke promyse, they speke the
 wordes on the splene :
 Ye shape some wyle, me to begyle, and stele from
 me, I wene :

Than were the case worse than it was, and I more
 wo-begone ;
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but you
 alone.

A.

Ye shall nat nede further to drede ; I wyll not dys-
 parage
 You (God defende !) syth you descend of so grete
 lynage. 170
 Nowe understande,—to Westmarlande, which is
 myne herytage,
 I wyll you bringe ; and with a rynge, by way of
 maryage
 I wyll you take, and lady make, as shortely as I
 can :
 Thus have ye won an erlys son, and no banyshed
 man.

B.

Here may ye se, that women be, in love, meke,
 kynde, and stable :
 Late never man reprove them than,
 But, rather, pray God, that we may to them be
 comfortable,
 Which sometyme proved such as he loved, yf they
 be charytable.
 Forsoth, men wolde that women sholde be meke to
 them eche one ;
 * Moche more ought they to God obey, and serve
 but Hym alone. 180

HENRY AND EMMA. A POEM,

UPON THE MODEL OF THE NUT-BROWN MAID.

TO CLOE.



THOU, to whose eyes I bend, at whose
command

(Though low my voice, though artless
be my hand)

I take the sprightly reed, and sing, and play ;

Careless of what the censuring world may say :

Bright Cloe, object of my constant vow,

Wilt thou awhile unbend thy serious brow ;

Wilt thou with pleasure hear thy lover's strains,

And with one heavenly smile o'erpay his pains ?

No longer shall the Nut-brown Maid be old ;

Though since her youth three hundred years have
roll'd : 10

At thy desire she shall again be rais'd ;

And her reviving charms in lasting verse be prais'd.

No longer man of woman shall complain,

That he may love, and not be lov'd again :

That we in vain the fickle sex pursue,

Who change the constant lover for the new.

Whatever has been writ, whatever said,

Of female passion feign'd, or faith decay'd :

Henceforth shall in my verse refuted stand,

Be said to winds, or writ upon the sand. 20

And, while my notes to future times proclaim

Unconquer'd love, and ever-during flame ;

O fairest of the sex ! be thou my Muse :
Deign on my work thy influence to diffuse.
Let me partake the blessings I rehearse,
And grant me love, the just reward of verse !

As beauty's potent queen, with every grace
That once was Emma's, has adorn'd thy face ;
And as her son has to my bosom dealt
That constant flame which faithful Henry felt ; 30
O let the story with thy life agree :
Let men once more the bright example see ;
What Emma was to him, be thou to me.
Nor send me by thy frown from her I love,
Distant and sad, a banish'd man to rove.
But oh ! with pity long-entreated crown
My pains and hopes ; and when thou say'st that one
Of all mankind thou lov'st, oh ! think on me alone.

Where beauteous Isis and her husband Tame
With mingled waves for ever flow the same, 40
In times of yore an ancient baron liv'd ;
Great gifts bestow'd, and great respect receiv'd.

When dreadful Edward with successful care
Led his free Britons to the Gallic war ;
This lord had headed his appointed bands,
In firm allegiance to his king's commands ;
And (all due honours faithfully discharg'd)
Had brought back his paternal coat enlarg'd
With a new mark, the witness of his toil,
And no inglorious part of foreign spoil. 50

From the loud camp retired, and noisy court,
In honourable ease and rural sport,
The remnant of his days he safely pass'd ;
Nor found they lagg'd too slow, nor flew too fast.

He made his wish with his estate comply,
Joyful to live, yet not afraid to die.

One child he had, a daughter chaste and fair,
His age's comfort, and his fortune's heir.
They call'd her Emma; for the beauteous dame,
Who gave the virgin birth, had borne the name;
The name th' indulgent father doubly lov'd; 61
For in the child the mother's charms improv'd.
Yet as, when little, round his knees she play'd,
He call'd her oft in sport his Nut-brown Maid,
The friends and tenants took the fondling word
(As still they please, who imitate their lord);
Usage confirm'd what fancy had begun;
The mutual terms around the lands were known;
And Emma and the Nut-brown Maid were one.

As with her stature, still her charms increas'd;
Through all the isle her beauty was confess'd. 71
Oh! what perfections must that virgin share,
Who fairest is esteem'd, where all are fair?
From distant shires repair the noble youth,
And find report for once had lessen'd truth.
By wonder first, and then by passion mov'd,
They came; they saw; they marvell'd; and they
lov'd.

By public praises, and by secret sighs,
Each own'd the general power of Emma's eyes.
In tilts and tournaments the valiant strove, 80
By glorious deeds to purchase Emma's love.
In gentle verse the witty told their flame,
And grac'd their choicest songs with Emma's name.
In vain they combated, in vain they writ:
Useless their strength, and impotent their wit.
Great Venus only must direct the dart,

Which else will never reach the fair one's heart,
Spite of th' attempts of force, and soft effects of art.
Great Venus must prefer the happy one :

In Henry's cause her favour must be shown : 90
And Emma, of mankind, must love but him alone.

While these in public to the castle came,
And by their grandeur justified their flame ;
More secret ways the careful Henry takes ;
His squires, his arms, and equipage forsakes :
In borrow'd name and false attire array'd,
Oft he finds means to see the beauteous maid.

When Emma hunts, in huntsman's habit drest,
Henry on foot pursues the bounding beast.
In his right hand his beechen pole he bears : 100
And graceful at his side his horn he wears.
Still to the glade, where she has bent her way,
With knowing skill he drives the future prey ;
Bids her decline the hill, and shun the brake ;
And shows the path her steed may safest take ;
Directs her spear to fix the glorious wound ;
Pleas'd in his toils to have her triumph crown'd ;
And blows her praises in no common sound.

A falconer Henry is, when Emma hawks :
With her of tarsels and of lures he talks. 110
Upon his wrist the towering merlin stands,
Practis'd to rise, and stoop, at her commands.
And when superior now the bird has flown,
And headlong brought the tumbling quarry down ;
With humble reverence he accosts the fair,
And with the honour'd feather decks her hair.
Yet still, as from the sportive field she goes,
His downcast eye reveals his inward woes ;
And by his look and sorrow is express'd,

A nobler game pursued than bird or beast. 120

A shepherd now along the plain he roves ;
And, with his jolly pipe, delights the groves.
The neighbouring swains around the stranger
throng,

Or to admire, or emulate his song :

While with soft sorrow he renews his lays,
Nor heedful of their envy, nor their praise.

But, soon as Emma's eyes adorn the plain,
His notes he raises to a nobler strain,

With dutiful respect, and studious fear ;

Lest any careless sound offend her ear. 130

A frantic gipsy now, the house he haunts,
And in wild phrases speaks dissembled wants.

With the fond maids in palmistry he deals :

They tell the secret first, which he reveals ;

Says who shall wed, and who shall be beguil'd ;

What groom shall get, and 'squire maintain the
child.

But, when bright Emma would her fortune know,

A softer look unbends his opening brow ;

With trembling awe he gazes on her eye,

And in soft accents forms the kind reply ; 140

That she shall prove as fortunate as fair ;

And Hymen's choicest gifts are all reserv'd for her.

Now oft had Henry chang'd his sly disguise,

Unmark'd by all but beauteous Emma's eyes ;

Oft had found means alone to see the dame,

And at her feet to breathe his amorous flame ;

And oft the pangs of absence to remove

By letters, soft interpreters of love :

Till Time and Industry (the mighty two

That bring our wishes nearer to our view) 150

Made him perceive, that the inclining fair¹
 Receiv'd his vows with no reluctant ear ;
 That Venus had confirm'd her equal reign,
 And dealt to Emma's heart a share of Henry's pain.

While Cupid smil'd, by kind occasion bless'd,
 And, with the secret kept, the love increas'd ;
 The amorous youth frequents the silent groves ;
 And much he meditates, for much he loves.
 He loves : 'tis true ; and is beloved again :
 Great are his joys : but will they long remain ?
 Emma with smiles receives his present flame ; 161
 But smiling, will she ever be the same ?
 Beautiful looks are ruled by fickle minds ;
 And summer seas are turn'd by sudden winds.
 Another love may gain her easy youth :
 Time changes thought ; and flattery conquers truth.

O impotent estate of human life !
 Where hope and fear maintain eternal strife !
 Where fleeting joy does lasting doubt inspire ;
 And most we question what we most desire ! 170
 Amongst thy various gifts, great Heaven, bestow
 Our cup of love unmix'd ; forbear to throw
 Bitter ingredients in ; nor pall the draught
 With nauseous grief : for our ill-judging thought
 Hardly enjoys the pleasurable taste ;
 Or deems it not sincere ; or fears it cannot last.

With wishes rais'd, with jealousies oppress,
 (Alternate tyrants of the human breast)
 By one great trial he resolves to prove
 The faith of woman, and the force of love. 180
 If scanning Emma's virtues he may find
 That beauteous frame enclose a steady mind,
 He'll fix his hope, of future joy secure ;

And live a slave to Hymen's happy power.
But if the fair one, as he fears, is frail;
If, pois'd aright in reason's equal scale,
Light fly her merits, and her faults prevail;
His mind he vows to free from amorous care,
The latent mischief from his heart to tear,
Resume his azure arms, and shine again in war.

South of the castle, in a verdant glade, 191
A spreading beech extends her friendly shade:
Here oft the nymph his breathing vows had heard;
Here oft her silence had her heart declar'd.
As active spring awak'd her infant buds,
And genial life inform'd the verdant woods;
Henry, in knots involving Emma's name,
Had half express'd and half conceal'd his flame,
Upon this tree: and, as the tender mark
Grew with the year, and widen'd with the bark,
Venus had heard the virgin's soft address, 201
That, as the wound, the passion might increase.
As potent Nature shed her kindly showers,
And deck'd the various mead with opening flowers;
Upon this tree the nymph's obliging care
Had left a frequent wreath for Henry's hair;
Which as with gay delight the lover found,
Pleas'd with his conquest, with her present crown'd,
Glorious through all the plains he oft had gone,
And to each swain the mystic honour shown; 210
The gift still prais'd, the giver still unknown.

His secret note the troubled Henry writes;
To the known tree the lovely maid invites:
Imperfect words and dubious terms express,
That unforeseen mischance disturb'd his peace;
That he must something to her ear commend,

On which her conduct and his life depend.

Soon as the fair one had the note receiv'd,
The remnant of the day alone she griev'd :
For different this from every former note, 220
Which Venus dictated, and Henry wrote ;
Which told her all his future hopes were laid
On the dear bosom of his Nut-brown Maid ;
Which always bless'd her eyes, and own'd her power ;
And bid her oft adieu, yet added more.

Now night advanced. The house in sleep were laid :
The nurse experienc'd, and the prying maid ;
And last that sprite, which does incessant haunt
The lover's steps, the ancient maiden aunt.
To her dear Henry Emma wings her way, 230
With quicken'd pace repairing forc'd delay ;
For love, fantastic power, that is afraid
To stir abroad till watchfulness be laid,
Undaunted then o'er cliffs and valleys strays,
And leads his votaries safe through pathless ways.
Not Argus with his hundred eyes shall find
Where Cupid goes : though he, poor guide ! is blind.

The maiden first arriving, sent her eye
To ask, if yet its chief delight were nigh :
With fear and with desire, with joy and pain, 240
She sees, and runs to meet him on the plain.
But oh ! his steps proclaim no lover's haste :
On the low ground his fix'd regards are cast ;
His artful bosom heaves dissembled sighs ;
And tears suborn'd fall copious from his eyes.

With ease, alas ! we credit what we love :
His painted grief does real sorrow move
In the afflicted fair ; adown her cheek
Trickling the genuine tears their current break :

Attentive stood the mournful nymph ; the man 250
Broke silence first : the tale alternate ran.

HENRY.

Sincere, O tell me, hast thou felt a pain,
Emma, beyond what woman knows to feign ?
Has thy uncertain bosom ever strove
With the first tumults of a real love ?
Hast thou now dreaded, and now blest his sway,
By turns averse, and joyful to obey ?
Thy virgin softness hast thou e'er bewail'd ;
As Reason yielded, and as Love prevail'd ?
And wept the potent god's resistless dart, 260
His killing pleasure, his ecstatic smart,
And heavenly poison thrilling through thy heart ?
If so, with pity view my wretched state ;
At least deplore, and then forget my fate :
To some more happy knight reserve thy charms ?
By Fortune favour'd, and successful arms :
And only, as the sun's revolving ray
Brings back each year this melancholy day,
Permit one sigh, and set apart one tear,
To an abandon'd exile's endless care. 270
For me, alas ! out-cast of human race,
Love's anger only waits, and dire disgrace ;
For lo ! these hands in murder are imbrued ;
These trembling feet by justice are pursued :
Fate calls aloud, and hastens me away ;
A shameful death attends my longer stay ;
And I this night must fly from thee and love,
Condemn'd in lonely woods, a banish'd man, to
rove.

EMMA.

What is our bliss, that changeth with the moon;
 And day of life, that darkens ere 'tis noon? 280
 What is true passion, if unblest it dies?
 And where is Emma's joy, if Henry flies?
 If love, alas! be pain; the pain I bear
 No thought can figure, and no tongue declare.
 Ne'er faithful woman felt, nor false one feign'd,
 The flames which long have in my bosom reign'd:
 The god of love himself inhabits there,
 With all his rage, and dread, and grief, and care,
 His complement of stores, and total war.

O! cease then coldly to suspect my love; 290
 And let my deed at least my faith approve.
 Alas! no youth shall my endearments share;
 Nor day nor night shall interrupt my care;
 No future story shall with truth upbraid
 The cold indifference of the Nut-brown Maid:
 Nor to hard banishment shall Henry run;
 While careless Emma sleeps on beds of down.
 View me resolv'd, where'er thou leadst, to go,
 Friend to thy pain, and partner of thy woe;
 For I attest fair Venus and her son, 300
 That I, of all mankind, will love but thee alone.

HENRY.

Let Prudence yet obstruct thy venturous way;
 And take good heed, what men will think and say:
 That beauteous Emma vagrant courses took;
 Her father's house and civil life forsook;
 That, full of youthful blood, and fond of man,
 She to the woodland with an exile ran.

Reflect, that lessen'd fame is ne'er regain'd;
 And virgin honour, once, is always stain'd:
 Timely advis'd, the coming evil shun: 310
 Better not do the deed, than weep it done.
 No penance can absolve our guilty fame;
 Nor tears, that wash out sin, can wash out shame.
 Then fly the sad effects of desperate love;
 And leave a banish'd man through lonely woods to
 rove.

EMMA.

Let Emma's hapless case be falsely told
 By the rash young, or the ill-natur'd old:
 Let every tongue its various censures choose;
 Absolve with coldness, or with spite accuse:
 Fair truth at last her radiant beams will raise; 320
 And malice vanquish'd heightens virtue's praise.
 Let then thy favour but indulge my flight;
 O! let my presence make thy travels light;
 And potent Venus shall exalt my name,
 Above the rumours of censorious Fame;
 Nor from that busy demon's restless power
 Will ever Emma other grace implore,
 Than that this truth should to the world be known,
 That I, of all mankind, have lov'd but thee alone.

HENRY.

But canst thou wield the sword, and bend the bow?
 With active force repel the sturdy foe? 331
 When the loud tumult speaks the battle nigh,
 And winged deaths in whistling arrows fly;
 Wilt thou, though wounded, yet undaunted stay,
 Perform thy part, and share the dangerous day?

Then, as thy strength decays, thy heart will fail,
 Thy limbs all trembling, and thy cheeks all pale;
 With fruitless sorrow, thou, inglorious maid,
 Wilt weep thy safety by thy love betray'd:
 Then to thy friend, by foes o'ercharg'd, deny 340
 Thy little useless aid, and coward fly:
 Then wilt thou curse the chance that made thee love
 A banish'd man, condemn'd in lonely woods to rove.

EMMA.

With fatal certainty Thalestris knew
 To send the arrow from the twanging yew;
 And, great in arms, and foremost in the war,
 Bonduca brandish'd high the British spear.
 Could thirst of vengeance, and desire of fame
 Excite the female breast with martial flame?
 And shall not love's diviner power inspire 350
 More hardy virtue, and more generous fire?

Near thee, mistrust not, constant I'll abide,
 And fall, or vanquish, fighting by thy side.
 Though my inferior strength may not allow,
 That I should bear or draw the warrior bow;
 With ready hand, I will the shaft supply,
 And joy to see thy victor arrows fly.
 Touch'd in the battle by the hostile reed,
 Shouldst thou (but Heaven avert it!) shouldst thou
 bleed;
 To stop the wounds, my finest lawn I'd tear, 360
 Wash them with tears, and wipe them with my
 hair;

Blest, when my dangers and my toils have shown,
 That I, of all mankind, could love but thee alone.

Then, as thy strength decays, thy heart will fail,
 Thy limbs all trembling, and thy cheeks all pale;
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Blest, when my dangers and my toils have shown,
 That I, of all mankind, could love but thee alone.

HENRY.

But canst thou, tender maid, canst thou sustain
 Afflictive want, or hunger's pressing pain?
 Those limbs, in lawn and softest silk array'd,
 From sunbeams guarded, and of winds afraid;
 Can they bear angry Jove? can they resist
 The parching dog-star, and the bleak north-east?
 When, chill'd by adverse snows and beating rain,
 We tread with weary steps the longsome plain; 371
 When with hard toil we seek our evening food,
 Berries and acorns, from the neighbouring wood;
 And find among the cliffs no other house,
 But the thin covert of some gather'd boughs;
 Wilt thou not then reluctant send thine eye
 Around the dreary waste; and weeping try
 (Though then, alas! that trial be too late)
 To find thy father's hospitable gate, 379
 And seats, where ease and plenty brooding sate?
 Those seats, whence long excluded thou must
 mourn;
 That gate, for ever barr'd to thy return:
 Wilt thou not then bewail ill-fated love,
 And hate a banish'd man, condemn'd in woods to
 rove?

EMMA.

Thy rise of fortune did I only wed,
 From its decline determin'd to recede;
 Did I but purpose to embark with thee
 On the smooth surface of a summer's sea;
 While gentle zephyrs play in prosperous gales,
 And fortune's favour fills the swelling sails, 390

But would forsake the ship, and make the shore,
When the winds whistle, and the tempests roar?
No, Henry, no: one sacred oath has tied
Our loves; one destiny our life shall guide;
Nor wild nor deep our common way divide.

When from the cave thou risest with the day,
To beat the woods, and rouse the bounding prey:
The cave with moss and branches I'll adorn,
And cheerful sit, to wait my lord's return:
And, when thou frequent brings't the smitten deer
(For seldom, archers say, thy arrows err), 401
I'll fetch quick fuel from the neighbouring wood,
And strike the sparkling flint, and dress the food;
With humble duty and officious haste,
I'll cull the furthest mead for thy repast;
The choicest herbs I to thy board will bring,
And draw thy water from the freshest spring:
And, when at night with weary toil opprest,
Soft slumbers thou enjoy'st, and wholesome rest;
Watchful I'll guard thee, and with midnight prayer
Weary the gods to keep thee in their care; 411
And joyous ask, at morn's returning ray,
If thou hast health, and I may bless the day.
My thoughts shall fix, my latest wish depend,
On thee, guide, guardian, kinsman, father, friend:
By all these sacred names be Henry known
To Emma's heart; and grateful let him own,
That she, of all mankind, could love but him alone!

HENRY.

Vainly thou tell'st me, what the woman's care
Shall in the wildness of the wood prepare: 420
Thou, ere thou goest, unhappiest of thy kind,

Must leave the habit and the sex behind.
No longer shall thy comely tresses break
In flowing ringlets on thy snowy neck ;
Or sit behind thy head, an ample round,
In graceful braids with various ribbon bound :
No longer shall the bodice, aptly lac'd,
From thy full bosom to thy slender waist,
That air and harmony of shape express,
Fine by degrees, and beautifully less : 430
Nor shall thy lower garments' artful plait,
From thy fair side dependent to thy feet,
Arm their chaste beauties with a modest pride,
And double every charm they seek to hide.
Th' ambrosial plenty of thy shining hair,
Cropt off and lost, scarce lower than thy ear .
Shall stand uncouth : a horseman's coat shall hide
Thy taper shape and comeliness of side :
The short trunk-hose shall show thy foot and knee
Licentious, and to common eye-sight free : 440
And, with a bolder stride and looser air,
Mingled with men, a man thou must appear.

Nor solitude, nor gentle peace of mind,
Mistaken maid, shalt thou in forests find :
'Tis long since Cynthia and her train were there :
Or guardian gods made innocence their care.
Vagrants and outlaws shall offend thy view :
For such must be my friends, a hideous crew.
By adverse fortune mix'd in social ill,
Train'd to assault, and disciplin'd to kill : 450
Their common loves, a lewd abandon'd pack,
The beadle's lash still flagrant on their back :
By sloth corrupted, by disorder fed,
Made bold by want, and prostitute for bread :

With such must Emma hunt the tedious day,
 ist their violence, and divide their prey :
 h such she must return at setting light,
 ugh not partaker, witness of their night.

y ear, inur'd to charitable sounds

And pitying love, must feel the hateful wounds 460

Of jest obscene and vulgar ribaldry,
 The ill-bred question, and the lew'd reply ;
 Brought by long habitude from bad to worse,
 Must hear the frequent oath, the direful curse,
 That latest weapon of the wretches' war,
 And blasphemy, sad comrade of despair.

Now, Emma, now the last reflection make,
 What thou wouldst follow, what thou must forsake :
 By our ill-omen'd stars, and adverse Heaven,
 No middle object to thy choice is given. 470

Or yield thy virtue to attain thy love ;
 Or leave a banish'd man, condemn'd in woods to
 rove.

EMMA.

O grief of heart ! that our unhappy fates
 Force thee to suffer what thy honour hates :
 Mix thee amongst the bad ; or make thee run
 Too near the paths which virtue bids thee shun.
 Yet with her Henry still let Emma go ;
 With him abhor the vice, but share the woe :
 And sure my little heart can never err
 Amidst the worst, if Henry still be there. 480

Our outward act is prompted from within ;
 And from the sinner's mind proceeds the sin :
 By her own choice free virtue is approv'd ;
 Nor by the force of outward objects mov'd.

Who has assay'd no danger, gains no praise.
In a small isle, amidst the widest seas,
Triumphant Constaney has fix'd her seat,
In vain the Syrens sing, the tempests beat :
Their flattery she rejects, nor fears their threat.

For thee alone these little charms I drest : 490
Condemn'd them, or absolv'd them by thy test.
In comely figure rang'd my jewels shone,
Or negligently plac'd for thee alone :
For thee again they shall be laid aside ;
The woman, Henry, shall put off her pride
For thee : my clothes, my sex, exchang'd for thee,
I'll mingle with the people's wretched lee ;
O line extreme of human infamy !
Wanting the scissors, with these hands I'll tear
(If that obstructs my flight) this load of hair. 500
Black soot, or yellow walnut, shall disgrace
This little red and white of Emma's face.
These nails with scratches shall deform my breast,
Lest by my look or colour be express'd
The mark of aught high-born, or ever better dress'd.
Yet in this commerce, under this disguise,
Let me be grateful still to Henry's eyes ;
Lost to the world, let me to him be known :
My fate I can absolve, if he shall own,
That, leaving all mankind, I love but him alone.

HENRY.

O wildest thoughts of an abandon'd mind ! 511
Name, habit, parents, woman, left behind,
E'en honour dubious, thou preferr'st to go
Wild to the woods with me : said Emma so ?
Or did I dream what Emma never said ?

O guilty error! and O wretched maid!
 Whose roving fancy would resolve the same
 With him, who next should tempt her easy fame;
 And blow with empty words the susceptible flame.
 Now why should doubtful terms thy mind perplex?
 Confess thy frailty, and avow the sex: 521
 No longer loose desire for constant love
 Mistake; but say, 'tis man with whom thou long'st
 to rove.

EMMA.

Are there not poisons, racks, and flames, and
 swords,
 That Emma thus must die by Henry's words?
 Yet what could swords or poison, racks or flame,
 But mangle and disjoint this brittle frame?
 More fatal Henry's words; they murder Emma's
 fame.

And fall these sayings from that gentle tongue,
 Where civil speech and soft persuasion hung; 530
 Whose artful sweetness and harmonious strain,
 Courting my grace, yet courting it in vain,
 Call'd sighs, and tears, and wishes, to its aid;
 And, whilst it Henry's glowing flame convey'd,
 Still blam'd the coldness of the Nut-brown Maid?

Let envious jealousy and canker'd spite
 Produce my actions to severest light,
 And tax my open day, or secret night.
 Did e'er my tongue speak my unguarded heart
 The least inclin'd to play the wanton's part? 540
 Did e'er my eye one inward thought reveal,
 Which angels might not hear, and virgins tell?
 And hast thou, Henry, in my conduct known

One fault, but that which I must never own,
That I, of all mankind, have lov'd but thee alone?

HENRY.

Vainly thou talk'st of loving me alone :
Each man is man ; and all our sex is one.
False are our words, and fickle is our mind :
Nor in love's ritual can we ever find
Vows made to last, or promises to bind. 550

By nature prompted, and for empire made,
Alike by strength or cunning we invade :
When arm'd with rage we march against the foe
We lift the battle-axe, and draw the bow :
When, fir'd with passion, we attack the fair,
Delusive sighs and brittle vows we bear ;
Our falsehood and our arms have equal use ;
As they our conquest or delight produce.

The foolish heart thou gav'st, again receive,
The only boon departing love can give. 560
To be less wretched, be no longer true ;
What strives to fly thee, why shouldst thou pursue ?
Forget the present flame, indulge a new ;
Single the loveliest of the amorous youth ;
Ask for his vow ; but hope not for his truth.
The next man (and the next thou shalt believe)
Will pawn his gods, intending to deceive ;
Will kneel, implore, persist, o'ercome, and leave.
Hence let thy Cupid aim his arrows right ;
Be wise and false, shun trouble, seek delight ; 570
Change thou the first, nor wait thy lover's flight.

Why shouldst thou weep ? let nature judge our
case ;
I saw thee young and fair ; pursued the chase

Of youth and beauty : I another saw
 Fairer and younger : yielding to the law
 Of our all-ruling mother, I pursued
 More youth, more beauty : blest vicissitude !
 My active heart still keeps its pristine flame ;
 The object alter'd, the desire the same.

This younger, fairer, pleads her rightful charms :
 With present power compels me to her arms. 581
 And much I fear, from my subjected mind
 (If beauty's force to constant love can bind),
 That years may roll, ere in her turn the maid
 Shall weep the fury of my love decay'd ;
 And weeping follow me, as thou dost now,
 With idle clamours of a broken vow.

Nor can the wildness of thy wishes err
 So wide, to hope that thou mayst live with her.
 Love, well thou know'st, no partnership allows :
 Cupid averse rejects divided vows : 591
 Then from thy foolish heart, vain maid, remove
 A useless sorrow, and an ill-starr'd love ;
 And leave me, with the fair, at large in woods to
 rove.

EMMA.

Are we in life through one great error led ?
 Is each man perjur'd, and each nymph betray'd ?
 Of the superior sex art thou the worst ?
 Am I of mine the most completely curst ?
 Yet let me go with thee ; and going prove,
 From what I will endure, how much I love. 600

This potent beauty, this triumphant fair,
 This happy object of our different care,
 Her let me follow ; her let me attend

A servant (she may scorn the name of friend).
What she demands, incessant I'll prepare :
I'll weave her garlands ; and I'll plait her hair :
My busy diligence shall deck her board
(For there at least I may approach my lord) ;
And, when her Henry's softer hours advise
His servant's absence, with dejected eyes 610
Far I'll recede, and sighs forbid to rise.

Yet, when increasing grief brings slow disease ;
And ebbing life, on terms severe as these,
Will have its little lamp no longer fed ;
When Henry's mistress shows him Emma dead ;
Rescue my poor remains from vile neglect :
With virgin honours let my hearse be deckt,
And decent emblem ; and at least persuade
This happy nymph, that Emma may be laid
Where thou, dear author of my death, where she,
With frequent eye my sepulchre may see. 621
The nymph amidst her joys may haply breathe
One pious sigh, reflecting on my death,
And the sad fate which she may one day prove,
Who hopes from Henry's vows eternal love.
And thou forsworn, thou cruel, as thou art,
If Emma's image ever touch'd thy heart ;
Thou sure must give one thought, and drop one tear
To her, whom love abandon'd to despair ;
To her, who, dying, on the wounded stone 630
Bid it in lasting characters be known,
That, of mankind, she lov'd but thee alone.

HENRY.

Hear, solemn Jove ; and conscious Venus, hear ;
And thou, bright maid, believe me whilst I swear :

No time, no change, no future flame, shall move
The well-placed basis of my lasting love.

O powerful virtue ! O victorious fair !

At least excuse a trial too severe :

Receive the triumph, and forget the war.

No banish'd man, condemn'd in woods to rove,
Intreats thy pardon, and implores thy love : 641

No perjur'd knight desires to quit thy arms,

Fairest collection of thy sex's charms,

Crown of my love, and honour of my youth !

Henry, thy Henry, with eternal truth,

As thou mayst wish, shall all his life employ,

And found his glory in his Emma's joy.

In me behold the potent Edgar's heir,

Illustrious Earl . him terrible in war

Let Loyre confess, for she has felt his sword, 650

And trembling fled before the British lord.

Him great in peace and wealth fair Deva knows ;

For she amidst his spacious meadows flows ;

Inclines her urn upon his fatten'd lands ;

And sees his numerous herd imprint her sands.

And thou, my fair, my dove, shalt raise thy
thought

To greatness next to empire ; shalt be brought

With solemn pomp to my paternal seat :

Where peace and plenty on thy word shall wait.

Music and song shall wake the marriage-day : 660

And, while the priests accuse the bride's delay,

Myrtles and roses shall obstruct her way.

Friendship shall still thy evening feasts adorn ;

And blooming peace shall ever bless thy morn

Succeeding years their happy race shall run,

And age unheeded by delight come on ;

While yet superior love shall mock his power :
 And when old Time shall turn the fated hour,
 Which only can our well-tied knot unfold ;
 What rests of both, one sepulchre shall hold. 670

Hence then, for ever, from my Emma's breast
 (That heaven of softness, and that seat of rest)
 Ye doubts and fears, and all that know to move
 Tormenting grief, and all that trouble love,
 Scatter'd by winds recede, and wild in forests rove.

EMMA.

O day the fairest sure that ever rose !
 Period and end of anxious Emma's woes !
 Sire of her joy, and source of her delight ;
 O ! wing'd with pleasure take thy happy flight,
 And give each future morn a tincture of thy white.
 Yet tell thy votary, potent queen of love, 681
 Henry, my Henry, will he never rove ?
 Will he be ever kind, and just, and good ?
 And is there yet no mistress in the wood ?
 None, none there is ; the thought was rash and
 vain ;

A false idea, and a fancied pain.
 Doubt shall for ever quit my strengthen'd heart,
 And anxious jealousy's corroding smart ;
 Nor other inmate shall inhabit there,
 But soft Belief, young Joy, and pleasing Care.

Hence let the tides of plenty ebb and flow, 691
 And fortune's various gale unheeded blow.
 If at my feet the suppliant goddess stands,
 And sheds her treasure with unwearied hands ;
 Her present favour cautious I'll embrace,

And not unthankful use the proffer'd grace :
If she reclaims the temporary boon,
And tries her pinions, fluttering to be gone ;
Secure of mind, I'll obviate her intent,
And unconcern'd return the goods she lent. 700
Nor happiness can I, nor misery feel,
From any turn of her fantastic wheel :
Friendship's great laws, and love's superior powers,
Must mark the colour of my future hours.
From the events which thy commands create
I must my blessings or my sorrows date ;
And Henry's will must dictate Emma's fate.

Yet while with close delight and inward pride
(Which from the world my careful soul shall hide)
I see thee, lord and end of my desire, 710
Exalted high, as virtue can require ;
With power invested, and with pleasure cheer'd ;
Sought by the good, by the oppressor fear'd ;
Loaded and blest with all the affluent store,
Which human vows at smoking shrines implore ;
Grateful and humble grant me to employ
My life subservient only to thy joy ;
And at my death to bless thy kindness shown
To her, who of mankind could love but thee alone.

While thus the constant pair alternate said, 720
Joyful above them and around them play'd
Angels and sportive loves, a numerous crowd ;
Smiling they clapp'd their wings, and low they
bow'd :

They tumbled all their little quivers o'er,
To choose propitious shafts, a precious store ;
That, when their god should take his future darts,

And constant beauty shall reward their care.

Mars smil'd, and bow'd : the Cyprian deity 760
Turn'd to the glorious ruler of the sky ;
And thou, she smiling said, great god of days
And verse, behold my deed, and sing my praise,
As on the British earth, my favourite isle,
Thy gentle rays and kindest influence smile,
Through all her laughing fields and verdant groves,
Proclaim with joy these memorable loves.
From every annual course let one great day
To celebrated sports and floral play
Be set aside ; and, in the softest lays 770
Of thy poetic sons, be solemn praise
And everlasting marks of honour paid,
To the true lover, and the Nut-brown Maid.



AN ODE,

HUMBLY INSCRIBED TO THE QUEEN, ON THE GLO-
 RIOUS SUCCESS OF HER MAJESTY'S
 ARMS. MDCCVI.

WRITTEN IN IMITATION OF SPENSER'S STYLE.

"Te non paventis funera Gallæ,
 Duræque tellus audit Iberiæ:
 Te cæde gaudentes Sicambri
 Compositis venerantur armis." HOR.

PREFACE.

WHEN I first thought of writing upon this occasion, I found the ideas so great and numerous, that I judged them more proper for the warmth of an Ode, than for any other sort of poetry: I therefore set Horace before me for a pattern, and particularly his famous ode, the fourth of the fourth book,

"Qualem ministrum fulminis alitem," &c.

which he wrote in praise of Drusus after his expedition into Germany, and of Augustus upon his happy choice of that general. And in the following poem, though I have endeavoured to imitate all the great strokes of that ode, I have taken the liberty to go off from it, and to add variously, as

the subject and my own imagination carried me. As to the style, the choice I made of following the ode in Latin determined me in English to the stanza; and herein it was impossible not to have a mind to follow our great countryman Spenser; which I have done (as well at least as I could) in the manner of my expression, and the turn of my number: having only added one verse to his stanza, which I thought made the number more harmonious; and avoided such of his words as I found too obsolete. I have, however, retained some few of them, to make the colouring look more like Spenser's. *Behest*, command; *band*, army; *prowess*, strength; I *weet*, I know; I *ween*, I think; *whilom*, heretofore; and two or three more of that kind, which I hope the ladies will pardon me, and not judge my Muse less handsome, though for once she appears in a farthingale. I have also, in Spenser's manner, used *Cæsar* for the emperor, *Boya* for Bavaria, *Bavar* for that prince, *Ister* for Danube, *Iberia* for Spain, &c.

That noble part of the Ode which I just now mentioned,

“ Gens, quæ cremato fortis ab Illo
Jactata Tuscis æquoribus,” &c.

where Horace praises the Romans as being descended from Æneas, I have turned to the honour of the British nation, descended from Brute, likewise a Trojan. That this Brute, fourth or fifth from Æneas, settled in England, and built London, which he called Troja Nova, or Troynovante, is a story which (I think) owes its original, if not to

In mystic notes to sing his monarch's praise :
Reciting wondrous truths in pleasing dreams,
He deck'd Eliza's head with Gloriana's beams. 20

But, greatest Anna ! while thy arms pursue
Paths of renown, and climb ascents of fame,
Which nor Augustus, nor Eliza knew ;
What poet shall be found to sing thy name ?
What numbers shall record, what tongue shall say,
Thy wars on land, thy triumphs on the main ?
O fairest model of imperial sway !
What equal pen shall write thy wondrous reign ?
Who shall attempts and feats of arms rehearse,
Not yet by story told, nor parallel'd by verse ? 30

Me all too mean for such a task I weet :
Yet, if the Sovereign Lady deigns to smile,
I'll follow Horace with impetuous heat,
And clothe the verse in Spenser's native style.
By these examples rightly taught to sing,
And smit with pleasure of my country's praise,
Stretching the plumes of an uncommon wing,
High as Olympus I my flight will raise ;
And latest times shall in my numbers read
Anna's immortal fame, and Marlborough's hardy
deed. 40

As the strong eagle in the silent wood,
Mindless of warlike rage and hostile care,
Plays round the rocky cliff or crystal flood,
Till by Jove's high behests call'd out to war,
And charg'd with thunder of his angry king,
His bosom with the vengeful message glows

Upward the noble bird directs his wing,
And, towering round his master's earth-born foes,
Swift he collects his fatal stock of ire, 49
Lifts his fierce talon high, and darts the forked fire:

Sedate and calm thus victor Marlborough sate,
Shaded with laurels, in his native land,
Till Anna calls him from his soft retreat,
And gives her second thunder to his hand.
Then, leaving sweet repose and gentle ease,
With ardent speed he seeks the distant foe ;
Marching o'er hills and vales, o'er rocks and seas,
He meditates, and strikes the wondrous blow.
Our thought flies slower than our general's fame :
Grasps he the bolt? we ask—when he has hurl'd
the flame. 60

When fierce Bavar on Judoign's spacious plain
Did from afar the British chief behold,
Betwixt despair, and rage, and hope, and pain,
Something within his warring bosom roll'd :
He views that favourite of indulgent fame,
Whom whilom he had met on Ister's shore ;
Too well, alas ! the man he knows the same,
Whose prowess there repell'd the Boyan power,
And sent them trembling through the frightened lands,
Swift as the whirlwind drives Arabia's scatter'd
sands. 70

His former losses he forgets to grieve ;
Absolves his fate, if with a kinder ray
It now would shine, and only give him leave
To balance the account of Blenheim's day.

So the fell lion in the lonely glade,
His side still smarting with the hunter's spear,
Though deeply wounded, no way yet dismay'd,
Roars terrible, and meditates new war;
In sullen fury traverses the plain,
To find the venturous foe, and battle him again. 80

Misguided prince! no longer urge thy fate,
Nor tempt the hero to unequal war;
Fam'd in misfortune, and in ruin great,
Confess the force of Marlborough's stronger star.
Those laurel groves (the merits of thy youth),
Which thou from Mahomet* didst greatly gain,
While, bold assertor of resistless truth,
Thy sword did godlike liberty maintain,
Must from thy brow their falling honours shed,
And their transplanted wreaths must deck a worthier
head. 90

Yet cease the ways of Providence to blame,
And human faults with human grief confess,
'Tis thou art chang'd, while Heaven is still the same;
From thy ill councils date thy ill success.
Impartial justice holds her equal scales,
'Till stronger Virtue does the weight incline:
If over thee thy glorious foe prevails,
He now defends the cause that once was thine.
Righteous the war, the champion shall subdue;

* The Elector of Bavaria had formerly acquired great reputation by the success of his arms against the Turks, particularly in obliging them to raise the siege of Vienna, after it had continued 59 days, in September 1683, with the loss of seventy-five thousand men and their baggage.

For Jove's great handmaid, Power, must Jove's
decrees pursue. 100

Hark! the dire trumpets sound their shrill
alarms!

Auverquerque,* branch'd from the renown'd Nas-
saus,

Hoary in war, and bent beneath his arms,
His glorious sword with dauntless courage draws.
When anxious Britain mourn'd her parting lord,
And all of William that was mortal died;
The faithful hero had receiv'd this sword
From his expiring master's much-lov'd side.
Oft from its fatal ire has Louis flown,
Where'er great William led, or Maese and Sambre
run. 110

But brandish'd high, in an ill-omen'd hour
To thee, proud Gaul, behold thy justest fear,
The master sword, disposer of thy power:
'Tis that which Cæsar gave the British peer.
He took the gift: nor ever will I sheathe
This steel (so Anna's high behests ordain),
The general said, unless by glorious death
Absolv'd, till conquest has confirm'd your reign.
Returns like these our mistress bids us make, 119
When from a foreign prince a gift her Britons take.

And now fierce Gallia rushes on her foes,
Her force augmented by the Boyan bands;

* Monsieur Auverquerque who, in the year 1704, and the succeeding campaigns, was appointed to the command of the Dutch forces. He was in great favour with King William, and present at his death.

So Volga's stream, increas'd by mountain snows,
Rolls with new fury down through Russia's lands.
Like two great rocks against the raging tide,
(If Virtue's force with Nature's we compare),
Unmov'd the two united chiefs abide,
Sustain the impulse, and receive the war.
Round their firm sides in vain the tempest beats ;
And still the foaming wave with lessen'd power
retreats. 130

The rage dispers'd, the glorious pair advance,
With mingled anger and collected might,
To turn the war, and tell aggressing France,
How Britain's sons and Britain's friends can fight.
On conquest fix'd, and covetous of fame,
Behold them rushing through the Gallic host :
Through standing corn so runs the sudden flame,
Or eastern winds along Sicilia's coast.
They deal their terrors to the adverse nation :
Pale death attends their arms, and ghastly deso-
lation. 140

But while with fiercest ire Bellona glows,
And Europe rather hopes than fears her fate ;
While Britain presses her afflicted foes ;
What horror damps the strong, and quells the great ?
Whence look the soldier's cheeks dismay'd and pale ?
Erst ever dreadful, know they now to dread ?
The hostile troops, I ween, almost prevail ;
And the pursuers only not recede.
Alas ! their lessen'd rage proclaims their grief !
For, anxious, lo ! they crowd around their falling
chief. 150

I thank thee, Fate, exclaims the fierce Bavar :
 Let Boya's trumpet grateful Iös sound :
 I saw him fall, their thunderbolt of war :—
 Ever to vengeance sacred be the ground.—
 Vain wish ! short joy ! the hero mounts again
 In greater glory, and with fuller light :
 The evening star so falls into the main,
 To rise at morn more prevalently bright.
 He rises safe,* but near, too near his side, 159
 A good man's grievous loss, a faithful servant died.

·Propitious Mars ! the battle is regain'd :
 The foe with lessen'd wrath disputes the field :
 The Briton fights, by favouring gods sustain'd :
 Freedom must live ; and lawless power must yield.
 Vain now the tales which fabling poets tell,
 That wavering Conquest still desires to rove !
 In Marlborough's camp the goddess knows to dwell :
 Long as the hero's life remains her love.
 Again France flies, again the Duke pursues, 169
 And on Ramilia's plains he Blenheim's fame renews.

Great thanks, O captain great in arms ! receive
 From thy triumphant country's public voice ;
 Thy country greater thanks can only give
 To Anne, to her who made those arms her choice.
 Recording Schellenberg's† and Blenheim's toils,

* At the Battle of Ramilies the Duke of Marlborough was twice in the most imminent danger ; once by a fall from his horse, and a second time by a cannon shot that took off the head of Colonel Bringfield as he was holding the stirrup for his Grace to remount.

† Where the Duke of Marlborough gained a complete victory over 16,000 Bavarians in July, 1704.

We dreaded lest thou shouldst those toils repeat :
We view'd the palace charg'd with Gallic spoils,
And in those spoils we thought thy praise complete.
For never Greek we deem'd, nor Roman knight,
In characters like these did e'er his acts indite. 180

Yet, mindless still of ease, thy virtue flies
A pitch to old and modern times unknown :
Those goodly deeds which we so highly prize
Imperfect seem, great chief, to thee alone.
Those heights, where William's virtue might have
 staid,
And on the subject world look'd safely down,
By Marlborough pass'd, the props and steps were
 made,
Sublimar yet to raise his queen's renown :
Still gaining more, still slighting what he gain'd,
Nought done the hero deem'd, while aught undone
 remain'd. 190

When swift-wing'd rumour told the mighty Gaul,
How lessen'd from the field Bavar was fled ;
He wept the swiftness of the champion's fall ;
And thus the royal treaty-breaker said :
And lives he yet, the great, the lost Bavar,
Ruin to Gallia in the name of friend ?
Tell me, how far has Fortune been severe ?
Has the foe's glory, or our grief, an end ?
Remains there of the fifty thousand lost,
To save our threaten'd realm, or guard our shatter'd
 coast? 200

To the close rock the frighten'd raven flies,
Soon as the rising eagle cuts the air :

The shaggy wolf unseen and trembling lies,
When the hoarse roar proclaims the lion near.
Ill-starr'd did we our forts and lines forsake,
To dare our British foes to open fight:
Our conquest we by stratagem should make:
Our triumph had been founded in our flight.
'Tis ours, by craft and by surprise to gain: 205
'Tis theirs, to meet in arms, and battle in the plain.

The ancient father of this hostile brood,
Their boasted Brute, undaunted snatch'd his gods
From burning Troy, and Xanthus red with blood,
And fix'd on silver Thames his dire abodes:
And this be Troynovante, he said, the seat
By Heaven ordain'd, my sons, your lasting place:
Superior here to all the bolts of fate
Live, mindful of the author of your race,
Whom neither Greece, nor war, nor want, nor flame,
Nor great Peleides' arm, nor Juno's rage could
tame. 220

Their Tudor's hence, and Stuart's offspring flow:
Hence Edward, dreadful with his sable shield,
Talbot, to Gallia's power eternal foe,
And Seymour, fam'd in council or in field:
Hence Nevil, great to settle or dethrone,
And Drake and Ca'ndish, terrors of the sea:
Hence Butler's sons, o'er land and ocean known,
Herbert's and Churchill's warring progeny:
Hence the long roll which Gallia should conceal:
For, oh! who vanquish'd, loves the victor's fame
to tell? 230

Envied Britannia, sturdy as the oak,
Which on her mountain-top she proudly bears,
Eludes the axe, and sprouts against the stroke ;
Strong from her wounds, and greater by her wars.
And as those teeth, which Cadmus sow'd in earth,
Produc'd new youth, and furnish'd fresh supplies :
So with young vigour, and succeeding birth,
Her losses more than recompens'd arise ;
And ev'ry age she with a race is crown'd, 239
For letters more polite, in battles more renown'd.

Obstinate power, whom nothing can repel ; 241
Not the fierce Saxon, nor the cruel Dane,
Nor deep impression of the Norman steel,
Nor Europe's force amass'd by envious Spain,
Nor France on universal sway intent,
Oft breaking leagues, and oft renewing wars ;
Nor (frequent bane of weaken'd government)
Their own intestine feuds and mutual jars :
Those feuds and jars, in which I trusted more,
Than in my troops, and fleets, and all the Gallic power.

To fruitful Rheims, or fair Lutetia's gate, 251
What tidings shall the messenger convey ?
Shall the loud herald our success relate,
Or mitred priest appoint the solemn day ?
Alas ! my praises they no more must sing ;
They to my statue now must bow no more :
Broken, repuls'd is their immortal king :
Fallen, fallen for ever, is the Gallic power—
The woman chief is master of the war :
Earth she has freed by arms, and vanquish'd
Heaven by prayer. 260

While thus the ruin'd foe's despair commends
Thy council and thy deed, victorious queen,
What shall thy subjects say, and what thy friends?
How shall thy triumphs in our joy be seen?
Oh! deign to let the eldest of the nine
Recite Britannia great, and Gallia free:
Oh! with her sister sculpture let her join
To raise, great Anne, the monument to thee;
To thee, of all our good the sacred spring;
To thee, our dearest dread; to thee, our softer
king. 270

Let Europe sav'd the column high erect,
Than Trajan's higher, or than Antonine's;
Where sembling art may carve the fair effect
And full achievement of thy great designs.
In a calm Heaven, and a serener air,
Sublime the queen shall on the summit stand,
From danger far, as far remov'd from fear,
And pointing down to earth her dread command,
All winds, all storms, that threaten human woe,
Shall sink beneath her feet, and spread their rage
below. 280

There fleets shall strive, by winds and waters
toss'd,
Till the young Austrian on Iberia's strand,
Great as Æneas on the Latian coast,
Shall fix his foot: and this, be this the land,
Great Jove, where I for ever will remain,
(The empire's other hope shall say) and here
Vanquish'd, intomb'd I'll lie; or, crown'd, I'll
reign!

O virtue, to thy British mother dear !
 Like the fam'd Trojan suffer and abide ; 289
 For Anne is thine, I ween, as Venus was his guide.

There, in eternal characters engrav'd,
 Vigo,* and Gibraltar, and Barcelone,
 Their force destroy'd, their privileges sav'd,
 Shall Anna's terrors and her mercies own :
 Spain, from th' usurper Bourbon's arms retriev'd,
 Shall with new life and grateful joy appear,
 Numbering the wonders which that youth achiev'd,
 Whom Anna clad in arms and sent to war ;
 Whom Anna sent to claim Iberia's throne ;
 And made him more than king, in calling him her
 son. 300

There Ister, pleas'd by Blenheim's glorious field,
 Rolling shall bid his eastern waves declare
 Germania sav'd by Britain's ample shield,
 And bleeding Gaul afflicted by her spear ;
 Shall bid them mention Marlborough on that shore,
 Leading his islanders, renown'd in arms,
 Through climes, where never British chief before
 Or pitch'd his camp, or sounded his alarms ;
 Shall bid them bless the queen, who made his
 streams
 Glorious as those of Boyne, and safe as those of
 Thames. 310

* Vigo was surprised by the Duke of Ormond and Sir George Rooke, and the galleons taken and destroyed in the year 1702 ; Gibraltar by Sir George Rooke in 1704 ; and Barcelona by the Prince of Hesse and the Earl of Peterborough in 1705.

Brabantia, clad with fields, and crown'd with
 towers,
 With decent joy shall her deliverer meet ;
 Shall own thy arms, great queen, and bless thy
 powers,
 Laying the keys beneath thy subject's feet.
 Flandria, by plenty made the home of war,
 Shall weep her crime, and bow to Charles restor'd ;
 With double vows shall bless thy happy care,
 In having drawn, and having sheath'd the sword ;
 From these their sister provinces shall know,
 How Anne supports a friend, and how forgives a foe.

Bright swords, and crested helms, and pointed
 spears, 321
 In artful piles around the work shall lie ;
 And shields indented deep in ancient wars,
 Blazon'd with signs of Gallic heraldry ;
 And standards with distinguish'd honours bright,
 Marks of high power and national command,
 Which Valois' sons, and Bourbon's bore in fight,
 Or gave to Foix' or Montmorency's hand :
 Great spoils, which Gallia must to Britain yield,
 From Cressy's battle sav'd, to grace Ramilia's field.

And, as fine art the spaces may dispose, 331
 The knowing thought and curious eye shall see
 Thy emblem, gracious queen, the British rose,
 Type of sweet rule and gentle majesty :
 The northern thistle, whom no hostile hand
 Unhurt too rudely may provoke, I ween ;
 Hibernia's harp, device of her command,
 And parent of her mirth, shall there be seen :

Thy vanquish'd lilies, France, decay'd and torn,
Shall with disorder'd pomp the lasting work adorn.

Beneath, great queen, oh ! very far beneath,
Near to the ground, and on the humble base, 342
To save herself from darkness and from death,
That Muse desires the last, the lowest place ;
Who, though unmeet, yet touch'd the trembling
string,
For the fair fame of Anne and Albion's land,
Who durst of war and martial fury sing ;
And when thy will, and when thy subject's hand,
Had quell'd those wars, and bid that fury cease,
Hangs up her grateful harp to conquest, and to peace.

CANTATA.

SET BY MONSIEUR GALLIARD.

RECIT.

BENEATH a verdant laurel's ample shade
His lyre to mournful numbers strung
Horace, immortal bard, supinely laid,
To Venus thus address'd the song :
Ten thousand little loves around,
Listening, dwelt on every sound.

ARIET.

Potent Venus, bid thy son
Sound no more his dire alarms

Youth on silent wings is flown :
 Graver years come rolling on. 10
 Spare my age, unfit for arms :
 Safe and humble let me rest,
 From all amorous care releas'd.
 Potent Venus, bid thy son
 Sound no more his dire alarms.

RECIT.

Yet, Venus, why do I each morn prepare
 The fragrant wreath for Cloe's hair ?
 Why, why do I all day lament and sigh,
 Unless the beauteous maid be nigh ?
 And why all night pursue her in my dreams, 20
 Through flowery meads and crystal streams ?

RECIT.

Thus sung the bard ; and thus the goddess spoke :
 Submissive bow to Love's imperious yoke :
 Every state, and every age
 Shall own my rule, and fear my rage :
 Compell'd by me, thy Muse shall prove,
 That all the world was born to love.

ARIET.

Bid thy destin'd lyre discover
 Soft desire and gentle pain :
 Often praise, and always love her : 30
 Through her ear, her heart obtain.
 Verse shall please, and sighs shall move her,
 Cupid does with Phœbus reign.

HER RIGHT NAME.



S Nancy at her toilet sat,
 Admiring this, and blaming that;
 Tell me, she said; but tell me true;
 The nymph who could your heart
 subdue.

What sort of charms does she possess?
 Absolve me, fair one: I'll confess,
 With pleasure, I replied. Her hair,
 In ringlets rather dark than fair,
 Does down her ivory bosom roll,
 And, hiding half, adorns the whole. 16
 In her high forehead's fair half round
 Love sits in open triumph crown'd:
 He in the dimple of her chin,
 In private state by friends is seen.
 Her eyes are neither black nor gray;
 Nor fierce nor feeble is their ray;
 Their dubious lustre seems to show
 Something that speaks nor yes nor no.
 Her lips no living bard, I weet,
 May say, how red, how round, how sweet: 20
 Old Homer only could indite
 Their vagrant grace and soft delight:
 They stand recorded in his book,
 When Helen smil'd, and Hebe spoke—

The gipsy, turning to her glass,
 Too plainly show'd she knew the face;
 And which am I most like, she said,
 Your Cloe, or your Nut-brown Maid?

LINES WRITTEN IN AN OVID.*



VID is the the surest guide,
 You can name, to show the way
 To any woman, maid, or bride,
 Who resolves to go astray.

A TRUE MAID.




O, no ; for my virginity,
 When I lose that, says Rose, I'll die :
 Behind the elms, last night, cried Dick,
 Rose, were you not extremely sick?

* Translated from the following Madrigal of Gilbert, sur
 l'Art d'Aimer d'Ovide.

A PHILIS.

Cette lecture est sans égale,
 Ce livre est un petit dédale,
 Où l'esprit prend plaisir d'errer,
 Philis, suivez les pas d'Ovide,
 C'est le plus agréable guide,
 Qu'on peut choisir pour s'égarer.

ANOTHER.


EN months after Florimel happen'd to
wed,
And was brought in a laudable manner
to bed,

She warbled her groans with so charming a voice,
That one half of the parish was stunn'd with the noise;
But when Florimel deign'd to lie privately in,
Ten months before she and her spouse were a-kin,
She chose with such prudence her pangs to conceal,
That her nurse, nay, her midwife, scarce heard her
once squeal.

Learn, husbands, from hence, for the peace of your
lives,

That maids make not half such a tumult as wives.

A REASONABLE AFFLICTION.

N his death-bed poor Lubin lies;
His spouse is in despair:
With frequent sobs, and mutual cries,
They both express their care.

A different cause, says parson Sly,

The same effect may give:

Poor Lubin fears that he shall die;

His wife, that he may live.

ANOTHER.

FROM her own native France as old Alison
past,
She reproach'd English Nell with neglect
or with malice,
That the slattern had left, in the hurry and haste,
Her lady's complexion and eye-brows at Calais.

ANOTHER.

HER eye-brow box one morning lost,
(The best of folks are oftenest crost)
Sad Helen thus to Jenny said,
Her careless but afflicted maid,
Put me to bed then, wretched Jane;
Alas! when shall I rise again?
I can behold no mortal now:
For what's an eye without a brow?

ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

IN a dark corner of the house
Poor Helen sits, and sobs and cries;
She will not see her loving spouse,
Nor her more dear picquet-allies:
Unless she finds her eye-brows,
She'll e'en weep out her eyes.

Paint, patches, jewels laid aside,
 At night astronomers agree, 10
 The evening has the day belied;
 And Phillis is some forty-three.

FORMA BONUM FRAGILE.



HAT a frail thing is beauty! says Baron
 Le Cras,
 Perceiving his mistress had one eye of
 glass:

And scarcely had he spoke it,
 When she more confus'd as more angry she grew,
 By a negligent rage prov'd the maxim too true:
 She dropt the eye, and broke it.

A CRITICAL MOMENT.



OW capricious were Nature and Art to poor
 Nell!
 She was painting her cheeks at the time
 her nose fell.

AN EPIGRAM.

WRITTEN TO THE DUKE DE NOALLES.



AIN the concern which you express,
 That uncall'd Alard will possess
 Your house and coach, both day and
 night,

And that Macbeth was haunted less
By Banquo's restless spright.

With fifteen thousand pounds a year,
Do you complain, you cannot bear
An ill, you may so soon retrieve?
Good Alard, faith, is modester
By much, than you believe.

10

Lend him but fifty louis-d'or ;
And you shall never see him more ;
Take the advice ; probatum est.
Why do the gods indulge our store,
But to secure our rest ?

EPILOGUE TO PHÆDRA AND HIPPOLITUS.*

A TRAGEDY, BY MR. EDMUND SMITH. SPOKEN BY
MRS. OLDFIELD, WHO ACTED ISMENA.



LADIES, to-night your pity I implore
For one, who never troubled you before;
An Oxford man, extremely read in
Greek,

* This excellent tragedy, although performed by Betterton, Booth, Mrs. Barry, and Mrs. Oldfield, met with but a very cold reception from the public on its first appearance. In the *Spectator*, No. 18, Mr. Addison says—"Would one think it was possible (at a time when an author lived that was able to write the *Phædra* and *Hippolitus*) for a people to be so stupidly fond of the Italian opera, as scarce to give a third day's hearing to that admirable tragedy." The prologue to it was written by Mr. Addison.

Who from Euripides makes Phædra speak ;
And comes to town to let us moderns know,
How women lov'd two thousand years ago.

If that be all, said I, e'en burn your play :
Egad ! we know all that, as well as they :
Show us the youthful, handsome charioteer,
Firm in his seat, and running his career ; 10
Our souls would kindle with as generous flames,
As e'er inspir'd the ancient Grecian dames :
Every Ismena would resign her breast ;
And every dear Hippolitus be blest.

But, as it is, six flouncing Flanders mares
Are even as good as any two of theirs :
And if Hippolitus can but contrive
To buy the gilded chariot ; John can drive.

Now of the bustle you have seen to-day,
And Phædra's morals in this scholar's play, 20
Something at least in justice should be said ;
But this Hippolitus so fills one head——
Well ! Phædra liv'd as chastly as she could !
For she was father Jove's own flesh and blood.
Her awkward love indeed was oddly fated ;
She and her Poly were too near related ;
And yet that scruple had been laid aside,
If honest Theseus had but fairly died :
But when he came, what needed he to know,
But that all matters stood in statu quo ? 30
There was no harm, you see ; or grant there were,
She might want conduct ; but he wanted care.
'Twas in a husband little less than rude,
Upon his wife's retirement to intrude——
He should have sent a night or two before,
That he would come exact at such an hour ;

Then he had turn'd all tragedy to jest ;
 Found every thing contribute to his rest ;
 The picquet-friend dismiss'd, the coast all clear,
 And spouse alone impatient for her dear. 40

But if these gay reflections come too late,
 To keep the guilty Phædra from her fate ;
 If your more serious judgment must condemn
 The dire effects of her unhappy flame :
 Yet, ye chaste matrons, and ye tender fair,
 Let love and innocence engage your care :
 My spotless flames to your protection take ;
 And spare poor Phædra for Ismena's sake.

EPILOGUE TO LUCIUS.*

A TRAGEDY, BY MRS. DE LA RIVIERE MANLEY.

SPOKEN BY MRS. HORTON.



HE female author who recites to-day,
 Trusts to her sex the merit of her play.
 Like father Bayes securely she sits
 down :

Pit, box, and gallery, 'gad ! all's our own.
 In ancient Greece, she says, when Sappho writ,
 By their applause the critics show'd their wit,
 They tun'd their voices to her lyric string ;

* This play was acted at Drury-lane, in 1717, with success. In the dedication to Sir Richard Steele, who wrote a prologue to it, the author apologizes for the severity of her former writings against him.

Though they could all do something more than sing.
But one exception to this fact we find ;
That booby Phaon only was unkind, 10
An ill-bred boat-man, rough as waves and wind.
From Sappho down through all succeeding ages,
And now on French, or on Italian stages,
Rough satires, sly remarks, ill natur'd speeches,
Are always aim'd at poets that wear breeches.
Arm'd with Longinus, or with Rabin, no man
Drew a sharp pen upon a naked woman.
The blustering bully, in our neighbouring streets,
Scorns to attack the female that he meets :
Fearless the petticoat contemns his frowns : 20
The hoop secures whatever it surrounds.
The many-colour'd gentry there above,
By turns are rul'd by tumult, and by love :
And while their sweet-hearts their attention fix,
Suspend the din of their damn'd clattering sticks.
Now, Sirs——
To you our author makes her soft request,
Who speak the kindest, and who write the best,
Your sympathetic hearts she hopes to move,
From tender friendship, and endearing love. 30
If Petrarch's Muse did Laura's wit rehearse ;
And Cowley flatter'd dear Orinda's verse ;
She hopes from you—Pox take her hopes and fears :
I plead her sex's claim ; what matters hers ?
By our full power of beauty we think fit
To damn this salique law impos'd on wit :
We'll try the empire you so long have boasted ;
And if we are not prais'd, we'll not be toasted.
Approve what one of us presents to-night ;
Or every mortal woman here shall write : 40

Rural, pathetic, narrative, sublime,
 We'll write to you, and make you write in rhyme;
 Female remarks shall take up all your time.
 Your time, poor souls! we'll take your very money;
 Female third days shall come so quick upon ye.
 As long as we have eyes, or hands, or breath,
 We'll look, or write, or talk you all to death.
 Unless you yield for better and for worse:
 Then the she-pegasus shall gain the course;
 And the gray mare will prove the better horse. 50

THE THIEF AND THE CORDELIER,

A BALLAD. TO THE TUNE OF KING JOHN AND THE
 ABBOT OF CANTERBURY.



WHO has e'er been at Paris must needs
 know the Greve,
 The fatal retreat of th' unfortunate
 brave:

Where honour and justice most oddly contribute,
 To ease heroes' pains by a halter and gibbet,
 Derry down, down, hey derry down.

There death breaks the shackles which force had
 put on;
 And the hangman completes what the judge but
 begun;
 There the squire of the pad, and the knight of the
 post,

Find their pains no more balk'd, and their hopes
no more cross'd.

Derry down, &c. 10

Great claims are there made, and great secrets are
known ;

And the king, and the law, and the thief has his
own ;

But my hearers cry out ; What a deuce dost thou
ail ?

Cut off thy reflections, and give us thy tale.

Derry down, &c.

'Twas there then, in civil respect to harsh laws,
And for want of false witness, to back a bad cause,
A Norman, though late, was obliged to appear ;
And who to assist, but a grave Cordelier ?

Derry down, &c. 20

The squire, whose good grace was to open the
scene,

Seem'd not in great haste, that the show should
begin :

Now fitted the halter, now travers'd the cart ;
And often took leave : but was loth to depart.

Derry down, &c.

What frightens you thus, my good son ? says the
priest :

You murder'd, are sorry, and have been confess'd.
O father ! my sorrow will scarce save my bacon :
For 'twas not that I murder'd, but that I was taken.

Derry down, &c. 30

Pugh ! prithee ne'er trouble thy head with such
fancies :

Rely on the aid you shall have from Saint Francis ;
If the money you promis'd be brought to the chest,
You have only to die : let the church do the rest.

Derry down, &c.

And what will folks say, if they see you afraid ?
It reflects upon me, as I knew not my trade :
Courage, friend ; to-day is your period of sorrow ;
And things will go better, believe me, to-morrow.

Derry down, &c. 40

To-morrow ? our hero replied in a fright :
He that's hang'd before noon, ought to think of
to-night.

Tell your beads, quoth the priest, and be fairly
truss'd up,

For you surely to-night shall in Paradise sup.

Derry down, &c.

Alas ! quoth the squire, howe'er sumptuous the treat,
Parbleu, I shall have little stomach to eat :

I should therefore esteem it great favour and grace,
Would you be so kind, as to go in my place.

Derry down, &c. 50

That I would, quoth the father, and thank you to
boot ;

But our actions, you know, with our duty must suit,
The feast, I propos'd to you, I cannot taste ;

For this night, by our order, is mark'd for a fast.

Derry down, &c.

Then turning about to the hangman, he said ;
 Dispatch me, I prithee, this troublesome blade :
 For thy cord, and my cord both equally tie ;
 And we live by the gold for which other men die.
 Derry down, &c. 60

AN EPITAPH.

Stet quicunque volet potens
 Aulæ culmine lubrico, &c. SENECA.



UNTERR'D beneath this marble stone
 Lie sauntering Jack and idle Joan.
 While rolling threescore years and one
 Did round this globe their courses run ;
 If human things went ill or well ;
 If changing empires rose or fell ;
 The morning past, the evening came,
 And found this couple still the same.
 They walk'd and eat, good folks : what then ?
 Why then they walk'd and eat again : 10
 They soundly slept the night away ;
 They did just nothing all the day ;
 And having buried children four,
 Would not take pains to try for more :
 Nor sister either had, nor brother ;
 They seem'd just tallied for each other.
 Their moral and economy
 Most perfectly they made agree :

Each virtue kept its proper bound,
Nor trespass'd on the other's ground. 20
Nor fame, nor censure they regarded;
They neither punish'd nor rewarded.
He car'd not what the footmen did;
Her maids she neither prais'd nor chid;
So every servant took his course;
And bad at first, they all grew worse.
Slothful disorder fill'd his stable;
And sluttish plenty deck'd her table.
Their beer was strong; their wine was port;
Their meal was large; their grace was short. 30
They gave the poor the remnant meat,
Just when it grew not fit to eat.

They paid the church and parish rate;
And took, but read not the receipt:
For which they claim their Sunday's due,
Of slumbering in an upper pew.

No man's defects sought they to know;
So never made themselves a foe.
No man's good deeds did they commend;
So never rais'd themselves a friend. 40
Nor cherish'd they relations poor;
That might decrease their present store:
Nor barn nor house did they repair;
That might oblige their future heir.

They neither added nor confounded;
They neither wanted nor abounded.
Each Christmas they accompts did clear,
And wound their bottom round the year.
Nor tear nor smile did they employ
At news of public grief, or joy. 50
When bells were rung, and bonfires made,

If ask'd, they ne'er denied their aid;
 Their jug was to the ringers carried,
 Whoever either died, or married.
 Their billet at the fire was found,
 Whoever was depos'd, or crown'd.

Nor good, nor bad, nor fools, nor wise;
 They would not learn, nor could advise:
 Without love, hatred, joy, or fear,
 They led—a kind of—as it were: 60
 Nor wish'd, nor car'd, nor laugh'd, nor cried:
 And so they liv'd, and so they died.

HORACE, LIB. I. EPIST. IX. IMITATED.

Septimius, Claudii, nimirum intelligit unus,
 Quanti me facias, &c.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE MR. HARLEY.*



DEAR DICK,† howe'er it comes into his
 head,
 Believes as firmly as he does his creed,
 That you and I, Sir, are extremely
 great;

Though I plain Mat, you minister of state:
 One word from me, without all doubt, he says,

* Afterwards Earl of Oxford and Mortimer.

† This was Richard Shelton, Esq. one of the interlocutors in the poem of Alma. Mr. Prior in his will styles him his dear friend and companion.

Would fix his fortune in some little place.
Thus better than myself, it seems, he knows,
How far my interest with my patron goes ;
And answering all objections I can make,
Still plunges deeper in his dear mistake. 10

From this wild fancy, Sir, there may proceed
One wilder yet, which I foresee and dread ;
That I, in fact, a real interest have,
Which to my own advantage I would save,
And, with the usual courtier's trick, intend
To serve myself, forgetful of my friend.

To shun this censure, I all shame lay by,
And make my reason with his will comply ;
Hoping for my excuse, 'twill be confess'd,
That of two evils I have chose the least. 20
So, Sir, with this epistolary scroll,
Receive the partner of my inmost soul :
Him you will find in letters, and in laws
Not unexpert, firm to his country's cause,
Warm in the glorious interest you pursue,
And, in one word, a good man and a true.

TO MR. HARLEY, WOUNDED BY
GUISCARD.* 1711.

————— ab ipso
Ducit opes animumque ferro. HOR.



N one great now, superior to an age,
The full extremes of Nature's force
we find:

How heavenly virtue can exalt; or rage
Infernal, how degrade the human mind.

While the fierce monk does at his trial stand,
He chews revenge, abjuring his offence:
Guile in his tongue, and murder in his hand,
He stabs his judge to prove his innocence.

The guilty stroke and torture of the steel
Infix'd, our dauntless Briton scarce perceives: 10

* Antoine de Guiscard had been Abbot of Borly, near the Cevennes in France, but being of a vicious and profligate disposition, he committed offences which obliged him to fly from his country. He afterwards entered into the army, and was made colonel of a regiment of horse, and lieutenant-general, with pensions both from England and Holland. He afterwards, to make his peace with France, became a spy on the English court, was discovered, and taken before the council to be examined, when in a fit of madness and despair he stabbed Mr. Harley with a penknife which he had secreted. He was immediately secured, but died in Newgate a few days after, of some wounds he received in the scuffle. A very particular account of this transaction by Dean Swift and Mrs. Manley is printed in the Supplement to the Dean's works.

The wounds his country from his death must feel,
The patriot views ; for those alone he grieves.

The barbarous rage that durst attempt thy life,
Harley, great counsellor, extends thy fame :
And the sharp point of cruel Guiscard's knife,
In brass and marble carves thy deathless name.

Faithful assertor of thy country's cause,
Britain with tears shall bathe thy glorious wound :
She for thy safety shall enlarge her laws,
And in her statutes shall thy worth be found. 20

Yet midst her sighs she triumphs, on the hand
Reflecting, that diffus'd the public woe ;
A stranger to her altars, and her land :
No son of hers could meditate this blow.

Meantime thy pain is gracious Anna's care :
Our queen, our saint, with sacrificing breath,
Softens thy anguish : in her powerful prayer
She pleads thy service, and forbids thy death.

Great as thou art, thou canst demand no more,
O breast bewail'd by earth, preserv'd by heaven !
No higher can aspiring virtue soar : 31
Enough to thee of grief, and fame is given.

AN EXTEMPORE INVITATION

TO THE EARL OF OXFORD, LORD HIGH TREASURER,
MDCXCII.

MY LORD,



UR weekly friends to-morrow meet
At Matthew's palace, in Duke-street,
To try for once, if they can dine
On bacon-ham, and mutton-chine.

If wearied with the great affairs,
Which Britain trusts to Harley's cares,
Thou, humble statesman, mayst descend,
Thy mind one moment to unbend,
To see thy servant from his soul
Crown with thy health the'sprightly bowl: 10
Among the guests, which e'er my house
Receiv'd, it never can produce
Of honour a more glorious proof—
Though Dorset us'd to bless the roof.

TWO BEGGARS

DISPUTING THEIR RIGHT TO AN OYSTER THEY HAD
FOUND; A LAWYER THUS DECIDES
THE CAUSE.

BLIND plaintiff, lame defendant share
The friendly laws, impartial care.
A shell for him, a shell for thee,
The middle is the lawyer's fee.
So judge's word decrees the people's right,
And Magna Charta is a paper kite.

HUMAN LIFE.

WHAT trifling coil do we poor mortals
keep;
Wake, eat, and drink, evacuate, and
sleep.

PROLOGUE FOR DELIA'S PLAY.*

LADIES, to you with pleasure we
submit,
This early offspring of a virgin wit.
From your good nature nought our
auth'ress fears,

* *I.e.*, The Royal Mischief, by Mrs. Manley.—Drift.

Sure you'll indulge, if not the muse, her years,
Freely the praise she may deserve bestow,
Pardon, not censure, what you can't allow!
Smile on the work, be to her merits kind,
And to her faults, whate'er they are, be blind.*

Let critics follow rules, she boldly writes
What nature dictates, and what love indites. 10
By no dull form her queens and ladies move,
But court their heroes, and agnize their love.
Poor maid! she'd have (what e'en no wife
would crave)

A husband love his spouse beyond the grave:
And from a second marriage to deter,
Shews you what horrid things stepmothers are.
Howe'er, to constancy the prize she gives,
And tho' the sister dies the brother lives.
Blest with success, at last, he mounts a throne,
Enjoys at once his mistress and a crown. 20
Learn, ladies, then, from Lindaraxa's fate,
What great rewards on virtuous lovers wait.
Learn too, if heav'n and fate should adverse
prove,
(For fate and heav'n don't always smile on
love)

Learn with Zelinda to be still the same,
Nor quit your first for any second flame,
Whatever fate, or death, or life, be given,
Dare to be true, submit the rest to Heaven.

* Cf., An English Padlock, l. 78.—Ed.

AMARYLLIS. A PASTORAL.



T was the fate of an unhappy swain
To love a nymph, the glory of the
plain ;

In vain he daily did his courtship
move,

The nymph was haughty, and disdain'd to love.
Each morn as soon as the sun's golden ray
Dispers'd the clouds, and chased dark night
away,

The sad despairing shepherd rear'd his head
From off his pillow, and forsook his bed.
Strait he search'd out some melancholy shade,
Where he did blame the proud disdainful
maid,

10

And thus with cruelty did her upbraid :
Ah, shepherdess, will you then let me die ;
Will nothing thaw this frozen cruelty :
But you, lest you should pity, will not hear,
You will not to my suff'rings give ear ;
But adder-like to listen you refuse
To words, the greatest charm that man can
use.

'Tis now noon-day, the sun is mounted high,
Beneath refreshing shades the beasts do lie,
And seek out cooling rivers to assuage, 20
The lion's sultry heat, and dog-star's rage :
The oxen now can't plough the fruitful soil,

The furious heat forbids the reaper's toil
Both beast and men for work are now unfit,
The wearied hinds down to their dinner sit ;
Each creature now is with refreshment blest,
And none but wretched I, debarr'd of rest,
I wander up and down thro' desert lands,
On sun-burnt mountain-tops and parched
sands.

And as alone, restless I go along, 30
Nothing but echo answers to my song.
Had I not better undergo the scorn
Of Jenny ? is it not more easy borne ?
The cruelty of angry Kate ? altho'
That she is black, and you are white as snow.
O ! nymph, don't, too much, to your beauty
trust,

The brightest steel is eaten up with rust :
The whitest blossoms fall, sweet roses fade,
And you, tho' handsome, yet may die a maid.
With thee I could admire a country life, 40
Free from disturbance, city noise, or strife :
Amongst the shady groves and woods we'd
walk,

Of nothing else but love's great charm we'd
talk,

We would pursue, in season, rural sports,
And then let knaves and fools resort to courts ;
I could, besides, some country presents find,
Could they persuade you but to be more kind :
But since with scorn you do these gifts despise,

Another shepherdess shall gain the prize.

O! Amaryllis, beauteous maid, observe, 50

The nymphs themselves are willing thee to
serve,

See where large baskets full of flowers they
bring,

The sweet fair product of th' indulgent spring.

See there the pink, and the anemony,

The purple violet, rose, and jessamy.

See where they humbly lay their presents down,

To make a chaplet thy dear head to crown.

See where the beasts go trooping drove by
drove,

See how they answer one another's love :

See where the bull the heifer does pursue, 60

See where the mare the furious horse does woo :

Each female to her male is always kind,

And women, only cruel women blind,

Contradict that for which they were design'd.

So Corydon loves an ungrateful fair,

Who minds not oaths, nor cares for any prayer.

But see the sun his race has almost run,

And the laborious ox his work has done.

But I still love without the thought of ease,

No cure was ever found for that disease, 70

But Corydon, what frenzy does thee seize.

Why dost thou lie in this dejected way ?

Why dost thou let thy sheep and oxen stray ?

Thy tuneful pipe, why dost thou throw away.

Had you not better dispossess your mind

Of her who is so cruel and unkind ;
Forget her guile, and calm those raging cares,
Take heart again, and follow your affairs,
For what altho' this nymph does cruel prove,
You'll find a thousand other maids will love. 80

DORINDA.

FAREWEL ye shady walks, and foun-
tains,
Sinking vallies, rising mountains :
Farewel ye crystal streams, that pass
Thro' fragrant meads of verdant grass :
Farewel ye flowers, sweet and fair,
That us'd to grace Dorinda's hair :
Farewel ye woods, who us'd to shade
The pressing youth, and yielding maid :
Farewel ye birds, whose morning song
Oft made us know we slept too long : 10
Farewel dear bed, so often prest,
So often above others blest,
With the kind weight of all her charms,
When panting, dying, in my arms.
Dorinda's gone, gone far away,
She's gone and Strephon cannot stay :
By sympathetic ties I find
That to her sphere I am confin'd ;

My motions still on her must wait,
And what she wills to me is fate, 20

She's gone, O ! hear it all ye bowers,
Ye walks, ye fountains, trees, and flowers,
For whom you made your earliest show,
For whom you took a pride to grow.
She's gone, O ! hear, ye nightingales,
Ye mountains ring it to the vales,
And echo to the country round,
The mournful, dismal, killing sound :
Dorinda's gone, and Strephon goes,
To find with her his lost repose. 30

But ere I go, O ! let me see,
That all things mourn her loss like me :
Play, play, no more, ye spouting fountains,
Rise ye vallies, sink ye mountains ;
Ye walks, in moss, neglected lie,
Ye birds, be mute ; ye streams, be dry.
Fade, fade, ye flowers, and let the rose
No more its blushing buds disclose :
Ye spreading beach, and taper fir,
Languish away in mourning her ; 40
And never let your friendly shade,
The stealth of other lovers aid.
And thou, O ! dear, delightful bed,
The altar where her maidenhead,
With burning cheeks, and downcast eyes,
With panting breasts, and kind replies,

And other due solemnity,
Was offer'd up to love and me.
Hereafter suffer no abuse,
Since consecrated to our use, 50
As thou art sacred, don't profane
Thy self with any vulgar stain,
But to thy pride be still display'd,
The print her lovely limbs have made :
See, in a moment, all is chang'd,
The flowers shrunk up, the trees disrang'd,
And that which wore so sweet a face,
Become a horrid, desert place.
Nature her influence withdraws,
Th' effect must follow still the cause, 60
And where Dorinda will reside,
Nature must there all gay provide.
Decking that happy spot of earth,
Like Eden's garden at its birth,
To please her matchless, darling maid,
The wonder of her forming-trade ;
Excelling all who e'er excell'd,
And as we ne'er the like beheld,
So neither is, nor e'er can be,
Her parallel, or second she. 70

TO LEONORA.



F' absence so much racks my charmer'
heart,

Believe that Strephon's bears :
double smart,

So well he loves, and knows thy love so fine,
That in his own distress he suffers thine :
Yet, O forgive him, if his thoughts displease,
He would not, cannot wish thee more at ease.

What need you bid me think of pleasure
past ?

Was there one joy, whose image does not last
But that one ; most ecstatic, most refin'd,
Reigns fresh, and will for ever in my mind, :
With such a power of charms it storm'd m,
soul,

That nothing ever can its strength controul,
Not sleep, not age, not absence can avail,
Reflection, ever young, must still prevail.
What influence-divine did guide that hour,
Which gave to minutes the Almighty power,
To fix (whilst other joys are not a span)
A pleasure lasting as the life of man.

TO LEONORA.

ENCORE.

I.



CEASE, Leonora, cease to mourn,
 Thy faithful Strephon will return.
 Fate at thy sighs will ne'er relent,
 Then grieve not, what we can't
 prevent;

Nor let predestinating tears
 Increase my pains, or raise thy fears.

II.

'Tis but the last long winter night,
 Our Sun will rise to-morrow bright;
 And to our suff'ring passion bring
 The promise of eternal spring, 10
 Which thy kind eyes shall ever cheer,
 And make that season all our year.

ON A PRETTY MADWOMAN.

I.



WHILE mad Ophelia we lament,
 And her distraction mourn,
 Our grief's misplac'd, our tears
 misspent,

Since what for her condition's meant
 More justly fits our own.

II.

For if 'tis happiness to be,
 From all the turns of fate,
 From dubious joy, and sorrow free;
 Ophelia then is blest, and we
 Misunderstand her state. 10

III.


The fates may do whate'er they will,
 They can't disturb her mind,
 Insensible of good, or ill,
 Ophelia is Ophelia still,
 Be fortune cross or kind.

IV.

Then make with reason no more noise,
 Since what should give relief,
 The quiet of our mind destroys,
 Or with a full spring-tide of joys,
 Or a dead-ebb of grief. 20

ABSENCE.

I.

HAT a tedious day is past!
 Loving, thinking, wishing, weep-
 ing;
 Gods! if this be not the last,
 Take a life not worth my keeping.

II.

Love, ye gods, is life alone !

In the length is little pleasure :

Be but ev'ry day our own,

We shall ne'er complain of measure.

THE NEW YEAR'S GIFT TO PHYLLIS.

I.



HE circling months begin this day,

To run their yearly ring,

And long-breath'd time which ne'er
will stay,

Refits his wings, and shoots away,

It round again to bring.

II.

Who feels the force of female eyes,

And thinks some nymph divine,

Now brings his annual sacrifice,

Some pretty boy, or neat device,

To offer at her shrine.

10

III.

But I can pay no offering,

To show how I adore,

Since I had but a heart to bring,

A downright foolish, faithful thing,

And that you had before.

IV.

Yet we may give, for custom sake,
 What will to both be new,
 My constancy a gift I'll make,
 And in return of it will take
 Some levity from you.

20

A SONG.

I.

FOR God's-sake—nay, dear sir,
 Lord, what do you mean,
 I protest, and I vow, sir,
 Your ways are obscene.

II.

Pray give over, O! fie,
 Pish, leave off your fooling,
 Forbear, or I'll cry,—
 I hate this rude doing.

III.

Let me die if I stay,
 Does the devil possess you?
 Your hand take away,
 Then perhaps I may bless you.

10

ON SNUFF.

LOVE once resolv'd (the females to
degrade)
To propagate their sex without their
aid.

His brain conceiv'd, and soon the pangs and
throes

He felt, nor could th' unnatural birth disclose:
At last when try'd, no remedy would do,
The god took snuff, and out the goddess flew.


TO CELIA.

AN EPIGRAM.

YOU need not thus so often pray,
Or in devotion spend the day,
Since without half such toil and pain,
You surely Paradise will gain.
Your husband's impotent and jealous,
And Celia that's enough to tell us
You must inhabit heaven herea'ter,
Because you are a virgin-martyr.

UPON A FRIEND,
WHO HAD A PAIN IN HIS LEFT SIDE.

I.

AY not the pain, so near your heart,
On chance, or on disease,
So sensible, so nice a smart,
Is from no cause like these.

II.

Your friends, at last, the truth have found,
Howe'er you tell your story,
'Twas Celia's eyes that gave the wound,
And they shall have the glory.

SONGS,
SET TO MUSIC BY THE MOST EMINENT
MASTERS.

I.

SET BY MR. ABEL.

READING ends in melancholy;
Wine breeds vices and diseases;
Wealth is but care, and love but folly
Only friendship truly pleases.
My wealth, my books, my flask, my Molly;
Farewell all, if friendship ceases.

II.

SET BY MR. PURCELL.

WHITHER would my passion run?
Shall I fly her, or pursue her?
Losing her, I am undone;
Yet would not gain her, to undo her

Ye tyrants of the human breast,
Love and reason! cease your war,
And order death to give me rest;
So each will equal triumph share.

III.

SET BY MR. DE FESCH.



TREPHONETTA, why d'ye fly me,
 With such rigour in your eyes?
 Oh! 'tis cruel to deny me,
 Since your charms I so much prize.

But I plainly see the reason,
 Why in vain I you pursu'd;
 Her to gain 'twas out of season,
 Who before the chaplain woo'd.

IV.

SET BY MR. SMITH.



OME, weep no more, for 'tis in vain;
 Torment not thus your pretty heart:
 Think, Flavia, we may meet again,
 As well as, that we now must part.

You sigh and weep: the gods neglect
 That precious dew your eyes let fall:
 Our joy and grief with like respect
 They mind; and that is, not at all.

We pray, in hopes they will be kind,
As if they did regard our state : 10
They hear ; and the return we find
Is, that no prayers can alter fate.

Then clear your brow, and look more gay,
Do not yourself to grief resign ;
Who knows but that those powers may
The pair, they now have parted, join ?

But, since they have thus cruel been,
And could such constant lovers sever ;
I dare not trust, lest now they're in,
They should divide us two for ever. 20

Then, Flavia, come, and let us grieve,
Remembering though upon what score ;
This our last parting look believe,
Believe we must embrace no more.

Yet, should our sun shine out at last ;
And fortune, without more deceit,
Throw but one reconciling cast,
To make two wandering lovers meet ;

How great then would our pleasure be,
To find Heaven kinder than believ'd ; 30
And we, who had no hopes to see
Each other, to be thus deceiv'd !

But say, should Heaven bring no relief,
Suppose our sun should never rise :
Why then what's due to such a grief,
We've paid already with our eyes.

V.

SET BY MR. DE FESCH.

LET perjur'd fair Amynta know,
 What for her sake I undergo ;
 Tell her, for her how I sustain
 A lingering fever's wasting pain ;
 Tell her, the torments I endure,
 Which only, only she can cure.

But, oh ! she scorns to hear, or see,
 The wretch that lies so low as me ;
 Her sudden greatness turns her brain,
 And Strephon hopes, alas ! in vain : 10
 For ne'er 'twas found (though often tried)
 That pity ever dwelt with pride.

VI.

SET BY MR. SMITH.

PHILLIS, since we have both been kind,
 And of each other had our fill ;
 Tell me what pleasure you can find,
 In forcing nature 'gainst her will.

'Tis true, you may with art and pain
 Keep in some glowings of desire ;

But still those glowings which remain
Are only ashes of the fire.

Then let us free each other's soul,
And laugh at the dull constant fool, 10
Who would love's liberty control,
And teach us how to whine by rule.

Let us no impositions set,
Or clogs upon each other's heart ;
But, as for pleasure first we met,
So now for pleasure let us part.

We both have spent our stock of love,
So consequently should be free ;
Thyrsis expects you in yon grove ;
And pretty Chloris stays for me. 20

VII.

SET BY MR. DE FESCH.

PHILLIS, this pious talk give o'er,
And modestly pretend no more ;
It is too plain an art :
Surely you take me for a fool,
And would by this prove me so dull,
As not to know your heart.

In vain you fancy to deceive,
For truly I can ne'er believe

But this is all a sham ;
 Since any one may plainly see,
 You'd only save yourself with me,
 And with another damn.

VIII.

SET BY MR. SMITH.



UNTILL, Dorinda, I adore ;
 Think I mean not to deceive you
 For I lov'd you much before,
 And, alas ! now love you more,
 Though I force myself to leave you.

Staying, I my vows shall fail ;
 Virtue yields, as love grows stronger ;
 Fierce desires will sure prevail ;
 You are fair ; and I am frail,
 And dare trust myself no longer.

10

You, my love, too nicely coy,
 Lest I should have gain'd the treasure,
 Made my vows and oaths destroy
 The pleasing hopes I did enjoy
 Of all my future peace and pleasure.

To my vows I have been true,
 And in silence hid my anguish,

But I cannot promise too
 What my love may make me do,
 While with her for whom I languish. 20

For in thee strange magic lies,
 And my heart is too, too tender ;
 Nothing's proof against those eyes,
 Best resolves and strictest ties
 To their force must soon surrender.

But, Dorinda, you're severe,
 I most doting, thus to sever ;
 Since from all I hold most dear,
 That you may no longer fear,
 I divorce myself for ever. 30

IX.

SET BY MR. DE FESCH.



S it, O love, thy want of eyes,
 Or by the Fates decreed,
 That hearts so seldom sympathize,
 Or for each other bleed ?


If thou wouldst make two youthful hearts
 One amorous shaft obey ;
 'Twould save thee the expense of darts,
 And more extend thy sway.

Forbear, alas ! thus to destroy
 Thyself, thy growing power ; 10
 For that which would be stretch'd by joy,
 Despair will soon devour.

Ah ! wound then, my relentless fair,
 For thy own sake and mine ;
 That boundless bliss may be my share,
 And double glory thine.

X.


SET BY MR. SMITH.


 WHY, Harry, what ails you ? why look
 you so sad ?
 To think and ne'er drink, will make
 you stark mad.

'Tis the mistress, the friend, and the bottle, old boy !
 Which create all the pleasure poor mortals enjoy ;
 But wine of the three is the most cordial brother,
 For one it relieves, and it strengthens the other.

XI.

SET BY MR. SMITH.


 SINCE my words, though ne'er so tender,
 With sincerest truth exprest,
 Cannot make your heart surrender,
 Nor so much as warm your breast :

What will move the springs of nature?
 What will make you think me true?
 Tell me, thou mysterious creature,
 Tell poor Strephon what will do!

Do not, Charmion, rack your lover
 Thus by seeming not to know
 What so plainly all discover,
 What his eyes so plainly show. 10

Fair one, 'tis yourself deceiving,
 'Tis against your reason's laws:
 Atheist-like th' effect perceiving,
 Still to disbelieve the cause.

XII.

SET BY MR. DE FESCH.



ORELLA, charming without art,
 And kind without design,
 Can never lose the smallest part
 Of such a heart as mine.

Oblig'd a thousand several ways,
 It ne'er can break her chains;
 While passion, which her beauties raise,
 My gratitude maintains.

XIII.

SET BY MR. DE FESCH.

LOVE, inform thy faithful creature
 How to keep his fair one's heart ;
 Must it be by truth of nature,
 Or by poor dissembling art ?

Tell the secret, show the wonder,
 How we both may gain our ends ;
 I am lost if we're asunder,
 Ever tortur'd if we're friends.

XIV.

SET BY MR. DE FESCH.

TOUCH the lyre, on every string,
 Touch it, Orpheus, I will sing,
 A song which shall immortal be ;
 Since she I sing's a deity :
 A Leonora, whose blest birth
 Has no relation to this earth.

XV.

SET BY MR. SMITH.



NCE I was unconfin'd and free,
 Would I had been so still !
 Enjoying sweetest liberty,
 And roving at my will.

But now, not master of my heart,
 Cupid does so decide,
 That two she-tyrants shall it part,
 And so poor me divide.

Victoria's will I must obey,
 She acts without control :
 Phillis has such a taking way,
 She charms my very soul.

Deceiv'd by Phillis' looks and smiles,
 Into her snares I run :
 Victoria shows me all her wiles
 Which yet I dare not shun.

From one I fancy every kiss
 Has something in't divine ;
 And, awful, taste the balmy bliss,
 That joins her lips with mine.

But, when the other I embrace,
 Though she be not a queen,
 Methinks 'tis sweet with such a lass
 To tumble on the green.

Thus here you see a shared heart,
 But I, meanwhile, the fool:
 Each in it has an equal part,
 But neither yet the whole.

Nor will it, if I right forecast,
 To either wholly yield:
 I find the time approaches fast,
 When both must quit the field.

30

XVI.

SET BY MR. DE FESCH.



FAREWELL, Amynta, we must part;
 The charm has lost its power,
 Which held so fast my captiv'd heart
 Until this fatal hour.

Hadst thou not thus my love abus'd,
 And us'd me ne'er so ill,
 Thy cruelty I had excus'd,
 And I had lov'd thee still.

But know, my soul disdains thy sway,
 And scorns thy charms and thee,
 To which each fluttering coxcomb may
 As welcome be as me.

10

Think in what perfect bliss you reign'd,
 How lov'd before thy fall;

And now, alas ! how much disdain'd
By me, and scorn'd by all.

Yet thinking of each happy hour,
Which I with thee have spent,
So robs my rage of all its power
That I almost relent.

20

But pride will never let me bow,
No more thy charms can move
Yet thou art worth my pity now,
Because thou hadst my love.

XVII.

SET BY MR. SMITH.



ACCEPT, my love, as true a heart
As ever lover gave :
'Tis free (it vows) from any art,
And proud to be your slave.

Then take it kindly, as 'twas meant,
And let the giver live :
Who with it would the world have sent,
Had it been his to give.

And, that Dorinda may not fear
I e'er will prove untrue,
My vows shall, ending with the year,
With it begin anew.

10

XVIII.

SET BY MR. DE FESCH.



ANNY blushes when I woo her,
 And, with kindly-chiding eyes,
 Faintly says, I shall undo her,
 Faintly, O forbear! she cries.

But her breasts while I am pressing,
 While to hers my lips I join,
 Warm'd she seems to taste the blessing,
 And her kisses answer mine.

Undebauch'd by rules of honour,
 Innocence with nature charms;
 One bids, gently push me from her,
 The other, take me in her arms.

11

XIX.

SET BY MR. SMITH.



SINCE we your husband daily see
 So jealous out of season,
 Phillis, let you and I agree
 To make him so with reason.

I'm vext to think, that every night
 A sot, within thy arms,
 Tasting the most divine delight,
 Should sully all your charms;

While fretting I must lie alone,
 Cursing the powers divine, 10
 That undeservedly have thrown
 A pearl unto a swine.

Then, Phillis, heal my wounded heart,
 My burning passion cool ;
 Let me at least in thee have part
 With thy insipid fool.

XX.

SET BY C. R.

PHILLIS, give this humour over,
 We too long have time abus'd ;
 I shall turn an arrant rover,
 If the favour's still refus'd.

Faith ! 'tis nonsense out of measure,
 Without ending thus to see
 Women forc'd to taste a pleasure
 Which they love as well as we.

Let not pride and folly share you,
 We were made but to enjoy ; 10
 Ne'er will age or censure spare you,
 E'er the more for being coy.

Never fancy time's before you,
 Youth, believe me, will away ;

Then, alas ! who will adore you,
Or to wrinkles tribute pay ?

All the swains on you attending
Show how much your charms deserve ;
But, miser like, for fear of spending,
You amidst your plenty starve.

20

While a thousand freer lasses,
Who their youth and charms employ,
Though your beauty theirs surpasses,
Live in far more perfect joy.

XXI.




ASTE, my Nannette, my lovely maid,
Haste to the bower thy swain has made ;
For thee alone I made the bower,
And strew'd the couch with many a
flower.

None but my sheep shall near us come :
Venus be prais'd ! my sheep are dumb.
Great god of love ! take thou my crook,
To keep the wolf from Nannette's flock.
Guard thou the sheep, to her so dear ;
My own, alas ! are less my care.
But, of the wolf if thou'rt afraid,
Come not to us to call for aid ;
For with her swain my love shall stay,
Though the wolf prowl, and the sheep stray.

10

XXII.

SET BY MR. DE FESCH.


INCE by ill fate I'm forc'd away,
 And snatch'd so soon from those
 dear arms;
 Against my will I must obey,
 And leave those sweet endearing charms.

Yet still love on; and never fear,
 But you and constancy will prove
 Enough my present flame to bear,
 And make me, though in absence, love.

For, though your presence fate denies,
 I feel, alas! the killing smart; 10
 And can with undiscerned eyes
 Behold your picture in my heart.

XXIII.

SET BY MR. DE FESCH.

N vain, alas! poor Strephon tries
 To ease his tortur'd breast;
 Since Amoret the cure denies,
 And makes his pain a jest.

Ah! fair one, why to me so coy?
 And why to him so true,
 Who with more coldness slights the joy,
 Than I with love pursue?

Die then, unhappy lover! die;
 For, since she gives thee death,
 The world has nothing that can buy
 A minute more of breath.

10

Yet, though I could your scorn outlive,
 'Twere folly; since to me
 Not love itself a joy can give,
 But, Amoret, in thee.

XXIV.

SET BY MR. DE FESCH.

WELL! I will never more complain,
 Or call the fates unkind;
 Alas! how fond it is, how vain!
 But self-conceitedness does reign
 In every mortal mind.

'Tis true they long did me deny,
 Nor would permit a sight;
 I rag'd; for I could not espy,
 Or think that any harm could lie
 Disguis'd in that delight.

10

At last, my wishes to fulfill,
 They did their power resign ;
 I saw her ; but I wish I still
 Had been obedient to their will,
 And they not unto mine.

Yet I by this have learnt the wit,
 Never to grieve or fret :
 Contentedly I will submit,
 And think that best which they think fit,
 Without the least regret. 20

XXV.

SET BY MR. C. R.



HLOE beauty has and wit,
 And an air that is not common ;
 Every charm in her does meet,
 Fit to make a handsome woman.


But we do not only find
 Here a lovely face or feature ;
 For she's merciful and kind,
 Beauty's answer'd by good nature.

She is always doing good,
 Of her favours never sparing, 10
 And, as all good christians should,
 Keeps poor mortals from despairing.

Jove the power knew of her charms,
 And that no man could endure them,
 So, providing 'gainst all harms,
 Gave to her the power to cure them.

And 'twould be a cruel thing,
 When her black eyes have rais'd desire,
 Should she not her bucket bring,
 And kindly help to quench the fire. 20

XXVI.


INCE, Moggy, I mun bid adieu,
 How can I help despairing?
 Let cruel fate us still pursue,
 There's nought more worth my caring.

'Twas she alone could calm my soul,
 When racking thoughts did grieve me;
 Her eyes my trouble could control,
 And into joys deceive me.

Farewell, ye brooks; no more along
 Your banks mun I be walking: 10
 No more you'll hear my pipe or song,
 Or pretty Moggy's talking.

But I by death an end will give
 To grief, since we mun sever:
 For who can after parting live,
 Ought to be wretched ever.

XXVII.

OME kind angel, gently flying,
 Mov'd with pity at my pain,
 Tell Corinna, I am dying,
 Till with joy we meet again.


Tell Corinna, since we parted,
 I have never known delight:
 And shall soon be broken-hearted,
 If I longer want her sight.

Tell her how her lover, mourning,
 Thinks each lazy day a year;
 Cursing every morn returning,
 Since Corinna is not here.

10

Tell her too, not distant places,
 Will she be but true and kind,
 Join'd with time and change of faces,
 E'er shall shake my constant mind.

XXVIII. NELLY.

HILST others proclaim
 This nymph or that swain,
 Dearest Nelly the lovely I'll sing;
 She shall grace every verse,
 I'll her beauties rehearse,
 Which lovers can't think an ill thing.

Her eyes shine as bright
As stars in the night,
Her complexion divinely is fair ;
Her lips, red as a cherry,
Would a hermit make merry,
And black as a coal is her hair.

10

Her breath, like a rose,
Its sweets does disclose,
Whenever you ravish a kiss ;
Like ivory enchas'd,
Her teeth are well plac'd,
An exquisite beauty she is.

Her plump breasts are white,
Delighting the sight,
There Cupid discovers her charms ;
Oh ! spare then the rest,
And think of the best :
'Tis heaven to die in her arms.

20

She's blooming as May,
Brisk, lively, and gay,
The Graces play all round about her ;
She's prudent and witty,
Sings wondrously pretty,
And there is no living without her.

30

AD COMITEM DORCESTRIÆ,

IN ANNUM INEUNTEM MDCLXXXIV. AD JANUM.



IC tua perpetuis fument altaria donis,
 Plurima sic flammæ pabula mittat
 Arabs;

Sic dum sacra novis redimuntur tem-
 pora sertis,

Nestoreos poscant foemina virque dies;
 Casside depositâ, placidè sic nuncia pacis
 Janua sopito cardine limen amet:

Candida procedant festivo tempora motu,
 Et faveat Domino quælibet hora meo!

Publica conciliis gravibus seu commoda tractet,
 Seu vacuum pectus mollior urat amor;

10

Seu pia mordaci meditetur vulnera chartâ,
 Vulnera quæ tali sola levantur ope;

Seu legat oblito facilis mea carmina fastu,
 O! bene carminibus consule, Dive, meis,

Jane fave, Domini veniet natalis ad aras;
 O! superis ipsis sacra sit illa dies:

Sacra sit illa dies, niveoque notata lapillo,
 Quâ tulit illustris nobile mater onus,

Quâ mihi, patronum gestit, gentique Quiritem,
 Artificique Deo poene dedisse parem.

20

AD DOM. GOWER, COLL. MAGISTRUM,

EPISTOLA DEPRECATORIA.

NISI tuam jampridem benevolentiam & laudatam ab expertis audivissem, & expertus ipse sæpissimè laudassem, & pudor & tristitia conscio mihi silentium indixissent: at enim V. R. dum coram patrono, amico, patre, provolvor, te non dubitat impetrare audax dolor per accepta olim beneficia, per effluentes lacrymas (& hæc mentiri nesciunt) perque tuum isthunc celeberrimum candorem, quem imprudens læsi, sollicitus repeto ut peccanti ignoscas, & obliteres crimen, ut non solùm ad condiscipulorum mensam, sed ad magistri gratiam restituatur, favoris tui studiosissimus,

M. P.

CARMEN DEPRECATORIUM AD EUNDEM.

RATAS acuit dum læsus Apollo sagittas,
Neglectas renovat mœsta Thalia preces;

Qualescunque potest jejuno promere cantu;

Heu mihi non est res ingeniosa fames!

Grana neges, alacri languet vis ignea gallo,

Deme laboranti pabula, languet equus.

Latrantis stomachi sterilis nec pascis hiatum

Daphni, nec arentem Castalis unda sitim.

Tum bene lassatur Flaccus cum dixerit Ohe!

Pieriasque merum nobilitavit aquas.

10

Jejuni depressa jacet vel Musa Maronis,

Flet culicem esuriens qui satur arma canit.

O si Mæcenas major mihi riserit, O si

Fulgenti solitum regnet in ore jubar,

Crimine purgato pie post jejunia, Musa

Inciperet præsul grandia, teque loqui.

M. P.

“ ——— Dum bibibus ———

Obrepit non intellecta senectus.”



ISTE mero bibulas effuso temporis
alas,

Hesternumve minax coge redire
diem;

Nil facis; usque volabit inexorabilis ætas,

Canitiemque caput sentiet atque rugas.

I brevis, & properans in funus necte corollas,

Mox conflagrando conde Falerna rogo.

Clepsydra Saturni tua nec crystallina distant,

Dum motu parili vinum & arena fluunt.

Dum loquor, ecce! perit redimitæ gloria frontis,

Dat rosa de sertis lapsa, Memento mori.

10

Sed tibi, dum nôras nimis properare puellas,

Ut citiùs rumpat stamina, Bacchus adest.

Destituit cæcum subito sol ebrius orbem,

Occasum tremulo narrat adesse rubor.

M. P

REVERENDO IN CHRISTO PATRI

THOMÆ SPRAT,

EPISCOPO ROFFENSI, ETC.


Εὐδαιμονεῖν.

ICIMUS, exultans fausto crepat omine
 Daphnis,
 Testaturque bonos nuncia fibra Deos;
 Grandius eloquium meditare Thalia,
 patronum


Quem modò laudâsti, nunc venerare patrem.
 Quis putet incertis volvi subtegmina Parcís?
 Quis meritos æquum destituisse Jovem?
 Cum virtute tuum crescit decus, aucte sacerdos,
 Impatiensque breves spernit utrumque modos.
 Qualiter Elæo felix in pulvere victor,
 Cui semel ornatas lambit oliva comas, 10
 Suspirans partas queritur marcescere frondes,
 Et parat elapsas ad nova bella rotas:
 Sic tibi major honos veteres protudit honores,
 Metaque præteritæ laudis origo novæ est:
 Phœbææ juvenile caput cinxere corollæ,
 Palma vira decuit tempora, mitra senis.

M. P.

EPISTOLA EODEM TEMPORE MISSA.

UM voluntas regia, optimatum consensus,
 bonorumque omnium studia infulam
 merenti concesserint, ignoscas, pater
 reverende, quod inter communem populi
 plausum cliens cò minus ad enarrandum sufficiens
 quò beneficiis plus fuerim devinctus, & tuos in
 ecclesià honores & ecclesiæ à tuis honoribus felici-
 tatem festinet gratulari, favoris tui studiosissimus,
 M. P.

AD FRANC. EPISC. ELIENSEM.

XORATA boni tribuerunt munera Divi,
 Patronique novus tempora cingit
 honos.
 Concedas hilaris repetitum Musa
 laborem,
 Et notum celebres, & mihi dulce decus.
 O si te canerem, præsul venerabilis, O si
 Fistula cum titulis cresceret aucta tuis,
 Æque turba tibi non cederet ima clientum,
 Cederet ac numeris optima Musa meis.
 Hoc tamen ut meditor, mihi quid nisi vota supersunt?
 Imbelles humeros nobile lassat onus.
 Ergo minor virtus celebretur, dum tibi præsul
 Quod laudem superes gloria major erit.

Cum virtutes tuas unusquisque collaudet & honores gratuletur, nostræ V. R. audaciæ ignoscat tua benignitas, si minimâ pollens eloquentiâ, ardentissimo tamen studio accensus, ad communem populi chorum adjungens vocem, cum virum optimum tum benignissimum celebret patronum, qui, tuis maximè devinctus beneficiis, summoperè conatur meritò vocari

Favoris tui studiosissimus,

M. P.

“Quicquid vult, valde vult.”



UM tingit Siculus solis cœlique meatus,
Astra polosque tuos quos sibi condit
habet.

Nil facit instantis mortis bellicque tumultus ;

Usque sed egregium sedulus urget opus.
Non vacat exiguæ curas impendere vitæ ;
Sat sibi curarum Conditor orbis habet.

IN COMITIS EXONIENSIS CRISTAM,

TRITICI FASCEM LEONIBUS SUSTENTATUM.

MDCLXXXIX.

Lemma, "Sustentare et debellare."



UM tibi dat fortes Cybele veneranda
leones,

Flavaque collectas addit Eleusis opes:

Invidiâ major, victoque potentior ævo,

I decus, I nostra, Ceciliana domus.

Sparge inopi fruges, & pelle leonibus hostem ;

Copia quid valet hinc, quid timor inde, refer.

Pollens muneribus belli vel pacis, habes, quo

Atque homines superes, atque imitêre Deos.

Scripsit, Aug. 1, 1689.

EPITAPHIUM.

M. S.

CAROLI MONTAGUE,

Honorabilis Georgii de Horton in agro Northanto-
niensi Filius natu sextus,

Henrici Comitis de Manchester nepos,

Scholæ Regiæ Westmonasteriensis Alumnus,

Collegii S. S. Trinitatis Cantabrigiensis Socius.

Literas humaniores feliciter excoluit,

Et in dispari laudis genere clarus,
Inter Poetas pariter ac Oratores Anglos excelluit :
Magna ingenii indole ;
Bonarumque artium disciplinis instructus,
Ex Academiæ umbraculis
In conspectum hominum prodiit,
Literatorum decus & præsidium.
Omni dehinc cogitatione
Communi bono promovendo incubuit :
Brevique hunc virum,
Sua in senatu solertia, in concilio providentia,
In utroque, justitia, fides, auctoritas,
Ad gerendam ærarii curam evexit :
Ubi laborantibus fisci rebus opportunè subveniens,
Simul monetam argenteam
Magno Reipublicæ detrimento imminutam
De novo cudi fecit ;
Et inter absolvendum tantæ molis opus,
Flagrante etiam bello,
Impressis chartulis
Pecuniarum rationem pretiumque impertiit.
His meritis & patriæ & principis gratiam consecutus,
Familiam suam diu illustrem, illustriorem reddidit ;
Baro scilicet, deinde comes de Halifax creatus,
Ad tres Montacutani nominis procures quartus
accessit.
Summo denique Periscelidis honore ornatus,
Publici commodi indefessus adhuc consultor,
Media inter conamina, otium cum dignitate,
Quod desideravit, & meruit, vix tandem assecutus :
(Proh ! brevem humanarum rerum fiduciam ;)
Omnibus bonis flebilis occidit,
xix die Maii, Anno Salutis MDCCXV.

Ætatis suæ LIV.

Patruo de se optimè merenti,
Et bonorum & honorum hæres,
Georgius comes de Halifax.

ENGRAVEN ON THREE SIDES OF AN
ANTIQUE LAMP.

GIVEN BY ME TO LORD HARLEY.



ANTIQUAM hanc lampadem
E Museo Colbertino allatam,
Domino Harleo inter Καμηλια sua
Reponendam D.D. Matthæus Prior.



This lamp which Prior to his Harley gave,
Brought from the altar of the Cyprian dame,
Indulgent time, through future ages save,
Before the Muse to burn with purer flame.



Sperne dilectum Veneris sacellum,
Sanctius, lampas, tibi munus orno;
I, fove casto vigil Harleianas
Igne Camœnas.

EPITAPH.



HERE lies SIR THOMAS POWYS, Knight:
As to his profession,
In accusing, cautious; in defending,
vehement;

In all his pleadings, sedate, clear, and strong;

In all his decisions, unprejudiced and equitable.

He studied, practised, and governed the law

In such a manner, that

Nothing equalled his knowledge, except his
eloquence ;

Nothing excelled both, except his justice.

As to his life,

He possessed, by a natural happiness,

All those civil virtues which form the gentleman :

And to these, by divine goodness, were added

That fervent zeal and extensive charity,

Which distinguish the perfect Christian !

THE TREE IS KNOWN BY HIS FRUIT.

He was a loving husband and an indulgent father,

A constant friend and a charitable patron ;

Frequenting the devotions of the church ;

Pleading the cause, and relieving the necessities,
of the poor.

What by example he taught throughout his life,

At his death he recommended to his family and
friends :

“ To fear God, and live uprightly.”

Let whoever reads this stone,

Be wise, and be instructed.

INSCRIPTIO, &c.

MISSA

CONSTANTINOPOLIN,

1689.

Roberto Grove Anglo,
Ex agro Wiltoniensi oriundo,
Amicus summus & popularis Radulphus Lane
Sepulchrale saxum posuit.
Lugubre marmor,
Inscripto dicas vulnere,
In morbi violentiam juventutis robur,
In mortis invidiam fiducia humana,
In fati decretum morum sanctitas,
Quantillum prodest!
Nam ille, quem custodis, fuit,
(O vox lugenda, fuit!)
Inter juvenes flos & decus,
Inter senes spes & desiderium,
Ad omnes ubicunque exemplar.
Animi magnitudine viros superans,
Corporis venustate foeminas,
Sexum virtutibus utrumque.
In negotiis summâ cum justitiâ providus,
Pari cum modestiâ hilaris in otio;
Ad perigrinos humanus, facilis ad suos,
Ad amicos sine promissis firmus,
Ad omnes sine dissimulatione benevolus;

Ad Deum sine superstitione religiosus.
Ingenio florens, proposito sanctus, vitâ
Innocens, beatus morte.

At tu, fidele saxum,
Defuncto quod amico dedit
Amicus vix superstes,
Æterno sis interpreti
Quod virum meliorem

Anglia nec gentum, nec Thracia deficientem,
Aut vidit unquam aut videbit :
Charas corporis reliquias per longa
Tuère sæcula,
Divinas animi virtutes seris nepotibus
Commenda.

Anglia cui cunas dederit, dat funera Thrace ;
Tam longum virtus impigra tendit iter.
Quid fletis gentes ? hinc gaudeat utraque tellus,
Quod dedit una viris munus, & una Deo.

EPITAPHIUM

JOANNIS COMITIS EXONIÆ.

H. S. E.

JOHANNES CECIL, Baro de Burleigh,
Exoniæ Comes,
Magni Burleii Abnepos handquaquam degener
Egregiam enim indolem

Optimis moribus optimis artibus excoluit.

Humanioribus literis bene instructus,

Peregre plus vice simplici profectus est ;

Et ab excultis

Europæ regionibus multam

Antiquitatum Linguarum nec non

Et rerum civilium scientiam reportavit.

Cum nemo forte melius vel aulam ornare,

Vel res publicas posset,

Maluit tamen otium & secessum.

Itaque ruri suo vixit,

Eleganter, sumptuosè, splendido ;

Liberalibus studiisque oblectatus,

Amicis comis & jucundus,

Egenis largus ;

Legum & ecclesiæ anglicanæ

Fortis semper propugnator.

Suarum virtutum, & peregrinationum,

Imo ferè & scientiarum sociam habuit uxorem

Annam, ex prænobili domo de Cavendish,

Gulielmi Comitis Devonixæ filiam ;

Corporis formâ, & animi ingenio,

Et omnibus, quæ fœminam decere possent,

Dotibus insignem : E quâ octo liberos suscepit :

Fœlix conjuge, fœlix & prole :

Sed inter omnia, vitam quæ faciunt beatiorem,

Mortalitatis haud immemor.

Dum apud Italos præcipuæ artis opera

curiosus lustrabat,

Hoc monumentum illic,

Ubi exquisitissimè fieri potuit, sibi
 Et charissimæ lecti sui & itinerum
 Et curarum omnium consorti.

F. F.

Obiit illa	}	{	Obiit ille.
Ang. 29. 1700.			Jun. 18. 1703.

PROÆM. LITT. PATENT. LIONELLI
 DUCIS DORSETTIÆ, 1720.



UM Sackvillorum Gentem recolimus,
 qui Gulielmum Conquestorem in
 Angliam comitati, magnam etiam
 eo tempore inter Normannos suos a
 generis antiquitate, majorem verò a virtutibus
 vendicaverant gloriam; cumque horum posterì,
 serie perpetuâ egregia majorum facta suis illus-
 traverint, & regiis nostris antecessoribus merito
 & apprimè chari, summâ cum laude, summa
 regni munera expleverint, ideoque ex hoc san-
 guine oriundus, unus à Richardo primo Baronis
 titulum accepit, postea vero alter longo anno-
 rum intervallo à Reginâ Elizabethâ, cui erat
 etiam consanguineus, Baro de Buckhurst crea-
 tus est, vel potius in pristinum honorem revo-
 catus, idemque post paulo Dorsettiæ Comes
 factus est; Huic etiam familiæ; satis jam suo

splendore illustri, novi ex matrimonio tituli, Baro scilicet de Cranfield & Comes Middlesexiae, accesserunt; Hi omnes tot tantique tituli in Carolo nupero Dorsettiae comite collecti fulserunt; & cum hi omnes jam ad illum virum à patre derivati fuerint, qui eos non modò dignè sustinuit, sed suis etiam virtutibus ampliavit, ipsum ob multa in nos præstita officia, periscelidis honore dudum ornavimus; eundemque quem inter Comites penè primum invenimus ad superiorem nobilitatis gradum hodiè evehimus, ne alius olim ad summum hunc ordinem promovendo illius & locum & meritum oblivisci videamur, & illam dignitatem quam suo quasi jure petere potuerit, etiam non petenti ultro concedimus. Sciatis, &c.